

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

free paper pattern

Price 3d.
Free Novel

Address:
321 Pitt St., Sydney

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER NATIONAL WEEKLY PAPER IN AUSTRALIA

Vol. II. No. 25.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1934.

23 NOV 1934

56 PAGES



Treading the roadway of to-day
Is the triumphant progress yet to be.
Our land where endless gum trees sway
Welcomes this son of British royalty.
Here peace-time crowns the young immortal soil
Where from our dreams sprang years of human toil.

Royal Tour

Drawing by Boothroyd :: Verse by P. Duncan-Brown.

The bloodstream of the race flows on
Under these ageless suns, from sea to sea;
The past where pioneers have gone
Into the years of glory still to be.
And pride, stinging the eyes with tears unshed,
Shall smooth the path posterity will tread.

WHO'S *the* WOMAN?

It's Our EXCITING £200 Christmas Competition

"Who's the Woman?" That's the question everybody has been asking for the last few days. And now the secret is out.

"Who's the Woman?" is the name of The Australian Women's Weekly special grand Christmas competition for £200 in cash prizes, for which there is no entrance fee.

Anyone can win one of the big cash prizes in this novel and interesting competition. It is so easy. The first prize is £100. Think of it!... The second prize £50, the third prize £25, and there will be 25 consolation prizes of £1.

SOME of our readers have got to share in this prize-money. Everybody should make an attempt.

Every competitor will have an equal chance of using his or her skill to win a valuable cash prize.

Twenty-eight lucky Australian homes will be celebrating Christmas with the cash from one of these prizes, so get the family together this evening and plan a campaign to see if your home cannot be one of them.

THE "Who's the Woman?" competition will be run over a period of three weeks, the winners being announced the fourth week.

Starting with this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly we will publish each week a series of six photos of well-known women. They may be Australian, English, American, French, or any other nationality; but they will all be women you have heard of and read about often, women whom you ought to be able to recognise.

Under each photo you will find a

?

1. WHO'S THE WOMAN? A very well known and very popular Australian musical comedy star.



2. WHO'S THE WOMAN? A famous young Australian tennis champion.



3. WHO'S THE WOMAN? An Australian authoress who helped to found a "New Australia" in South America.



4. WHO'S THE WOMAN? A well-known English dancer and film actress, wife of a famous comedian.



5. WHO'S THE WOMAN? A famous woman pilot who competed in the air race.



6. WHO'S THE WOMAN? A leader of an American religious cult.

WHO'S *the* WOMAN?

£200
FOR YOU!

decision will be final. No member of The Australian Women's Weekly staff will be allowed to enter.

First prize will be awarded to the reader who sends in the most correct solution, and the other prizes to those who are next in order. In the event of a tie, prizes may be divided.

FOR an easy, quick, fascinating competition this "Who's the Woman?" special Christmas offering to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly is likely to be a world-beater.

The idea is absolutely original. It should be both interesting and amusing to readers. Look at this week's six photos. Perhaps you can pick them all straight away. If you can, don't hesitate to fill in the coupon at the back of the paper at once.

number and the question which has been puzzling you: "Who's the Woman?" There will also be a clue which will help you to identify the photos.

IT is not necessary for you to cut the photos out of the paper. A coupon is provided on page 55, which will enable you to record your entry without spoiling the look of your Australian Women's Weekly.

On the coupon will be found identical numbers with those on the photos. Think hard before you make up your mind. Brush up your memory for faces.

Don't forget that there are lots of famous people who look like other famous people. When you have decided that you know who all the women are, fill in the coupon and keep it carefully till you have filled in the other two in the next two issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Then send them in, The Editor of Australian Women's Weekly, then send them all together to Box 4254Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

The only conditions governing our "Who's the Woman?" competition are these. Each valid entry must contain the three coupons. All three must be sent in together, not separately. Do not send in your entry this week, nor next week, wait till you have filled in three coupons, then send them in. The Editor's



CAPTURES ELUSIVE BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN

To be really lovely your complexion should be soft and clear, with the dull-smooth bloom of a flower-petal—and to bring this beauty to you, Atkinson's have created Sonnet, a soft, clinging Face Powder with a gay, adventuresome fragrance.

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

The CIRCLE Round the PRINCE

Who, of the State's two and a half millions, will meet His Royal Highness Prince Henry, the Duke of Gloucester, personally?

With few exceptions, they will be politicians, Civil servants, and wives and daughters of men holding highly paid jobs.

NINE-TENTHS of the people of New South Wales would be glad of the opportunity of meeting the King's son, instead of having to stand on the pavement and crane their necks as the Royal carriage goes past.

The Prince, for his part, would not be sorry for a change from the "regulars," who have been with him for the last six weeks, to the "falso rans," who figure as lookers on.

Amid the welter of public engage-

ments there will be only three or four of a social character. When we inquire who the invited people will be we see they represent a handful of groups whom circumstances have placed in the forefront for the time being.

THE programme having been arranged by the politicians means that politicians will be in the forefront on official occasions, with the aldermen of the city not far behind.

Professional men and women, unless they hold official positions at the University or elsewhere, will hardly come into the picture.

Writers, inventors, painters, crafts-

men, abstract thinkers, altruists, social workers (apart from the gate-crashing variety) are not in the official scheme.

Those who will meet the Prince and have a chance of dancing or conversing with him will number, perhaps, 5000 or 6000 out of the State's 2,600,000.

The people who will have a chance of knowing the Prince, and becoming known to him, are Governors, Lieut-Governors, politicians, aldermen, military and naval heads, higher-paid Civil servants, Judges, University professors, and wives and daughters of men who hold highly-paid jobs or who have made or inherited a lot of money.

Do they represent the real thought and mind and heart and work of Australia? When there is another Royal visit, shouldn't we see to it that there is another kind of programme and a different Australian atmosphere?

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



FAIRY SONGSTER

OLIVE DYER is surely the tiniest songster in opera. She is perfectly suited to the part of the "Snow Maiden" in Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera of the name, which is having the success of the season at Sadler's Wells. Her voice, so pure and strong, is almost startling coming from such a dainty, fairy-like creature. Olive is a Melbourne girl, but she studied in Adelaide under Mr. Olive Carey. She is a protégée of Louise Dyer, of Melbourne, who has lately been awarded the Legion of Honor for musical research work.

Much admiration is being showered on Miss Dyer, and the Russian Opera Company were very keen to take her with them, saying they never found a better "snow-maiden."



MAKER OF SONGS

LINDA PHILLIPS is yet another woman whose name can now be added to the short list of Australian composers who have gained recognition abroad. Some time ago she set some of the poems of "Chamber Music," by James Joyce, to music.

Within a week of their being taken to the famous publishing house of Broadhurst one of them, "Go Seek Her Out All Courteously," was accepted. Now Linda Phillips has received a letter asking her to send all available manuscripts.

Miss Phillips is Mrs. A. M. Kauffmann in private life, and lives with her husband and small daughter, Bettine Rosalind, in East St. Kilda, Victoria. She writes the lyrics as well as the music for most of her songs. These have been sung in competition all over Australia.



MANY TIMES PRESIDENT

MRS. WILLIAMS has been 23 years president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Brisbane. The union is celebrating its silver jubilee shortly, and Mrs. Williams, who was president when the first property for headquarters was bought in Ann St., will preside at the festivities.

She has travelled extensively in Australia in connection with the W.C.T.U. and is also president of the League of Women Voters (Non-party), and president of the provisional committee of the newly-formed Queensland Women's Parliamentary Association.

HOW OUR ROYALTY ... Spends Its Honeymoons

Want to be Alone, like the Rest of Us!

They say "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." But when love comes in at the door, poverty, riches, even the splendor of royalty, are forgotten.

In this exclusive article, the Hon. Mrs. Frances Lascelles, an aunt of Prince George, describes some other Royal honeymoons.

By the Hon. Mrs. FRANCES LASCELLES



AN INFORMAL STUDY of the happy Royal couple.

IN selecting Himley Park, Warwickshire, as the place for their honeymoon, Prince George and Princess Marina have followed the British Royal tradition by spending their honeymoon in Great Britain. When Queen Victoria married Prince Albert their honeymoon lasted only four days and Windsor was the chosen spot. At that time it was considered not quite the thing for a newly-wed couple to be seen by their friends and relations until a few weeks had elapsed, but Queen Victoria and her consort threw this convention to the winds, and in a pony-carriage they moved about everywhere in the neighborhood and acknowledged the salutations of the enthusiastic people with smiles and bows.

At Windsor

SHORT though it was, the Queen always cherished the memory of her honeymoon, and when her eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, married the Crown Prince of Germany—afterwards the Emperor Frederick—the ex-Kaiser's father—the advised the young pair to spend the first part of their honeymoon at Windsor. The Empress Frederick, whose married life was so tragic, told an Archbishop years later that she had a foreboding the first evening at Windsor that she would never be happy. She and her newly-married husband sat for over two hours in the drawing-room not knowing what to say to each other!

When King Edward VII, then, of course, the Prince of Wales, married the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark, it was rumored that the honeymoon was to be a grand European tour. Instead of this, however, the Prince took his lovely bride to Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. Osborne was Queen Victoria's favorite residence in England, and the house in which she died in 1901.

There are still a few people in the island who remember the honeymoon of King Edward and Queen Alexandra over seventy years ago, and they tell of the happy young couple romping on the sands just like children—and walking along hand in hand in the woods. The Royal bridegroom it must be remembered was only 21, and the bride even younger.

King Edward always resented bad manners, and several strangers who followed him and the Princess one afternoon were greatly taken aback when he walked right up to them and requested them to go away, in very sharp tones. After that he and the Princess were never molested in this way again.

THE wedding of the present King and Queen in 1923 excited tremendous interest, not only on account of the parties concerned, but also because of the rather

poignant circumstances attached to the romance.

The year before the Duke of Clarence had died, and he had been engaged to Princess Mary. After his tragic death she had become affianced to his younger brother, George, the present King. The Royal bridegroom had served in the navy for over twelve years, and had sailed round the world several times, and it was thought that he would prefer a honeymoon abroad.

But King George and Queen Mary even in their young days thought that there was no place like home, and they selected York Cottage on the Sandringham estate for their honeymoon.

This modest house, built by King Edward to accommodate his bachelor guests, was destined to be not only the scene of King George's honeymoon but his home for eight years—and the place where all his children, except the Prince of Wales, were born.

The honeymoon of the present King and Queen was a very quiet and secluded one, and they seldom strayed outside the confines of the Sandringham estate.

There is a tree still standing—although few people know its exact location—which bears on its trunk a carved heart in the centre of which is cut the initials "G.M."

They were cut by the King on his honeymoon, and he often goes with the Queen to look at "the honeymoon tree," as he himself jokingly describes it!

Princess Mary

WHEN Princess Mary, the King's only daughter, married Lord Lascelles in 1922 those who knew the bridegroom were not surprised in the least when it was revealed that the newly-married couple were going to spend their honeymoon in the Midlands. Lord Harewood's love for the Midlands and the North of England is intense.

Weston Park, the Shropshire seat of the Earl and Countess of Bedford, was the selected spot, and any feeling that their arrival there would pass unnoticed was dispelled when a large crowd of neighbors, complete with a guard of Girl Guides, gave the bridal pair a rousing welcome at Shifnal railway station.

After a week at Weston Park the Royal couple went to Italy and took up residence in the Villa Medici, near Florence, the beautiful home of Lady Sybil Scott.

Here in lovely and romantic surroundings the present Princess Royal and her husband concluded their honeymoon, and returned home radiant and happy, to begin in earnest what has proved a very successful married life.

The brilliant scenes connected with the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York in 1923 are still vividly remem-



TOP: Broome Park, Kent, the beautiful old home which once belonged to Kitchener, and which later was bought by Hugh D. McIntosh, of Australia, and which now may be bought as a country residence for the Duke of Kent. Below: Polesden Lacy, Surrey, where the Duke and Duchess of York spent their honeymoon.



bered; but how many can recall where the honeymoon was spent?

After the impressive Westminster Abbey ceremony the young Royal couple went on to Polesden Lacy, in Surrey, the stately and beautiful residence of that great friend of the Royal family, Mrs. Ronald Greville.

A few miles from Dorking, Polesden Lacy is set amid lovely surroundings, and the Duke and Duchess found it an ideal place for a honeymoon.

FROM there they afterwards proceeded to Glamis Castle, the historic Scottish house of the Duchess's parents, the Earl

and Countess of Strathmore. After a few weeks at Glamis, where, of course, they were enthusiastically acclaimed, the Duke and Duchess travelled south again, this time to Frogmore, near Windsor, where the last part of a rather long honeymoon was spent.

Prince George and Princess Marina are a very modern couple in ways and outlook, and the kind of honeymoon they decide upon may well set a fashion. Rumor has it that they will fly to their destination by aeroplane—if so, they will be the first British Royal honeymoon couple to do so.

BECOME an ARTIST QUICKLY



Let Brodie Mack Teach You at Home

AT last you are able to learn all branches of art under the supervision of this famous Australian artist. Amazing short-cut method simplifies art. You learn at home.

Make Money in Your Spare Time

BRODIE MACK has made it possible by means of this remarkable Course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in" on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of your reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist—then read for this amazing book and let us prove that we can make you a skilled artist.

This Book is FREE!

How to be an ARTIST —is FREE!

NEVER before has a book of this nature been offered free. That is why you should send for your copy now. It shows you how to draw—develop your talent—how to cartoon, the secret of illustrating, etc. Fill in the coupon and send at once. NOW!

Tear This Out — Post Now!

The Brodie Mack Correspondence Art School,
Desk 11,
107 Pitt St. Sydney, N.S.W.
Dear Sir—

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, "How To Be An Artist." I enclose 6d. in stamps to defray postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

24/11/34



EXCLUSIVE DETAILS of the Royal Bride's TROUSSEAU

Innovations Made by Princess Marina Will Set New Fashions

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.
By Beam Wireless.

"Fashions change so suddenly," says Princess Marina, "that I do not want to buy too many clothes." So the Princess is choosing a trousseau which, for Royalty, is small, but is extremely chic and elegant.

Without doubt, some of the innovations it features, especially in afternoon ensembles, will greatly influence fashions for the remainder of the season.

QUIET colorings predominate, and include much of the new banana color, absinthe, almond green, periwinkle blue, mushroom pink, navy, and a number of laces.

All the Princess's frocks are made on

slim-fitting lines. Waist lines are undefined, but every frock features a belt or sash. The sleeves selected are either of the "bishop," or "bell" variety, and without tight cuffs. The necklines of the frocks are all high, and gathered round the throat.

All the evening gowns adopt the

straight silhouette with skirts widening at the ankles, with slightly trained effect. Some show a deep "V" cross-over neck, and it is evident that the Princess likes girdles.

Silken Fabrics

MOST of the materials are silky crepes. The Princess, with the true Parisian instinct for black, has chosen several black evening gowns and a cinema suit of black velvet. This has a plaited belt and gloves, lined with black, and a black cape.

Some of her loveliest afternoon gowns have draped Spanish capes slung over the shoulder, and this is likely to start a new vogue for the afternoon ensemble. One ankle-length skirt of brown velvet is accompanied by a jacket elaborately trimmed with blue fox and gold lame blouse with bell sleeves.

Another ensemble of periwinkle blue crinkled crepe has a corsage trimmed with shaded blue dahlias and a navy taffeta cape.

All the hats in the trousseau feature the low crown and small brim, and all her caps are ostrich-trimmed. Some lovely little toques of antelope are made in Tyrolean shape. She has a number

ONE of the suits selected by Princess Marina for her trousseau. It is made of rough lincage in hazelnut and trimmed with nutria.

By Air Mail from Moultrieux. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

of little sports hats in dark brown, rose and beige.

Her English-made shoes are of simple cut, in court style, with medium heel. The Princess will pay the usual Customs duties on the clothes she bought in Paris.

ON the morning of her arrival, the King and Queen and Prince George will accompany Princess Marina on an inspection tour of her new home, and during the week the Queen will assist her to complete her shopping. She will be the honored guest at State dinners at Buckingham Palace, when the white and gold State dining-room and the famous real gold plate will be used.

On her wedding morning, Princess Marina will be called at 7.30, and will take breakfast in her room. The next two hours will be spent in dressing. Then she will visit the Queen's room and show her gown, and will proceed

to the coach at the grand entrance of the Palace at 10.30. Four ladies, including her new Lady-in-Waiting, will help the Princess dress for her wedding.



As a doctor I should not recommend any brand but personally I smoke CRAVEN "A"

★ These are the reasons why
the medical profession prefer
CRAVEN "A" . . .

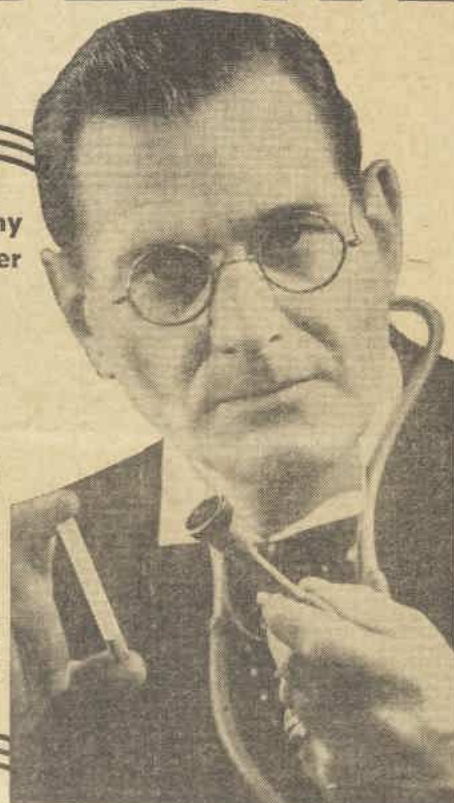
because they do not affect the throat.

because they possess that extra touch
of quality.

because they are made with pure un-
adulterated Virginia Tobacco,
Pure Paper, and natural
Cork Tips.

because they are mild and they never
vary.

because Craven "A" holds the award
of the Institute of Hygiene
and the only Certificate of the
British Analytical Control
awarded to a popular priced
cigarette.



WILL NOT AFFECT THE THROAT

10 for 9d. 20 for 1/6. Flat tins of Fifty 3/9

MADE BY CARRERAS LIMITED. 146 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

"MISS VICTORIA" arrives here THIS WEEK! She Won Our Ideal Girl Physical Culture Quest!

If you see a very happy looking and beautiful girl in
Sydney next week, she may be "Miss Victoria," the winner
of our great Centenary Ideal Physical Culture Girl
competition.

THE contest was held in South
Australia and Victoria by The
Australian Women's Weekly and
Associated Physical Culture
Schools, about the same time as
we ran our popular Screen Type
Quest in New South Wales.

The Ideal Physical Culture Girl Quest
proved immensely popular, and it was
only because our Screen Type Quest was
drawing the attention of everyone in
this State that we did not start the con-
test in New South Wales.

It was pointed out by The Australian
Women's Weekly when the contest first
started that this was no ordinary beauty
competition.

Apart from possessing physical beauty
of a type characteristic of Australia, the
winning girl had to be an expert physical
culturist.

Naturally a very fine type of girl
entered. The winner arrives in Sydney
this week.

She is the typical Australian girl in
the opinion of the judges who viewed the
competitors at a huge display in Mel-
bourne last week.

A TRIP to Melbourne for the Cen-
tenary opening was the winning
Adelaide girl's prize, besides a trophy—
and a trip to Sydney for the Royal festi-
vities, here, is the Victorian girl's
prize.

"Miss Victoria" is to be accommodated
at Sydney's leading hotel, the Australia.

during her stay in New South Wales,
and The Australian Women's Weekly has
made suitable arrangements to ensure
that she will have a first-class holiday.

On her return to Melbourne she will
welcome the South Australian winner,
Miss Edna Edwards (Miss Adelaide), at
the mass display of 4000 physical cul-
ture girls on December 13.

Fourteen girls were chosen out of
many hundreds to compete for the honor
of going to Sydney as Victoria's best
type of physical culture girl.

The judges were faced with a difficult
task in making their preliminary selec-
tion. The fact that it was not a mere
beauty competition, but a competition
demanding health, good figure, grace-
fulness, and personality, as well as a
well-groomed appearance, made the
judging extremely difficult.

Where to Find

BOOKS	12
BRAIDWAYS	17
BEAUTY	43
COOKERY	47
FASHION	9
FASHION PARADE	8
FILM NEWS	20
LOWER	13
MEDICAL	43
MOTHERS AND WIVES	38
PATTERNS	45
SPORT	59

TOO GOOD AT GAMES

By Louis Arthur CUNNINGHAM

SHEILA CRAYMER was thinking of how lonely and forlorn the house was with Doro and Chloe both gone, how dull and empty a house can be after a wedding—still with ease and grace that had become second nature to her. She took her stance on the first tee, swung, and drove clean and true down the fairway.

Old Aleck Drummond, pro. at the Riverside Club since Sheila was nine, was standing by the tee. He smiled and nodded—a smile of sixty wrinkles, a nod of unburned sagacity.

"Ye'll be all alone now, Miss Sheila," he said. "With Miss Doro being married last year an' Miss Chloe this 'un."

"Yes, it's pretty lonely, Aleck," Sheila shuddered, deep blue eyes with a brown hand, gazing at her ball. She smiled at old Aleck. "I'm the last of the Craymers. But nobody seems to want to marry me. Why, Aleck?"

"There's why," Aleck waved a hand, gnarled and freckled, at the little white pill, a lone white period on a vast page of green. "Ye play too well, Miss Sheila."

"You're telling me!"

"Aye. No man likes to take a beating from his wife, be it at golf or tennis or bridge. Ye're too good at games."

"And Aleck Drummond made me so—regards the golf. I'll think it over, Aleck."

She was laughing—that warm deep laugh of hers—as she picked up her bag and walked down the fairway. But once away from old Aleck the laughter died, the brown face became serious and the blue eyes a deeper blue. Too good at games—nobody had told her that before. Was there any truth in it? Old Aleck was a bit of a philosopher and he was her friend. Too good at games. A man doesn't like to take a beating at the hands of a woman.

"Let's see"—Sheila walked slowly, pensively, up to her ball, automatically selected a midiron, measured the shot, and lifted her ball to within five

Over the distant tree-tops she could see the grey gables of Drumellen, her father's house. She could still vision the crushed and scattered flowers, the tissue-paper, the odds and ends of ribbon, the cigarette-ash, the half-empty cocktail glasses, the chaos that the servants were beginning to clear away when she left. Her father had gone back to his study, to the beloved book on Indian Nabobs that he was writing. Probably by now he had forgotten not only that Chloe had gone Doro's way and got married, but even that he ever had a daughter of that name.

Sheila gave up her game, picked up her golf bag, and trudged across the links. There was a pathway through the woods that debouched on to the lane below Drumellen. It was warm, a blue-white day, lovely with the grateful loveliness of the early summer, with the fragrance of the apple-blossoms outvying all the other scents of tree and flower. A heavenly day. Chloe off on her honeymoon. She and Dave, driving away, just they two in all the world. Doro, a year ago, sailing abroad with young Dr. McAlpin—so happy.

"They're wives, and Doro's got a little Allan McAlpin—and I'm a good golfer," Sheila laughed, plucked a sprig of apple-blossom, and pressed the soft petals to her cheek. Her hair was golden brown, thick, filled with sunlight, her skin firm and clear, her mouth trembling always on the verge of gay laughter. She had never, she told herself, been quite so serious before.

Well, why not? Doro and Chloe were younger than she.

COLONEL JAMES CRAYMER tore himself away from the Indian potentates and sat down to dinner with Sheila. He seemed to have forgotten about the wedding. The twelve white elephants of Rajah Howdah of Bakswalla were the biggest thing in his mind at the moment; yet he called a sudden halt in the herd, looked at Sheila with keen, wise old eyes, and said:

"Huh! Not quite yourself, my dear. Ah, yes, lovely! God bless me, there's just you and me left at Drumellen!" He nodded his head slowly and looked at the other chairs. Moira's—she had gone away many, many years ago, but he saw her there; Doro's and Chloe's—Moira's daughters, they.

"Sheila, my dear, would you—er—like to go and pay a little visit to your Aunt Christine? She wrote, you know—too ill to come to the wedding, wants to see you. Haven't been to Rosecourt since you were a tot, have you?"

"I'd like to go, dad. I think I'll start in the morning. I remember Rosecourt—and Aunt Christine."

"Splendid!" The colonel beamed. Very discerning on his part, he thought, to have noticed that Sheila was looking a bit tired and lonely. Christine was an invalid, but she made up for that by keeping Rosecourt well filled with the youth of the countryside. Sheila would find plenty of life there. So he kissed Sheila good-bye right there and then: she was gone before he came down to breakfast. It was a long day's drive, even for Sheila.

Aunt Christine reached out a faded hand and touched Sheila's arm. There were a dozen people in the drawing-room that evening, but Sheila, when she turned, forgot their presence utterly. She heard Aunt Christine's voice as one sees things through the wrong end of a telescope—oh, awfully far off. "This is George Maynard, Sheila. He writes books about the countries under the sea."

A big brown hand took hers with strange, thrilling gentleness, and George smiled down at her. George was tall and wore glasses and had blonde hair cut short and parted smoothly and neatly on the side. He had a big, rangy body. Sheila had heard him speak, seen his submarine

Illustrated by FISCHER

news-reels quite often. She told him that, and he grinned shyly, and presently they strolled away, they two, out into the lush and bloomy dusk of the summer night.

There wasn't much talk; there was too much contentment, the spell of being with someone who—well, what? Sheila could not finish the thought. She looked up at George Maynard. His face was thin, aquiline, clearly lined against the blue dusk. He looked down at her, and smiled. They had come to a hippod, a white concrete basin with round flat, green islands and ghostly yellow heads of water-lilies awaying gently on its surface. And there was a white stone bench there where they sat down.

"You're going to stay with your aunt for a while?" asked George.

"A fortnight," said Sheila. "I expect." And she thought of how long a fortnight is, of how many hours like this there could be, of how often he might be here, and she with him.

"I'll be around. I'm working on a book—deep stuff—deep sea, I mean. I hope you'll let me be with you a lot. Apart from a slight aptitude at being pally with sulphurbottom whales, boy friend to swordfish and the like, there isn't much else to me, I'm afraid. But if you like times like this—when it's very still, when you can hear the frogs go 'plop' and—well, when it seems the right thing to do to be still."

"Yes, I like times like this," said Sheila.

So they stayed there in the stillness and heard the frogs go "plop" off the lily-pads, and the breeze in the arabesque tracery of the cathedral-like cedars and the little sounds of magic—light, faint, sweet as elfin madrigals—in their own hearts. And Sheila was thinking how she liked times like this—and always had—but how much better she liked them now.

When Greek Met Greek

Strange. Just because this quiet, youthful man, George Maynard, was sitting here beside her at the edge of the lily pond. There had been other men—a kiss in the moonlight between dances at the country club, a bit of star-inspired poetry that jarred; a tribute to her hair, her eyes—but nothing quite, quite like this, just sitting here. Lines of poetry were always cropping into Sheila's head; because she loved them—"other friends have flown before," she thought; "on the morrow he will leave me."

On the morrow she did not see George until tea time. He came with two young scientists from the Marine Biological College and skillfully got them into a doubles match with Thelma Shane, the vicar's daughter, and Sylvia Denniston, who illustrated children's books. Then he and Sheila talked with Aunt Christine, sitting in a wheel-chair and looking like an angel who'd just sat down there for fun and wasn't likely to linger after the first cup of tea, but would up and fly away to that nice big white fleecy cloud, tethered to the spire of Canon Shane's grey stone church just at the head of the hill.

It's a grand day, hearing the frogs go 'plop' react in much the same way. "Ah, no! Some of them merely take a chill. It's a fact."

THEY walked down to the beach and the tide being almost out they crossed the shingly bar to Minister's Island. There were stepping stones, which means, of course, that a man is entitled to pick a girl up in his arms and carry her. He gathered Sheila into his arms and carried her and when he got to the other side his arms seemed unable to flex for a moment and they both looked startled when he let her down suddenly.

"It's a grand day," said George.

"It's lovely."

Then there was one of those nice periods of just being silent and strolling through the lovely gardens. After that it was sunset, a lurid riot over the hills, like a big backdrop in a colossal theatre, and they walked towards it but never getting any nearer.

There were other walks, and other nights by the lily pond, and some

"There's why," Aleck waved a hand, gnarled and freckled, at the little white pill, a lone white period on a page of green, "ye play too well, Miss Sheila."

The angel was very human, though. "You give me another cup of tea, Sheila, and some of those yellow cakes, and trot off with George. He's been working hard with the octopuses, John Dore, and sea urchins. He's positively sealy. Or do those fish have scales, George? It doesn't matter. They're welcome to them, anyway. There now, trot!"

Obediently they went. Aunt Christine thought it would be a fine thing if George and Sheila fell in love with each other and married. She had always maintained that her brother should never have had such lovely daughters, rather expecting him, probably, to sire some of his adored rajahs, turbans and all. Having daughters, he should have spared no time or pains to see that they were married to responsible men who would appreciate them and not, as he did, forget about their existence and then look at them in amazement when he met them at meals, as who should say, "My Lord, are these lovely creatures my gals!"

George said, "It's great to be with you so soon again, Sheila. It seems peace creeps into my soul and suffices it when I'm with you—and I'm not poetic."

"No?" Sheila smiled up at him. "I think that's well put, George. It's what I was thinking about my own reactions and I wondered about my thoughts, fearing that most people sitting by a lily pond on a warm

nights, when it rained and they stayed indoors at Rosecourt and heard the rain drum a gay tattoo against the panes and beat on the green-mossy shingles of the old house, and played solemn and delightful whist with Aunt Christine and the vicar and had more long silences while the vicar deliberated and rubbed his chin and tugged at the black ribbon on his glasses.

IT was by the lily pond, however, and not many nights after that first night, that George took her hand. Quite natural it seemed. His big fingers just closed about it, and Sheila's breath stopped and even the frogs ceased to go "plop."

"Sheila," he said. "I've been most awfully happy with you. I can't tell you just how happy."

"I might know," said Sheila. "I've been—just as happy."

He put his arm about her then and lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it, and because it was lifted to her chin almost, it wasn't far to her lips, and he kissed them.

"I love you, Sheila. From that time when you were standing by Aunt Christine's chair and she touched your arm and you turned—I loved you."

"How odd!"

"But why, Sheila?"

"Because that's when I—"

"My own dear!" He kissed her again and after that, too, but some were short and some long and they sort of merged, so they couldn't be kept track of, but it was either the eighth or tenth, depending on which count system you use, when Thelma Shane's voice broke in and all the frogs began to plop-plop like mad and the spell was suspended.

"Hi, you two—oh, sorry if we interrupted." Dick Hollis, one of the fishy scientists, was with Thelma. They must have guessed, but there wasn't much to do about it now, so they stayed and talked, and then all four went back to the house to rescue Ted Morton and Sylvia Denniston from Aunt Christine and the vicar, who were right on their game this night.

And everybody left together, so the farewells were just farewells. George said:

"Would you like to play some golf in the morning, Sheila?"

"I—yes, I'd love it." Sheila's thoughts flew back to the day of Chloe's wedding, to the first tee at Riverside to her driving off and old Aleck Drummond's sage words: "No man likes to take a beating from his wife." Well, she wasn't George's wife, but—but she loved George. She loved him so much that it made a heavenly ache where her heart was. And golf was only a silly game, after all, but love is—

Please turn to Page 48

By a Girl of 17—

Birthday

Hold back the dawn,
My nineteenth year has come!
Let there be no mad revelry
Or throb of drum.
Leave me to calm and solitude
Awhile.
That I may find within myself
The will to smile.
Hold down the sun
Until I gain command
Of this pale year that leans
To take my hand.
I have left no earth melody
Unsung.
I feel too old, too old
To be so young.
YVONNE WEBB.

yards of the green—there was Val Mount, he and I were great pals, then he turned around and married Ginger Laurence, who scarcely knows a mumble from a putter. Then there was Ivan Baker—baunted me when he first came here. Then after Potter and I eliminated him and Maymie Fleetwood in the Arnold Cup play he married Maymie and has always laughed at her golf. Come to think of it, Aleck's idea may have more than a grain of truth in it.

Sheila laid her ball on the green a few yards from the pin, sunk it neatly, and went on her way. She wasn't thinking about golf. She loved the game, excelled at it, and it had been the first thing she turned to after Chloe and Dave Jarvis had driven off on their honeymoon. Usually it afforded her complete relief when she felt low and dispirited. To-day it irked her. She played like a robot. She sat on the rustic bench under the big elm at Number 8—just sat there and brooded.

DECREE Rescinded



"MY GOD, Paula! You'll drive me mad. There you sit, looking for all the world as if you were on the top of Mont Blanc admiring the view. I tell you—the whole of our future is in the balance. Dash it all, if Kelly's suspicions are justified, and that silver mine really does peter out, by next week, I may be a comparatively poor man and where shall we be then? We can't get married on two-pence a year!"

It probably never occurred to any of the other diners in Bertolini's fashionable restaurant that evening that the good-looking couple in the corner were quarrelling. Indeed, perhaps they were not, for it is proverbially true that it takes two to make a quarrel, and Paula Hemingway never quarrelled with anyone.

Seated at Bertolini's favorite corner table, the orange-shaded lights touching her ash-blond hair to gold, it was her perfect tranquillity which struck the onlooker rather than her beauty, although that was exceptional. Her calm, wide-set eyes; her smooth, flawless skin; the arresting stillness of her pose; even the lovely mouth seemed to open reluctantly when she spoke.

"My dear Gerald," she said now looking at the traffic impaled on her fork as if it held no interest for her at all. "My dear Gerald! If this is a proposal, you might at least wait for my answer!"

"Don't be ridiculous, Paula! You know quite well that you intend to marry me!" His rather heavy face grew red as he saw her lift her eyebrows, and he continued with some heat. "When a woman of your type dines out night after night with a man it amounts to a pledge. After all, even with the circumsppection we have had to show owing to your decree being not yet absolute, we have seen a great deal of each other, haven't we?"

"Well, when you've dined every night for two years with one man to dine once or twice a week with another does not really seem so very excessive," she murmured.

"Excessive? Good lord! You deliberately encourage me—God knows how many dinners I've given you—and then you say it does not really seem very excessive." Excessive. You don't know the meaning of the word."



Do You Know—

THAT the anemone, one of the first flowers of spring, speaks the love of Venus for Adonis. According to the old Greek legend, Adonis was mortally wounded by a boar. When dying his blood flowed upon the earth and united with the tears of Venus and from them the anemone grew.

"I think, if you know, you overrate the value of meals," drawled Paula, examining the tips of her perfectly manicured fingers. "I know I don't appreciate food—I really never notice whether I am eating caviare or herring—but even if I did, to balance a few dozen dinners with inevitable matrimony in, to my mind, on a par with the point of view of the man who always expects to be kissed in the taxi as a reward for a meal. Perhaps I overvalue the joys of my company!"

"Oh, hell, Paula! I should like to shake you!"

"That's what Charles always said," answered Paula reflectively.

"Damn it all! If you're going to start quoting your ex-husband at me—I'm off!"

Throwing his napkin on the table, he was gone.

PAULA laid down her knife and fork with a sigh. Then she smiled at the obviously harassed waiter who was hovering near her. "Monsieur was not feeling well," she said with decision. "But I will finish my dinner. What am I eating next?"

"Peché Melba, Madame," replied the waiter, as he started to clear away the second place.

A voice interrupted him at his task. "Just leave the ecteteras, garçon," said the man who had stroled over from his solitary table by the door. "I

To balance a few dozen dinners with inevitable matrimony was, in Paula's opinion, to overrate the value of meals.

will finish my dinner with madame. With your permission, of course!" he added, raising one eyebrow at Paula, making a the same time a slightly ironical bow.

"But certainly!" she smiled. "It will be an amusing adventure."

"Peché Melba!" said her new companion as the sweet was put before her. "My dear, how fatal! Here, garçon!" he beckoned the waiter back. "When you bring my cancolette of oysters, Bertolini, bring also a portion for madame." Then turning back to Paula: "And while we wait for it, we will dance. In the meantime, if it is not a tactless question, why did your late companion leave in such a hurry?"

Paula smiled reminiscently. "He was annoyed because his vanity received an unexpected shock," she said in her slow, rather husky voice. "Also, because he threw bombshells at me and they did not even cause a pin-prick on my rhinoceros-hide. He said he would like to shake me!" she concluded with a laugh. A lovely, low, gurgling laugh.

"Poor man!" sympathised her vis-à-vis, "but, after all, fools only get their deserts, don't they?"

"I don't know. Do they?" she asked, all seriousness again. "I have only done one really foolish action in my life, and I'm not sure yet whether I have got my deserts or not."

"Tell me about it!" commanded her companion.

"No! That is my secret. To a fool her own folly," she replied with a sigh, taking a cigarette from a tortoiseshell case with the initials P.C. entwined in diamonds in one corner.

"Well," said the man opposite as he lit a match for her, "tell me about yourself then; your past life, your present thrills, and whether your departed beetle-browed thrower of bombshells may be expected to affect your future."

"I think," said Paula gravely, "that my late companion is probably buying a ticket to South Africa, where he will shoot innumerable lions."

"What! At this time of night?" interrupted her new friend.

"Well, perhaps not!" she laughed. "As for my present, don't you think it is full of thrills? But my past! Well, a woman is notoriously a good listener; supposing you tell me about yourself."

"Not yet! My past is important, but this time may not be played again to-night. Come on!"

"WE look well dancing together, don't we?" he murmured a moment later, glancing at the mirror which reflected their two little figures moving as one; their two sleek heads startlingly unlike; the one gleaming like burnished gold, the other shining with the dark lustre of unpolished steel.

His partner made no reply, but a faint flush showed under her fair skin.

"Now," he said, as they resumed their seats, "I will tell you a story while we eat this excellent cancolette. Then we will have some equally excellent coffee—French for you and Turkish for me. After that, a liqueur, and then I will take you home."

There was a slight pause. Then he began:

"There was once a man called Pygmalion. Perhaps you know this story? Like me, he was a sculptor. But I rather fancy he must have been a better sculptor than I am, because when he rashly wished his Galatea into life she would appear to have been a very beautiful young woman. But, as I expect you know, as well as being very beautiful she turned out to be most disconcertingly passionate. Pygmalion really seems to have had the most embarrassing time with her, and it wasn't until she was safely turned back into stone again that he appreciated the meaning of peace and happiness. What storms he'd been through! Wind, waves, and shoals. I bet he said: 'The harbor for me every time! However, what with statues and shoals my metaphors are getting a bit mixed! Because I really am telling you the story of my life.'"

"I must tell you that I had a charming wife. I loved her to distraction. I did do. But I'm a hot-tempered fellow, and she—the darling—I don't believe she could lose her temper if she tried. When I used to fly into a rage it was like stubbing your toe against a stone, and with the same result. I only hurt myself. Well, in the end I got on my nerves till I couldn't stand it a moment longer. So I ran away, and she divorced me."

the memory. Then he grew grave again, and raised plaintive eyes to Paula's face.

"Now, I remember all the lovely things about my wife," he said. "She had cool hands when my head was hot with rage and her breast was a pillow on which I found forgetfulness and peace."

"And she has got her decree nisi against me! What am I to do?"

"So you have a folly in your past, too!" said Paula, as she lit her second cigarette. "I will tell you about mine. It may help you."

"I had a husband I adored—as a matter of fact I have never stopped adoring him! The man opposite her bent forward as if he were about to interrupt when she checked him with a slight movement of her hand. A faint smile tilted the corners of her mouth as she continued:

"I see now that he adored me, too."

Complete
Short Story

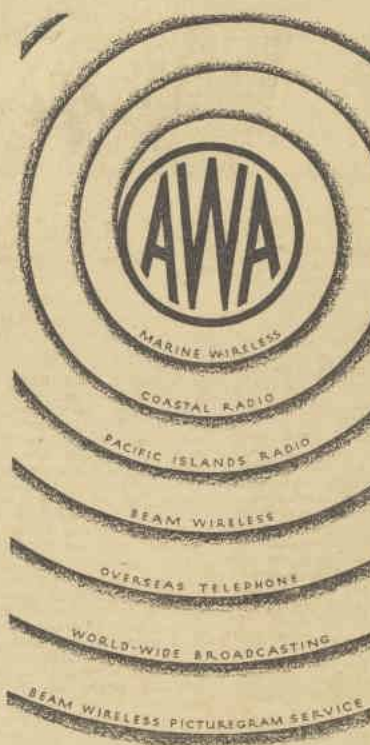
By JOAN
PENNEY

But because I am like a well which cannot be lashed by the wind into the great waves of the sea, he, like the wind which bloweth where it listeth, was gone on the heels of a storm one day. And I, like a fool, divorced him. What shall I do?"

"Come home now, and blow the coffee and liqueurs!" almost shouted her companion, leaping to his feet.

"All right, Charles," murmured Paula, as she quietly gathered up her bag and cloak "but do keep calm!"

(Copyright)



HAS SO EXPANDED its sphere

of activities in every phase

of wireless during the past 21

years that to-day the most

comprehensive and efficient

wireless communication facilities

are available to the public.

- ◆ Beam Wireless Service
- ◆ Oversea Telephone—Australia to England and other countries
- ◆ Beam Wireless Picturegram Service—for the transmission of pictures between Australia and Great Britain and North America
- ◆ Coastal Radio Stations for safety of life and communication to ships
- ◆ World-wide Broadcasting Services
- ◆ Marine Wireless Services in ships of the Australian Mercantile Marine
- ◆ Pacific Island Radio Services in New Guinea, Papua and Fiji

AMALGAMATED WIRELESS (A/SIA) LIMITED

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL WIRELESS ORGANISATION

DANCING through LIFE

Jeanette knew that every one of the fifty chorus girls was in love with Rae Mowbrey, the musical comedy actor—romantically, heart-breakingly in love! But somehow the way she loved him was different...



LONDON was waking up noisily to another hot summer's day, but upstairs in her little bed-sitting-room Jeanette Lewis slept blissfully.

She was smiling a little, and her breathing was the tiniest bit uneven—as, of course, it is when you're dancing... dancing on flying feet to the music of a lulling waltz that echoes round a vast ballroom full of flowers and candlelight and people. It wasn't quite so much dancing as flying... flying through space, with the feel of a strong arm round her slim waist.

Surely the rhythm of the music was changing, growing slower and livelier? Now it was a tango and all the people standing round the ballroom against the wall were swaying like flowers in a wind.

If there is anything lovelier to dance to than a waltz it is a tango—but your partner must be good. He must be tall and supple and light on his feet and he must hold you just like this, close to his heart, smiling down at you.

"We could dance together for ever, couldn't we, Jeanette? You dance as though you had the south wind tied to your feet."

His eyes smiled down into hers, his arm tightened a little, everyone stood and envied her passionately, dancing on and on in the arms of Rae Mowbrey, that most wonderful of all stage dancers and musical comedy actors.

And then someone down in the street flung the lid of a dustbin on to the ground with a horrible clang, and the sound penetrated the quiet of the little bed-sitting-room.

The girl in bed sighed, moved her curly head an inch or two, sighed

Illustrated
... by ...
FISCHER

without being at all self-conscious about it. She had heard him saying them to partners that he danced with, to Tessa Morelle, his leading lady, to chorus girls that he noticed particularly for their dancing and enthusiasm.

He hadn't said anything like that yet to Jeanette Lewis. She wasn't even in the front line of the gigantic chorus that filled the stage five or six times during the performance of "The Cock-eyed Moon," the musical show that was crumming the Vanity Theatre week after week.

She was just one of the back-liners, a little, slim, almost too slim, thing with dark eyes too big for her face, lustrous gold hair that curled in against her cheeks, and a skin that sometimes, when she was tired, looked transparent like the petals of a lily. She hadn't the strength and vitality of the others who attracted attention to themselves and caught Rae's eye: flaming-haired Brenda, Olivia with the slanting green eyes and smooth jet-black hair, Mari-gold with the adorable turned-up nose, milk-and-roses skin, and spun gold hair. When she was among them one would hardly notice her at all because she was so quiet and small and only used very bright make-up for the stage.

AND to-day was Monday, the end of twenty-four blessed hours of rest and peace. There was a rehearsal this morning of a new number that was being put into the show; she must be late for it. It was specially designed and invented by Rae, who besides being the most divine dancer himself, had a genius for creating lovely steps and patterns for the girls to weave themselves into. For this one they were all to be dressed in golden tights, with waving gold antennae on their heads. Rae did a dance with them, and though he would be dressed in ordinary evening clothes, he would be by far the most romantic and attractive figure on the whole stage. It was his Irish charm and gaiety that radiated like warmth from him.

Jeanette knew that every one of these fifty chorus girls was in love with Rae, romantically, heart-breakingly; they couldn't help themselves. But somehow the way she loved him was different. It wasn't just for his good looks, his soft Irish brogue, his smoky blue eyes, his dancing feet and charming ways—it was for something deeper in him.

Not that it made any difference—she was just one of dozens of romantic little allies who lost their heads over an actor. Nobody would ever know that she loved him to a different way, that if he had been a coal heaver that she saw in the streets, or a match-seller, she would have loved him just the same, quietly, suddenly.

Time to get up and eat some breakfast, which consisted of brown bread and butter and an apple.

London was going to be hotter than ever to-day with a sort of hard glare over the streets. It had taken her all her time to get through the two Saturday shows; if it wasn't cooler by Wednesday she wouldn't know what to do.

She had to be at the theatre in ex-

actly half an hour, and she hadn't even started to dress yet. After all, she thought, as she flew into her few limp clothes, what was she making such a moan and groan about? Thank heaven the show was such a raving success and they would all be likely to go on dancing in it for two or three more months! It meant work, pay, security, a modest sort of success.

They had been so certain when she left home a year ago she would come back to it gratefully, a complete failure. A dancing career on the stage seemed such thousands of miles away from the pottering sleepy life of a country doctor's family in a little Cotswold village. Nobody could believe that Jeanette Lewis, that funny, skinny, pale little thing who was so shy and quiet, could possibly make any headway in London. But here she was, keeping herself, not asking for anyone's help, and all the struggle and weariness and disappointment of those early days were well worth it.

Besides that, she was seeing Rae every day and twice a day for millions. She couldn't quite imagine life without that wisp of comfort.

"YES, I think that's got it at last, girls."

Rae Mowbrey mopped his heated face with a huge, white-spotted, green silk handkerchief and smiled at them all in his disarming, gay way that made them all forget how hard he had worked them and how particular he had been and how desperately hot it

was. His thick fair hair stuck to his forehead in damp curls and his shirt sleeves were rolled up above brown, muscular arms, but he was sunny-tempered and unruffled as ever.

That was the real charm about Rae, that he wasn't spoilt or temperamental. He was just as nice, amusing and smiling to a crowd of ordinary chorus girls as he would be to a crowd of important society women.

"Afraid I've been working you a bit hard, but I did want to get that just right. That's all at last, anyway!"

The line of girls began to break up slowly—they were too tired to hurry now—when Rae's voice stopped them again.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry, but there's one thing I've forgotten after all. In that middle bit, where you're groupings on the stairs, I want one of you girls to come out and dance a few steps with me. I don't like being left on my own for very long."

Ten minutes later she came round, opened her eyes, and found herself lying on the dressing-room couch with Rae bending over her, rubbing one of her chilly hands in his warm one.

His eyes twinkled, but they were keen as they glanced along the row of suddenly tense and eager faces. A chance to do a few steps alone with Rae—it was the dream of a lifetime! But his eyes didn't rest on any of them, until they came to Jeanette, standing alone by the exit door. She wore the briefest of black satin shorts and a thin red and white striped silk shirt with a floppy bow, and her slim, childish legs were bare and very white. She was hot, too, and the honey-yellow hair that curled just to her shoulders had been pushed impatiently back behind her ears. She was beginning to get that rather transparent look, and one could see at a glance that she didn't weigh more than seven stone.

"I want somebody very small and light," Rae said slowly, "that I can pick up and whirl round for the finale. Miss—or I'm afraid I don't know your name—but you've got a striped blouse on—will you come and try it with me? The rest of you can go."

He seemed to know that she would simply hate to have them all standing round watching and goggling at her with envy and disdain, that she couldn't

"Now then—ready?"

The moment he held her, she felt that she couldn't possibly make any mistake, her feet seemed mesmerised by his her slight body was in his hands. Ten minutes later he stopped dead, stared down at her and said slowly.

"But where have you been all the time! Surely not in the chorus? What?" (as Jeanette nodded mutely), "and I've been hugging round great lumps of girls with less bounce than a cannon ball! You must have hidden under somebody's skirts. You shouldn't get yourself lost, there's little enough of you to find, anyhow!"

"Am I—do I do it all right?" Jeanette stammered, her small, pale face suddenly pink with excitement.

"Are you all right? You're made of this! I don't believe you've got a bone in an ounce of fat anywhere in you. Which is all right from my point of view, but not from yours," he added severely, "You might eat a few square meals here and there without becoming bloated."

"It's not that I don't eat," Jeanette said, laughing weakly. "It's just that nothing will make me any fatter. I was just the same when I lived in the country and ate cream and butter and saffron cake the whole time. I looked just like an Indian famine child. I don't mind—I don't want to be too heavy for you to lift!"

"Heavy!" Rae braced his arms till the muscles stood out on them under the golden brown skin. "Child, I shall have to do special muscle-building exercises in order to get myself into training for the stupendous feat of lifting you. Why, you weigh about as much as the south wind, I should say... what's wrong? Aren't you feeling well?"

For Jeanette had suddenly turned quite pale and was staring at him with wide, startled eyes. "The south wind! But in that absurd dream he had said something about the south wind tied to her feet. But it was crazy."

She pulled herself together hastily, bending to tie her sandals and hide her face for a moment.

"I'm quite all right. When—when will you want to do that dance in the show?"

Please turn to Page 44



Ambition that led to Love

To a Friend

Yours was the cheer that heartened me,
As the tears were wont to fall,
Yours was the hand that guided me
When grief came down as a pall,
And I grew tired of life's weary road,
Stumbled and lost my way,
Yours the help that lightened my load,
And kept despair at bay,
Yours was the seeming bitter scorn,
Used to waken sleeping strength,
Yours the power from true love born,
That roused my spirit at length,
To victory over grim defeat,
And a goal gained at the end,
Refreshment after labor's heat,
I owe to you, my friend,

KATHLEEN RICE.

again, smiled, and woke up—woke up to see the sun glancing on to the faded wallpaper, to smell bacon frying downstairs, to know that it was Monday and that her dream was over.

But had it really been a dream?

It was still so vivid and real that she could seem to hear the faintest echo of the heavenly tango tune, still feel the warmth of Rae's arm round her and the spring of the floor under her feet; still hear the phantom echo of his words—"the south wind tied to your feet."

Pretty to dream that, because it was so exactly the kind of thing Rae did say, charmingly and spontaneously

do her best unless they were alone and unwatched.

Like a pricked balloon, the general excitement fell flat and the girls struggled off the stage, leaving Jeanette standing in the middle of it, feeling that her feet had suddenly swollen to elephantine pads and that her body was made of lead so that she could no more dance or prouette than she could fly up into the gallery.

"Now then, Goldie, give us the music—that middle bit. I expect you know the sort of thing I mean, don't you, Miss—"

"Lewis—Jeanette Lewis," she managed to say with a very dry throat, and he smiled.

"I'm glad it isn't Lola Lavelle or April Dawn... yours sounds as though it might be a real name."

"It is," Jeanette said in little more than a whisper and he laughed again and put his arm round her.

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov



EVENING GOWNS for MID-SUMMER!

Designers Experiment with New Silhouette Trends

IN the last mail from Paris came most exciting descriptions of the latest evening gowns. These are the fashions for next autumn, but a great many of the styles can be adapted to suit our summer needs. Velvets, lames, and brocades and dark rich colors one will not want for many months to come, but the silhouettes and color combinations will guide our new purchases.

NO one silhouette rule the new evening mode. The straight up-and-down line is seen side by side with picture frocks. Gainsborough and Romney ladies come to life.

There are dresses modelled on period times, Empire and Directoire frocks with clever little touches that give the 1935 look. There are long, swishing trains and skirts that just touch the floor in back, and are cut to the ankle in front; there are skirts so full that they look like crinolines, and skirts so narrow that they have to be split at either side to allow walking space.

Necklines are high with Medici collars and Elizabethan ruffles round the throat; or cut so extremely low that you will tuck in a row of flowers or ruffles of pleated tulle at the base of the square

in front to raise the line. You may have a falling-off-the-shoulder bodice, or Mainbocher's new neckline, which is sketched on this page and is a fitted, boned bodice coming to two points, with no straps at all.

That the bodice fits the figure and accentuates the bust seems to be the only point in common with all designers. Rich velvets and brocades, glistening lames and sequins, gleaming satins and metal thread tulle, and heavy dull crepe fashion autumn gowns. It seems rather early to be talking of autumn clothes when the summer has just begun, but the style world, it must be remembered, is always one season ahead, and we on this side of the world are a season behind.

THE tunic, so very much in evidence among the new evening clothes, can be adapted to summer wear. It flares

from the hips and stops at the knees or seven inches lower, and beneath the skirt is tight, or it fits the body tightly down to middle-calf length, is split at either side, and the skirt beneath breaks into a flare.

Chiffon tunics have underskirts of tiny straight pleats. Crepe tunics have crepe or satin skirts in self or contrasting color. Tulle and lace tunics have matching skirts. Unless you are very tall and slim, the flared tunic will not become you, but the straight one, with a narrow or flared skirt, helps the figure. The pencil-skin dress that is cut on the straight and the same width at the ankles as it is at the hips, is decidedly newer than the dress with skirt cut on the cross and full round the feet, but there are still a great many of this latter style seen.

Split Skirts

SPLITS are cut in every type of skirt, but they show to more advantage on the straight ones. They can be any length from four inches up to the knees at both sides, at the front and back, or at the side-front.

Necklines for summer look and feel cooler if they are cut low. The deep, square décolletage back and front, or a deep V in front and wide oval in back. Shoulders are covered if the bodice is allowed to extend just over the upper arm—otherwise be as bare as you like.

Many frocks, especially the tunics, are beltless, but there are tailored belts with huge jewelled buckles and wide sashes of chiffon or tulle, and of cotton on linen or organdie frocks.

• COOL pink and red chiffon makes a charming dress and jacket. Double layers of the fabric are used in both dress and jacket. The trailing-red sash falls into a train.

• PALE blue tulle dress with unusual décolletage formed by box pleats. The skirt is straight and narrow, and has four splits. The hem is trimmed with box pleats, too.

• A MAINBOCHER model which caused a sensation at the Paris opening has a pointed bodice, edged with net and kept up by whalebone. The tunic skirt is very new. Dress in white satin.

• COTTONS, organdie, and chiffon make the coolest dance frocks—but could anything look more refreshing than gleaming white satin or ice-blue dull crepe? Or more youthful and charming than water-lily pink tulle?

All these materials fashion summer evening gowns. Organdie, in white, pastel shades, and black, makes the more bouffant type of frock. Sashes of brightly striped cotton or brilliant colored tulle tie around the waist or perhaps a huge bunch of artificial flowers is tucked into the narrow belt.

Crêpes and satins are for the tailored frocks—they have little jackets of organdie or tulle in contrasting shades. Printed crepe-de-chine three-quarter coats are smart over plain crepe frocks. Favorite colors are ice-blue, white, pale pink, yellow, and a yellowy-green called chartreuse. Contrasting colored chiffon or crepe flowers are worn at the base of the décolleté either front or back.

• YELLOW organdie makes a very cool evening frock with the extended bodice. Wide sash of navy blue and yellow striped tulle.

• FOR hot nights, a printed chiffon in pale mauve, purple, and green. The skirt has pleated panels. The adjustable ruffled cape covers a low décolletage.

Chiffons, plain and printed, make, to my mind, the ideal summer dress. They are transparent, therefore they both look and feel cool, they do not crush, and they wash. There is an attractive example sketched on this page—a pale pink chiffon frock with a deep red chiffon sash and loose jacket.

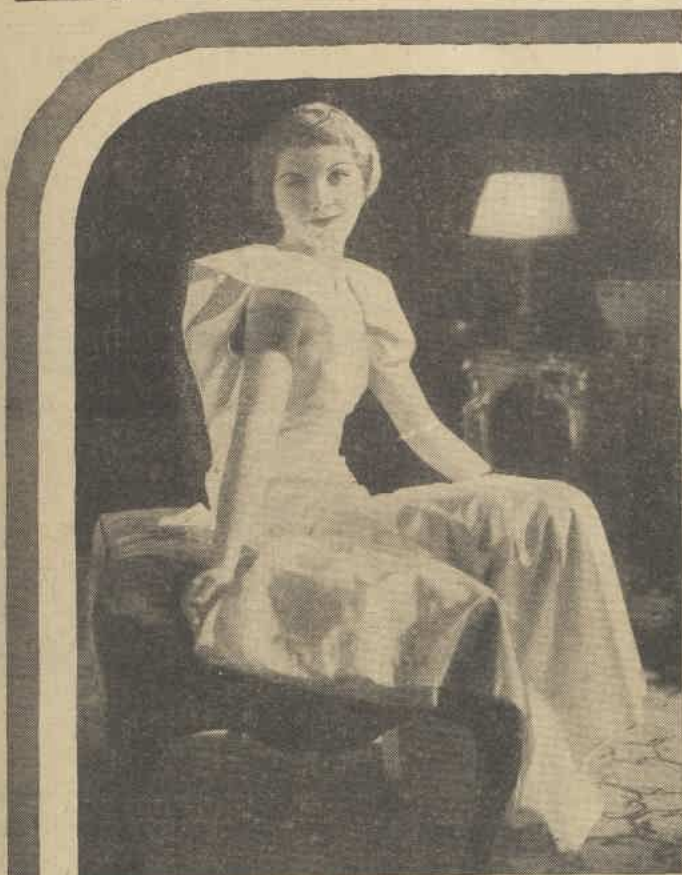
In the original model, the dress was lime green and the sash and coat cornflower blue. With white chiffon you might have a smart, sash, or coat of flowers of purple or fuchsia, emerald green, or sapphire blue. Pale grey chiffon is rather lovely with coral pink, a bright "loily" pink, or pale green. Yellow chiffon wear with violets.

Printed chiffons look like pictures of old English gardens, they are scattered with hollyhocks, delphiniums, poppies, cornflowers, and all the soft pastel flowers.

These chiffon frocks call for pleated ruffles, wispy scarves, or simple flared skirts. Their skirts are never spill—they may have trains if you like them. The "train" problem is optional in Paris now. Your skirt can touch the ground all round, be instep-length in front and to the floor in back, or be either of these front lengths and have a short train or a long, trailing one.

ELEGANCE ... in the Evening

● As Interpreted by a Famous Paris Fashion Designer



● WHITE "FARGELA," one of the new lustrous silks that are soft and rich, yet firm enough in weave to have a definite character of their own, is used by Chanel to make this lovely evening gown.

● ANOTHER exquisite Chanel gown in white faille (below). Note the treatment of the skirt at the back.



● THIS alluring black lace frock from Chanel revives the mode of 1900, with, of course, a treatment that marks its modernity. Note the interesting revival, also, of the "Alexandra" hairdressing.

● THE BLACK taffeta evening gown at the left shows Chanel's new décolletage and under-arm treatment.

HIGHLIGHTS of a

London Collection!

From MURIEL SEGAL ... Our Special Representative in Europe

WHEN Schiaparelli opened her London collection the other afternoon her salons in Grosvenor Street were the scene of a very chic social throng. Sophie Tucker, Tallulah Bankhead, and Merle Oberon were glimpsed among the many theatrical celebrities, and Lady Jersey and Lady Milbanke were among the Society women who comprised most of younger Mayfair.

The models were very similar to those I saw last month in Paris, but a few have been altered to suit English tastes. The suits, of course, took particularly well over here, usually in hairy tweeds with very slim skirts cut on the bias, rather high-waisted and with only one seam down the side well towards the back. The jackets reach just to the top of the hip-joint. Taffeta blouses in check or striped designs are often worn with these natty trotteur suits, and one original idea is to face the inside of the wide lapels of the jacket with the material used for the blouse.

There is a very decided Russian influence, of course, showing strongly in the peasant bonnets, Cossack caps; straight, upturned, brimmed hats, jaunty coats pinched at the waist à la Cossack, and cone-shaped collars and fur treatments. Again the sloping shoulder-line was emphasised.

Balloon-sleeve tops, triple-tiered parachute capes on wraps show the stratospheric influence which Schiaparelli is launching. Necklines are softened and rippled. The Salvation-Army-like bonnets are most becoming.



Medical Advice to Mothers

Give your Children a LIQUID Laxative

Is Constipation in children curable? Yes! Medical men have proved it and parents who have followed their advice have proved it.

You can never cure constipation by giving your boy or girl pills, tablets, or any strong, habit-forming purgative. But you can correct this condition by gentle regulation with a natural liquid laxative.

"California Syrup of Figs" will make the average child's bowels as regular as clock-work in a very short time.

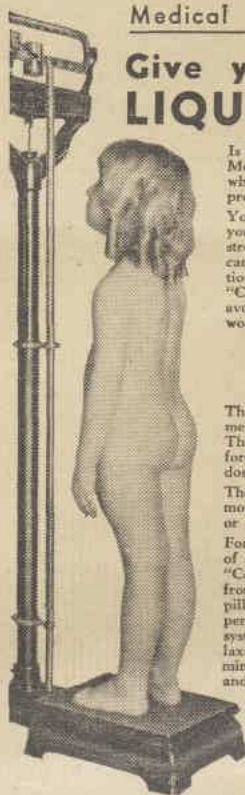
Why Hospitals use a Liquid Laxative

The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured exactly to meet individual needs. The action is therefore under control. It forms no habit; no need to give a "double dose" next time.

The right liquid laxative brings a perfect movement, with no discomfort at the time, or afterwards.

For a child's use, be sure it is composed of suitable ingredients and above all, safe. "California Syrup of Figs" is entirely free from synthetic chemicals often found in pills and tablets. It is a perfectly safe, perfectly suited preparation for any young system. Fruity and delicious, a natural laxative, flavoured with castor, clove, and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious—and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2 1/2 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".



An Editorial

NOVEMBER 24, 1934

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE PRINCE



THERE is a saying that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Well, it's certainly not for want of trying.

Newspapers, news-reels, and radios have been added to the ancient and honorable institution of gossip-mongering.

Any exalted personage is shown photographed in every possible costume from bathing trunks to Court dress; his movements are recorded from the moment he takes his morning shower till he makes his last bow at an evening function; every word he utters, whether to a lift-driver or a dancing partner or a Prime Minister, is amplified and reported and broadcasted. And yet there are some people who goggle their eyes and flap their ears to try and learn what the exalted personage is like in private.

Great Scott, how much private life is permitted such a personage? Anybody who has followed the daily programme of the Prince will realise how ruthless can be the multitude in its eagerness to exploit to the last ounce the pageantry of Royalty.

Prince Henry has now been long enough in Australia for two things to stand out clearly. First, that the Prince has come through this ordeal with extraordinary dignity and success; second, that there is no behind-the-scenes gossip that can be retailed about him in hushed whispers.

The Prince is in private life just what he is in public life. Unassuming, but dignified; of Royal bearing, but a man among men. Above all, he has that characteristic quality of sportsmanship which appeals to all Australians.

In the course of centuries all kinds of creeds and politics have developed within the framework of the British Constitution, while monarchies and republics in other lands have toppled and gyrated. Close acquaintance with visiting members of the Royal Family supplies the reason for this happy blend of Democracy and Royalty.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

Hypocrisy

In the valley of shadows I wandered
With winds of regret on my cheek,
By rivers of tears that one never shed
And where only our errors speak.
And I saw in that valley of shadows
Where I thought I would walk alone
With my sins and my sorrows unconfessed
Some virtuous folk I had known.
And I laughed as I suddenly realised
That they who had claimed they
were true
To all their faiths and their mighty virtues
Were consigned to the shadows too.
Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON

Whose Job?

AT cooking competitions, held daily at the Wine, Spirit, and Catering Trades Exhibition in England recently, practically all the entries were from men.

In the opinion of an expert at the exhibition, this was due to the fact that, though a woman could well manage the small job of cooking for a family, she was not fitted to take on catering in a big way.

"A man," said he, "is better able to keep his head in a crisis, when, for example, he has to provide a meal for a hundred more than were expected. A woman cooking in a family can waste a little food without much harm being done, but it is quite possible, in a big hotel, to waste £100 worth of food or more in one day."

The argument is far from being convincing, but almost any argument will serve a man trying to bolster up a bad case. A woman may waste food in the house, but how many DO? Practical experience shows that the majority of institutions run by women are on a sound financial basis. When men undertake house-keeping in a big national way, deficits accumulate. And who to-day believes that women "lose their heads in an emergency more readily than men?"

Child Kidnappers Busy

FOR "ways that are dark" one does not look nowadays to the heathen Chinee; compared with some of our modern tricksters Bret Hart's hero was a simple, unsophisticated soul who hardly knew his way about.

Take that latest specimen of the get-rich-quick brigade—the person who watches the movements of departing families, and some minutes before the boat or train is due to leave, manages to make off with one of the youngsters who form part of the family entourage.

Having waylaid the child, it is only necessary to wait till the anxious parents have instituted a frenzied search, and then, as the train is about to whistle, rush forward with the missing toddler and explain that you found him somewhere in the traffic! A reward of £1 or more can usually be expected.

It is reported from Melbourne that "finds" of this description are becoming increasingly common in that city and they are by no means unknown in Sydney. The person who plays this kind of trick on parents should be treated on detection for what he is—a vicious type of criminal who has earned a long term of penal servitude.

Should We Stand Up?

IF one of our ex-State Premiers is right, we should all stand up when someone starts to sing Australia's national anthem, and the title of this anthem, in case anyone does not know it, is "Advance Australia Fair!"

To words and music of a really inspiring anthem no one objects to pay the compliment of standing. But the composition must be worth while. You can't expect a mixed audience to clamour to its feet every time it hears someone humming at a time it doesn't know, and uttering words that might be part of a guide book chopped up into rhyme.

Perhaps the Australian "Marseillaise" is yet to be written. When it does arrive we shall stand up to it and march to it—perhaps fight to it, and die for it. But "Advance, Australia Fair" isn't a "Marseillaise," nor even a "Über Alles."

When the Prince Arrives

WITH all Sydney expected to be in the streets when the Prince arrives on Thursday, the police are advising people to lock their doors, put the front key anywhere but under the mat (where the burglar can always find it) and see that the windows are securely fastened. Also, they are warned not to leave one door open in a mistaken belief that the intending house-breaker will think someone is at home. Your up-to-date manipulator of locks and windows can't be put off that way.

"Ask a neighbor who is staying at home to keep an eye on the house" is another gratuitous piece of advice. Quite so—but who is going to stay at home, except the halt and the paralytic? And even if one has an able-bodied neighbor who won't be abused that day, how can he be expected to watch a next-door house when the whole story is coming over the wireless?

Perhaps the only way to feel really secure is to mount a machine gun outside the front gate, have it fired at regular intervals, and spread a net over the roof to catch aviators who may try to drop down the chimney.—A.J.B.

Law's Way With Husbands

IN England a husband can still be sued for damages on account of his wife's torts—if, for example, she injures someone by negligent driving, or slanders the neighbor next door. The law on the subject is a survival of the days when the husband was the legal owner of his wife's property. Though the Married Women's Property Act was passed more than 50 years ago, it is still possible to make a man pay through the courts for his wife's misdeeds.

England's Law Revision Committee has now got to work on this quaint old survival, with a view to abolishing it by Act of Parliament. It seems about time.

The position needs clearing up in Australia. In three of the States—Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania—they have passed special Acts of Parliament to say that a husband shall NOT be liable in damages for his wife's torts.

In the other States, in the absence of special legislation, the position is a bit doubtful, though the latest decision of the High Court (followed last year by the Supreme Court of New South Wales) is that a husband cannot be made liable for anything done by his wife without his knowledge or consent.—A.J.B.



Shyl

All-British Menu

SOME time ago The Australian Women's Weekly published several letters in which women objected to the use of French names for foods eaten by English-speaking people. Monsieur Herbodeau, president of the French Culinary Society, agrees very heartily with this view.

Addressing the annual Conference of the Hotels and Restaurants recently, he said:

"Each country has the food natural to its climate, its character, its customs. I often wonder why English cooks try to provide French cooking, in which they usually are not adept, instead of trying to perfect good English cooking."

"Though it is true that in France we have a great variety of remarkable and special products, there are to be found in England products of the very first order, and there is also an English cooking which flatters the most sensitive palate."

"I am certain that foreign tourists visiting England would be happy to find hotels offering typically English cooking instead of second-rate French. English food, well cooked, is always good enough for anyone. And why should not the dishes be listed on the bill of fare in English?"

England's Progress in Treatment of Women Public Servants

By LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN

It is interesting to see what England is doing with regard to the employment of women.

At present there is a committee considering the question of whether women should be admitted to the Diplomatic and Consular service. Their report is not yet available, but another equally interesting one is just to hand.

IT concerns women in the Civil Service, and its findings are more broad-minded than one might have expected. This committee dealt with the questions of the reservation of posts to men or women; segregation and aggregation; the employment of married women in established Civil servants; and maternity leave.

It endorses the policy of "a fair field and no favor" which in practice means that all posts in the Civil Service shall be open to members of both sexes "except where adequate and publicly-announced reasons exist to the contrary." In order to give effect to this decision an immediate review of posts which are at present reserved for men and women is to be undertaken.

In future, women will be eligible to fill all administrative posts with the exception of those in the Colonial Office, all executive posts except in the Defence Departments, and all clerical posts. Practically all the specialist posts will be open to them provided they possess the necessary qualifications.

THE committee recommends that selection boards which interview candidates of both sexes should be constituted of both men and women. The committee noted that at the present time relatively few posts in the higher grades of the service are filled by women, owing largely to the fact that their recruitment to the higher classes of the Civil Service is of recent origin.

In order to facilitate the solution of this problem it is recommended "that there should be no obstacle to the appointment of qualified women, even if at present employed in departmental classes, to posts of general administrative character."

It also ruled that where it has been the custom to segregate men and women, the best means of "placing the staff on an aggregated basis shall be made forthwith."

Although some time ago it was ruled that women were to retire from the Civil Service on marriage the folly of such a hard and fast rule is apparently recognised for now "discretionary power" should be allowed to make exceptions so that a woman may be retained in the Service after marriage.

Further a married woman, in the event of confinement, is to be allowed special leave, pre-natal and/or post-natal, on full pay for a period not exceeding two months, which may be extended to three months if recommended by medical certificate. This period will count towards sick leave.

There are also provisions for women to return to the Service if separated from, deserted by or divorced from their husbands, or if their husbands cannot keep them.

But, although the Civil Service has shown an improved attitude to women, tradition and custom are still strong opponents of fair play.

Quite recently a district nurse was asked to resign her position because she had had a baby, and the council decided she should devote her whole time to it. The nurse in question had already a child of six who was well cared for by a competent person—but this was completely overlooked.

To show his objection to this attitude, one of the doctors resigned, and in addition the residents presented a monster petition for her retention, but without avail. Let us hope this is only a rare case, but, alas, such cases create precedent!

Dining Table Returns

CHANGES of frocking fashion bring many other modifications in their train. The more stately dresses of this season are responsible for a revival of the older-time dining-table.

Come or go—these are the innumerable small cabaret tables which gave a cabaret air to entertainment. They suited the bright young things of yesterday, but have fallen out of fashion as that year's brightness became this year's boredom.

In Mayfair circles, Prince George and Princess Marina are being feted at the once old-fashioned long table. Feminine guests can now eye each other across the festive board, and take in the finer points and finish of rival gowns. More than food and drink to a woman are such sweetmeats of fashion.—M.S.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters

Dear Lou—

Starting housekeeping from scratch should be a touch for the average couple will have little trouble finding several

across one or the other's face to choose from long to the honeymoon is over.

Yours, Sue



Second enthralling instalment of

BEGGARS' Horses

P. C. WREN'S Greatest Story
Since "Beau Geste"

"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride," says the old saw. Here is the story of six men and their wishes that came true with dramatic and far-reaching results.



SIX MEN, brother officers on a hunting expedition in India, encounter a mysterious Holy Man, to whom each confides the secret ambition of his heart.

Captain Hazelrigg desires courage; Colonel Harrington-Spens, wealth; Captain Wogan, happiness; Major Wallingford, long life; Captain Burlesome, health; and Lieutenant Eastwood, great strength.

The Holy Man assures each officer that his wish will be fulfilled, but hints that the attainment of their desires may cost them dear.

CHAPTER 4

RETURNED after weary months from a long and arduous pilgrimage, seeking knowledge and acquiring merit, the chela again sat at the feet of the Holy One and talked, asking of many things.

For to him, the Holy One—whom he revered, worshipped, and adored to a point but little on the same side of idolatry—was a fountain of knowledge infallible, a tower of spiritual strength unassailable, a well of truth inexhaustible, unplumbable and undefeatable.

"Has the new chela, my substitute, done well in my absence, Holy One?" he asked, reverently stroking the feet of his guru. "Cooked and swept, waited

One make a promise," replied the yogi. "Forgive me, Master. I thought . . . it seemed . . . it was as though he promised them Health, Wealth, and Happiness, Strength, Courage, and Long Life."

"Prophecy is not promise. The Great One prophesied."

"Then those things will come to pass," said the chela wonderingly.

"Assuredly. For the Great One is a seer, a holy prophet like unto the Prophets of old, one to whom the future is at times revealed."

"And those angry and violent men will receive blessings? Receive great boons and gifts—in return for . . . what they did?"

"Nothing was said of blessings, boons and gifts, my chela. They had laid bare the desires of their own hearts; had made known what things, beyond all others, they desired. And the Great One—prophesied."

"And the Great One, his hour being upon him, spoke and prophesied," murmured the youth. "Prophesied those blessings to each of them."

"What is a blessing?" asked the Holy Man.

"Which of us knows what is a stroke of good fortune and what a misfortune? In their own tongue they themselves say, 'Call no man happy until he is dead,'" he added.

"One of them asked that he might be happy, the worst man of them all! He who, blinded by impious rage, lifted up his hand . . . I cannot say it . . ."

"He asked that he might be happy," continued the chela, "and the Great One granted his wish."

"Once again, oh, foolish and ignorant," smiled the Holy Man, "I tell you that the Great One promised nothing. He prophesied that the sahib will be happy."

"And will he?"

"Did not the Great One say it? Then assuredly the sahib will be happy."

"A boon and a blessing, in very truth," marvelled the chela.

THE Holy Man gave him a kindly, tolerant glance; a look of patience blended with amusement. "And so with the others, surely?" continued the disciple with meek, humble, and respectful stubbornness.

"Yes," replied the Holy Man. "I tell you again, it is prophesied that their wishes will be fulfilled. And assuredly they will be so fulfilled."

"It is written on their foreheads," he added, "and nothing can save them. Fruition of the seeds of the deep desires of their hearts will come to pass."

For long the disciple pondered the sayings of his teacher, and regarded his face. "Master," said he at length, "were they not good wishes, worthy desires—Health and Happiness, Courage and Strength, Wealth and Long Life?"

"All these are good things, rightly used, my son."

Another long silence, broken this time by the Holy Man.

"My chela, what is thine own wish; the true desire of thy soul?"

"The truth," he added, smiling, "for I can read that same soul of thine."

The chela's long eyes slid round and gazed to where, far across a valley of stupendous depth, a village nestled against the mountain side; a village wherein dwelt a comely hill-woman, desirable and lovely in the sight of the young man. Her apple-cheeked, fair-skinned face came between him and his contemplation of higher things, and was never for long absent from his thoughts.

He swallowed, drew deep breath, faced the compelling eyes of his teacher, and spoke the truth.

"Love," he said, and looked again across the valley.

"And if you were propounding a wish, asking a boon: that should be granted, would you ask to love—or to be loved?"

"To love," replied the chela. "It is



Illustrated
by
WEP

He smiled at you—and not at what he was thinking about you, as Minna Minelli always did.

My Favorite Poem

Blind

By HARRY KEMP.

The Spring blew trumpets of color;

Her green sang in my brain—I heard a blind man groping "Tap-tap" with his cane.

I pitted him in his blindness; But can I boast, "I see"? Perhaps there walks a spirit Close by, who pities me—

A spirit who hears me tapping The five-sensed cane of mind Amid such unguessed glories— That I am worse than blind.

Sent in by "Midge B." Davidson Pde., Cremorne.

on thy word, and given thee all his care and obedience and love?"

"He has done well, my son," smiled the Holy One.

"As well as—as well as I did? As well as I shall do—now that I have returned to thee from Benares and Hurdwar, from Leh and Ladakh?"

"Who shall do more than it is in him, to do?" was the gentle reply. "He, like you, gave of his best."

A long silence of contemplation; of adoration.

"Is it permitted to ask questions of a small matter that has been often in my mind, Holy One?"

"Ask freely, my son."

"Those six sahibs, angry men bound to the Wheel of Life, of whom one committed in wrath a sin that shall for ever . . ."

"Judge not, my son. . . . What of the six sahibs?"

"Wait those things that the Great One promised them, really come to pass? Just as he promised? Or was there hidden meaning in his words; and were the promises . . .?"

"I heard the Great One promise nothing. Never have I heard the Great

even better to give than to receive—love."

"A great truth," was the reply. "It is well spoken."

"And would you limit your love? To one person? To a woman? Or would you ask that you might be given the power to love all mankind and the Creator of all mankind?"

The disciple laid his forehead upon the feet of the Holy Man.

"The power to love all created things and their Creator with all my heart and soul and mind and strength," he said, tears trickling from his eyes.

Laying his hand upon the youth's head:

"Pray for the gift of the power to love," said the Holy Man. "Pray for Good-will. For the only thing upon this earth of which Man cannot have too much is Good-will. Ponder my saying."

The disciple arose to go and prepare food for his Master, and, as he turned, averted his eyes from the distant village.

And, curiously enough, they were Englishmen, unenriched by one drop of

puted to be the three richest men in the world, were to meet, and to sojourn, beneath the roof of the Imperial Hotel.

One was coming from Berlin, another from New York, and the third from Buenos Aires.

Between them they represented a sum of money so large as to be beyond the average comprehension. Even in plain figures, it was not plain to the ordinary understanding. In fact, it sounded rather silly; but to the man in the street their names were as familiar and revered as those of Rothschild, Morgan, Vanderbilt, and Rockefeller; Carnegie, Ford, and Croesus.

It seemed that, like the unfortunate Midas, they were endowed with the gift of turning into gold all that they touched.

And, curiously enough, they were Englishmen, unenriched by one drop of

Henry was the only one of them who had ever turned aside from the straight and narrow path of moneymaking; the only one who had ever worshipped false gods—or a goddess.

Henry—regarded by the others as a weaker vessel—had not only made a million less than either of his brothers, he had actually had an "affair" with a woman. But for a friend of Henry's, and but for them and their lawyers, their timely and powerful intervention, the literally saving grace of their stern virtue, the foolish Henry might have been badly stung indeed, might indeed have been married. This last calamity would have been less intolerable had the woman been of the right sort—daughter of some mighty magnate, heiress of some Financial Power, link between the Askrolds and some such House as that of the Fargers, Rothschilds, Coultas, or Vanderbilts.

They would have said nothing against such a woman being a Jewess or a Papist, albeit they were the strictest and sternest puritanical Protestants, brought up in the tenets of the Strict Ebenezer Baptist Faith.

But, alas, and incredibly, the girl was a nobody or less. Some singer or dancer or artists' model or painter or—worse. An Italian wench, too, whom Henry had picked up in Naples, having gone there from Rome, whither he had come on business from Berlin. Luckily he was meeting John and Richard at Naples, they having come over together from New York to confer with Henry and the Herron Bailin and Krupp in Hamburg and Berlin, after they had done some business in Rome, Vienna, and Paris.

Yes, an Italian girl, called, or calling herself, Minna Minelli, who spoke perfect English by reason of having an English mother.

An adventuress. A siren. A gold-digger. And Henry might have married her—for the fool was infatuated.

Please turn to Page 51

What the first wish brought!

"And, perchance," said the Holy Man, "I may live to hear the Great One prophesy that thou too shalt attain thy desire and be given Love, that greatest of all gifts—even as those sahibs will attain their desires and be given the great gifts of Health, Wealth, and Happiness, Strength, Courage, and Long Life."

PART II CHAPTER I

THE manager of the Imperial Hotel, Mayfair, was on his mettle.

Kings, Princes, Dukes, Presidents, Ambassadors, Field-Marshal, and film stars had frequently been "guests" of the Imperial Hotel, and the manager was perhaps a little blasé.

But to-day three men, brothers, re-

Scottish, American, Greek, Armenian, or Jewish blood.

Plain, hard-headed Yorkshiremen, one in Russian minerals and timber; another in American railways, steel, and oil; and the third in Argentine cattle, in Brazilian rubber and diamonds, and in Chilean nitrates, the Askrolds had made, each, separately and individually, a truly colossal fortune. They had, of course, helped each other, played into each other's hands; and had at times united to form a financial interest of international weight and importance.

Three most interesting men, John, Richard, and Henry Askrold, hard, benevolent, ruthless, charitable, overworked; two of them innocent and ignorant of love, less of peace, joy, and enjoyment; loveless, unloving, unlovable, bachelors all.

FREE for GIRLS & BOYS 10000 XMAS PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN

For GIRLS One or all of these wonderful Toys and many others may be obtained FREE under our Xmas-Free Distribution Plan. This FREE OFFER is one which will appeal at once to GIRLS AND BOYS—their MOTHERS, FATHERS, RELATIVES and ALL who look forward to the wonderful pleasure of GIVING and RECEIVING GIFTS AT XMAS TIME. Accept this Free Offer Now. Select the toys you would like for a Girl or Boy. Mark the illustration with a cross and send the whole advertisement to us with your name and address and 2d. in stamps. Write your name and address clearly. Your application must be posted without delay to be eligible under the Free Distribution Plan. Address your application to:—
"FATHER XMAS,"
c/o J. W. Davis Pty., (Dept. WW),
Box 1722JJ, G.P.O., Sydney.

For BOYS



Made in Australia

An inexpensive way to keep your white shoes white

Bon Ami Cake, the well known household cleanser, is fine for cleaning white shoes, too. It quickly and easily removes grass stains and smears. And what is most important, Bon Ami really cleans the shoes, as it whitens them—doesn't merely cover over the dirt, as other whiteners do. Use it on all kinds of white shoes except kid. See how nice and new-looking Bon Ami makes them—and at what little cost.

Bon Ami is "Jack of all trades" around the house. It is the finest cleanser you can get for windows, mirrors, baths, pots and pans, kitchen sinks, painted woodwork, etc.



BON AMI

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

The Bon Ami Co. of Australia, Ltd.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

HUGH WALPOLE'S Latest Novel—"Captain Nicholas"

"Captain Nicholas—A Modern Comedy," appears on the title page of Hugh Walpole's new novel, but after reading it one feels that the author has gone a step further and revealed how destructive certain types of humor can be.

THE book would be more humorous, perhaps, if the author had not portrayed so convincingly the happiness and content that reigned in the Carlisle home in Smith St. before the advent of Captain Nicholas.

Although it is the accepted and modern attitude to scoff at domestic virtues and belittles family ties, Mr. Walpole has pictured them as something very satisfying and complete. This probably to give the strong and effective contrast of "before and after" Captain Nicholas had a finger in the pie. In this respect it succeeds.

Captain Nicholas had not been heard of by his family for ten years. Then one evening he turned up unexpectedly with his motherless little daughter at the home of his sister and brother-in-law, Fanny and Charles Carlisle.

It was an unusual household, with three generations resident in it—Mrs. Carlisle, Senr., her son, Charles, and

his wife, their children, Romney, Neil, and Edward, also Matthew and Grace, brother and sister of Captain Nicholas.

These people were the pawns that Captain Nicholas used to play his unusual game, a game that involved the breakdown of those things which he thought ridiculous, and old-fashioned.

Impish Tricks

NICHOLAS was impish, rather than villainous, and possessed great charm. He was like some dark storm-driven sprite, blowing into the house, ruffling all its ordered happenings, and departing just as early. His entrance and exit are most dramatic.

His impish mind rebelled at the complacency, the smugness that he found at the house in Smith St. He appreciated it as a haven from unpleasant pursuit, and as a shelter for a penniless person such as he was.

But he was soon itching to get at "his tricks."

SHORT REVIEWS

"IN COMPANY WITH CRISPIN."

Humphrey Pakington. It is difficult to find a really humorous book that has subtlety and sophistication. That is why Humphrey Pakington's "In Company with Crispin" will be so welcomed. It is very well done, particularly in the early chapters. The author's description of an historical pageant arranged by Mrs. Canfield at one of England's rural villages is extremely funny. Mrs. Canfield is a delightful character, middle-aged but dominant. She is only one among many who are equally attractive—the admiral, the vicar, the Eaton-Shrubsoles, and the Warrimay family of whom Crispin, the hero, is a member. A worthwhile story. (Chatto and Windus. 7/6.)

"MAKING IT HAPPEN."

George Taylor. One of the men most "in the news" at the present time is Sir Macpherson Robertson, donor of the prize for the Melbourne Centenary Air Race. "Making It Happen" is the story of his life, linked up with the history of the great firm of which he is the head. The book contains too, mention of the great benefactions he has bestowed, and of many prominent people that have been associated with the life of the millionaire manufacturer. Mr. Taylor had an inspiring story to write about, and he has done it in an expert manner. (Robertson and Mullens. 5/-.)

"SWALLOWS IN SPRINGTIME."

Mary Sturt. The younger members of the Brownlow family were the swallows in question, and the story concerns their efforts at flight from the home nest, and its restrictions. John, the eldest son, rebelled against a career in medicine which his doctor father decreed for him; Margaret hated the purposeless life she was forced to live at home. The youngest son was the only contented member of the family. It's the old story of lack of understanding between two generations, but one is inclined to believe that the Brownlows, with the exception of the father, are not common types. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"ONE HUNDRED YEARS."

Roy Bridges. One of the most popular of the many books inspired by the Melbourne Centenary. It reads like a novel and not like a formal history book. Mr. Bridges gives special mention to Joseph Tice Gellibrand, "true head and inspiration of the migration from Tasmania that established Victoria." (Robertson and Mullens.)

"MOLLY'S YEAR IN CAMP."

Shelbourne King. This book, we are told, is comprised of the actual diary letters of an Australian girl to a cousin in England. After reading it one would expect a sudden rush of adventurous young women all eager for their share of the glamorous, picturesque life that the author depicts as her lot during the year she assists her husband in establishing a new homestead on the Liverpool Plains. The book is bright and entertaining. (Stockwell.)

HORST ROSENTHAL says: "When appetite is in every child, Hulse's sausage will put it right." The Weekly Australian.

MADEMOISELLE Ella K.

Maillart, whose "Turkistan Solo" was published by Putnam's in September, covered more than 6000 miles on her journey from the mountains of Tien Shan, in north-west China, through the desert of Kizil Kum to Kazalinsk, travelling by camel and on foot.

"His tricks were picking and stealing, making fun of those around him, interfering maliciously with their lives because they were so stupid and it was such fun to see what they would do."

"He wished no one in the world any harm, and when he encountered an intelligence as good as his own he greeted it instantly as one robber baron in the old days greeted another. For it did not appear to him that in these days you could be, if intelligent, also moral. He could be kindly, generous, enthusiastic, but stupidity, old-fashionedness roused his contempt, and his contempt could make him cruel."

This is the author's comment on Nicholas' peculiar make-up, and here are his reflections on the house-eld:

"They still in this year of grace, 1923, believed in family life! They clung together like a brood of ducks on a stagnant pond. They loved one another! Even the young people thought their father and mother wonderful! He liked it, he admired it. It was something so novel and so refreshing that he positively admired it."

"It was also something round which his sense of humor might play. Here was a game. He felt his creative power rising within him. He could make something of this, turn these good simple relations of his into a new pattern."

The Climax

BUT in order to make a new pattern Nicholas had to unravel the old. He did it subtly, cleverly, and rather fendishly, too.

He broke the perfect trust that existed between them all, particularly between Charles and his wife Fanny. He discovered in Grace a harmless deceit of which he frequently reminded her in veiled references; scoffed at Matthew's religious fervor, encouraged Neil in an unconventional union, led Romney into strange highways, upset the domestic staff and, in short, by insidious means, and without coming into the open, he created such domestic discord that disruption seemed imminent. But Fanny, driven to desperation, brought things to a climax, and Nicholas departed as nimbly as he came.

Mention must also be made of Lixide, the young daughter of Nicholas, and the only person he really cared about. She is excellently portrayed. Then, too, there is Abel, the half-caste, a Nemesis from whom Nicholas cannot escape. He is depicted rather as a creepy spirit of darkness, but he is effective in the general plot of the story.

The book is a fascinating one, and is read with unabated interest.—(Macmillan. Our copy, Swains.)

CORNWELL'S

PURE
MALT

VINEGAR

bought everywhere
by everybody

BUNGLING A BUNGALOW JOB

He's An Architect —
Without Foundation

Expert carpenters are dark handsome men with small tooth-brush moustaches and a secret sorrow which adds to their already romantic aspect, and they are simply crawling with sex appeal.

I am an expert carpenter.

WEP is not. Wep is a bald-headed, skinny chap who would have driven Freud mad. (I hope I'm not boring you? ... Oh, no! We're not even reading the darn thing!)

It was Wep's idea to build a week-end cottage on a piece of land that some diligent salesman had hung on to him in one of his particularly dull moments, and it was my suggestion that we build it ourselves.

You know those weatherboard cottages that you buy all ready cut with the pieces numbered and directions how to slam it together and all that?

Well, we thought it would be easier to get one of those.

All the fragments arrived on a couple of lorries and the only things I could recognise were the doors. Wep, in the meantime, had lost the plans and recipe for building the place. We decided to start by erecting the doors. The beautiful part of having doors with no house wrapped around them is that you can walk in and you're still out. I wish I had thought of it before I was married.

The next thing was to get the sides of the house up. This is much harder than it sounds. A wall has got to have something to lean on, and believe me, Mr. Ripley, I had the devil's own job holding up one side of the house while Wep was building



I told him I had paid for the nails... and I wanted my nails back.

the part that joined on. Complaining all the time he was, about there being no holes bored in the wood to put the nails in.

By the time we'd got it nearly finished, it was dangerous to go near it.

WE had a long argument about the roof. I wasn't going to risk my life climbing on top

of a structure which was liable to collapse any minute. Wep at the finish admitted that we could do without a roof and said that we could sunbake without going out of the house on fine days. Wet

days, he said, if we had a roof it would be bound to leak, any-

L.W. Lower

Australia's Foremost Humorist
tries his hand at house-
building this week.

Assisted by WEP

how, and if it got too wet inside the house we could go outside.

That sounded reasonable to me, but when he discovered that we'd forgotten the foundations and wanted to pull the house down again, I got annoyed. It was only a matter of days before the thing fell down, so why go to the trouble of yanking it apart for the sake of a miserable foundation? We'd have to go to all the trouble and expense of hiring a politician to lay it, then we'd have to listen to his rotten speech and present him with a gold-mounted bed, or whatever the thing is you give them.

I explained all this to Wep, but he was adamant. (What did you say?) I said, adamant. It's not often I use foul language but it's no use just calling a man an ant. One thing led to another, and I said that I hoped that the first shower of rain would shrink his fool house until it was the size of a dog-kennel, and he said in that case it would be just about fit for me to live in and anyway it was his house and I could go and live in a tent, or a barrel, which might make me feel more at home.

Nailing It

THEN I told him that I had paid for the nails, and if I wasn't going to be allowed in the house, I wanted my nails back. He said, "Take your rotten old nails!" So I took all my nails out of the house and the place fell down, and I said, "There you are! I told you the thing wouldn't last," and he said, "You put that house back where you found it or you'll hear from my solicitors!"

I said that if he felt like that, I'd pay him for his heap of junk just for the pleasure of making a bonfire of it.

Well, at the finish we agreed to take half each and I've got the door and two windows at home, half a roof and two sides of a house and if any of you girls are thinking of home-building or anything like that, now's your opportunity. You'll find, when you're married, that you only need half a house, because your husband will be out most of the time.

I'll be outside the G.P.O. all next Tuesday. I'll be wearing a white carnation.

CLEANS & POLISHES ALUMINIUM

Steele

Does it quickly... in one operation... and more easily than ever. Steele restores the natural brightness and smoothness of the metal.

Beauty Specialist
tells how to improve the complexion

At a recent interview a well-known beauty specialist gave valuable advice on improving the complexion. "Some women," she said, "try one face cream after another in the hope of gaining a clear, smooth skin. If only these women would realise that the complexion needs to be treated from inside as well as outside!

In nine cases out of ten a poor complexion is due to digestive disorders and constipation. Therefore women who wish to improve their complexion should first set about improving the tone of their system. I myself find that San-Bran is excellent for this purpose. It tones up the entire system and stimulates the bowels to act naturally, thus banishing constipation—the cause of pimples and blotches.

You buy San-Bran in packets from the grocer, and merely add two tablespoonsful to your usual breakfast cereal. San-Bran is deliciously flavoured, so nice to eat. Everybody likes it!"

PERMANENTLY WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR

The "Raywave" (patent) is the only device for doing one's hair that is guaranteed to permanently wave hair. No electricity. Waves last 4 to 6 months. Price, 15/-; Postage, 1/-; Sample instructions. A lifetime's use.

SPAR TRADING CO.,
10 RAYMOND PLACE, SYDNEY.

PERFECT Diagnosis ... in CONTRACT

By ELY CULBERTSON

World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst.

IN the play of a trump contract in which Declarer is forced to shorten his trump length one or more times by ruffing an adverse long suit, he often finds that his only safe course is to turn the tables and force the opponents with his own long suit. The play is most difficult and most abstruse when it involves allowing a small adverse trump to make a trump that could be picked up by one of the Declarer's top trumps but at too great a cost.

South, Dealer.
North and South vulnerable.
S: K 10 7 2
H: K 7 2
D: 10 8 3
C: J 7 3

S: 6 5
H: Q 6 5
D: J 9 7 6
C: 10 8 5 2

S: J 9 4
H: A J 10 8
D: 4 3
C: A Q 4

S: A Q 8 3
H: 9
D: K 5 2
C: A K 9 6 4

The bidding:
South West North East
1 Club Pass 1 NT 2 Hearts
2 Spades Pass 3 Spades Pass
4 Spades Pass Pass Pass
In this deal the South cards were played by Jack Weisman of New York City, one of the younger generation of excellent card-players. West opened the Queen of hearts and South trumped the second round of the suit. It was evident that the club suit must be established, and if a trick must be lost to the Queen it had best be given up before trumps were lost. South therefore cashed the Ace of clubs and when East dropped the blank Queen, Declarer was faced with a pretty problem.

WITH West marked for a club stopper, it was useless to take out the adverse trumps and continue the club suit inasmuch as this play would leave South defenceless against a heart continuation at the time West gained the lead with his club stopper. Even though the King of diamonds would undoubtedly provide the South hand a re-entry—East's bid apparently marking him with the diamond Ace—Declarer would lose too many tricks by this process.

South studied the hand as a double-dummy problem in which all that was known of the adverse hands was West's club stopper and East's diamond Ace. He solved the problem in this clever manner:

South cashed the Ace and Queen of trumps, leaving one trump at large. He then led a small club to the Jack. East trumped and could do no better than to lead a top heart, forcing out South's last trump. But Declarer, by his foresight in allowing the adverse trump to win, had retained in Dummy the vital two trumps necessary for his plan. North was now able to ruff the fourth lead of clubs, finally establishing the suit, and a diamond lead towards the King assured eventual re-entry to South's fifth club at a time when the North hand still held a trump to stop the adverse heart suit.

IT was pointed out by Mr. Weisman after the hand that the object in cashing the two trumps from the South hand and leaving North with the spade King and Ten was as follows:

If it develops that West has four trumps to the Jack, the contract can still be made if West also holds a third heart. In this event South will continue with the King of clubs and a club lead to North's Jack, and will then be assured of winning three tricks in clubs, one in diamonds, four trump tricks in the South hand (since South cannot be prevented from getting another heart ruff) and the last two trumps in Dummy by automatic pick-up, making in all the ten tricks necessary for the four-spade contract.

NEXT WEEK'S HAND

South, Dealer.
North and South vulnerable.

S: 9
H: Q J 8 7
D: K Q 9 8 6
C: A 9 3

S: 8 3
H: 5 4 3 2
D: 4 3 2
C: 8 7 5 4

S: K Q 10 7
H: 6 5 4 2
D: 7 5
C: K Q J

The hand will be discussed in next week's article.

(Copyright)



Since the Days of Macquarie

During the term of Governor Lachlan Macquarie, trade in Australia was largely carried on by barter. Rum was extensively employed as money, and the coinage, mainly Spanish dollars, was quite inadequate for currency requirements.

The imperative need for a satisfactory currency was officially recognised, and towards the end of 1815 a meeting of settlers was convened "to take into consideration the present state of the colonial currency and what would be the consequence of an immediate sterling circulation."

This meeting affirmed the desirability of establishing "a public colonial bank." The Governor's approval was obtained and the Bank of New South Wales opened in April, 1817.

Established to stabilise the currency in Australia, the Bank of New South Wales has consistently provided those essential banking facilities which have made possible the rapid expansion of the country's trade and industry.

For 117 years the Bank has rendered unparalleled service to the community. It has constantly extended its activities to meet the growing needs of the country, and to-day, through over 720 branches, offers the most complete banking service in Australia and New Zealand.

Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

Bank of New South Wales Historical Series No. 1.

97c

HER Dream HOUSE

By
SIDNEY
DENHAM

Author of "The Five Rich Men," "Impulse," "The Man With a Scar," etc.



SYLVIA read the advertisement through a second time.

"Charming house amidst lovely surroundings, yet only five miles from the centre of the town. 3 bedrooms, 2 rec. Constant h.w., many cupboards, sun parlor, well-stocked garden.

Write Box X28452, 'The Noonday Herald'."

Yes, it was undoubtedly her dream house! She put down the paper with a sigh.

"What's the matter, dear?" her husband asked, from the other side of the breakfast table.

"It's this wretched house, John..."

"So you've said many times," smiled John, "although I can't really see what's the matter with it. Not every house has constant hot water..."

"Constant hot water!" interrupted his wife. "It's constant, and it's water, but I ask you, how often is it hot?"

"Well, you know the stove wants a bit of adjustment."

"We've been adjusting it every day for three years," retorted Sylvia. Her husband lit his pipe, puffed out the smoke thoughtfully, and said, "There's the sun lounge."

"Sun lounge!" exclaimed his wife bitterly. "A breath of wind and the place is like a cold storage room."

"You can close the glass doors."

"I know, and keep out the sun and air. Really, John, I never understand why you defend the house so when I talk of moving. I suppose it's because you're a man, and hate change of any kind. Haven't you a dream house, with a garden that weeds don't grow in, a tennis court and fruit trees?"

John laughed shortly. "I may have a dream house, but I keep it in my dreams. I've always found that when your dreams come true, you're disappointed. Constant hot water stoves always give constant hot water in dreams, and sun lounges are really sunny, but..."

"Oh, be quiet! You've no imagination at all," Sylvia interjected with a pout. They had had these discussions many times, and always it ended the same way. John was so matter-of-fact, so solid, Sylvia reflected. He built no castles in the air, while she loved to dream of the house they might be in. "I must be going now, if I'm to get to the office by nine," John said, getting up.

"And that's another thing. We live right near the town, but the train service is so rotten you have to start at some unearthly hour as if we were 20 miles away."

John did not reply, but as he reached the gate he shouted back, "Of course, Sylvia, if you find that dream house of yours and it's made of real bricks and mortar, we might think of moving. I'm sure we would sell this one quick enough. Hundreds of people would think it a snip."

Sylvia waved her hand. "A snip," she muttered under her breath. "It would only seem a snip to someone without imagination. The bedrooms are so small you bark your shins every time you get out of bed, and the six cupboards between them wouldn't hold a doll's outfit, and the sparrows eat everything in the garden."

At the morning as she dusted and tidied, she was thinking of that advertisement in the paper. At eleven o'clock she made herself a cup of tea and took up the paper again. "Well stocked garden with fruit trees," she read, "room for tennis court." How lovely it would be to give their own tennis parties, to offer guests fruit straight from the trees.

Suddenly she moved to the writing-desk, took out paper and pen, and began to write. "After all," she thought, "John said we could move if I found the dream house. And here it is. I hope no one else has got in first. But I won't tell John until I've really got it, otherwise he's sure to throw cold water and say it's only some cheap advertisement."

She licked down the envelope, addressed it to the box number, and slipped off her apron to run down the road and catch the noonday post.

BOTH Sylvia and John were unusually eager to get the post next morning. Sylvia hoped that there would be a reply to her letter, and that while John was at work she could see over the dream house. A picture of a tennis court and fruit

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"Now what's the joke?"

It was a minute before John could compose himself. "I don't know if you'll think it's funny, Sylvia," he said, "but you'd better see that."

He handed across a letter. Sylvia stared at the familiar notepaper and address. It was the letter she had written the day before. "Dear Sir, the house sounds exactly what I require..."

"But—how—how did you get it?" she gasped.

"You sent it to me, dear," smiled John. "You'd talked about moving so often that I thought I would see if I could sell this house."

"But the fruit trees, the tennis court!"

"Room for tennis court," corrected John, "and we have three fruit trees, haven't we?"

Sylvia looked at her husband open-mouthed. So this was her dream house.

"But there are half a dozen other replies," she heard her husband say—

TEN MINUTES
... STORY ...

ing, when she collected her thoughts, "perhaps one of them will take it."

Sylvia looked round the familiar room. It suddenly seemed to have become very dear to her. She looked through the double doors into the garden, where the three fruit trees bravely struggled, and the lawn tried to look big enough for a tennis court. She remembered how in the spring she examined the trees minutely and counted the apples on them...

"Then we could buy another..."

her husband was saying.

"No! No!" Sylvia almost shouted, "This is going to be my dream house."

(Copyright)



MISMELIS

100% Parisian Manufacture

Ladies, insist on PIVER'S
FACE POWDERS
AND
FACE CREAMS
de Luxe

Small Boxes - 2/6
Large " - 3/3

Obtainable Everywhere

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

Send 6d. in stamps to
G.F.O. Box 16597, Sydney,
for sample of Face Powder,
tube of Face Cream (same
odour) and Sachet.
(Mention this paper)

L.T. PIVER PARIS

Acid Stomach
inflicts untold misery



"Why am I always weak,
nervous, despondent?"

There are countless women, men too, who for years have not known what it is to feel really fit and well. They drag wearily through life all unconscious of the fact that a chronically sour acid stomach is capable of souring one's entire existence. You can easily detect an acid stomach by the following symptoms—Always tired and low-spirited, frequent headaches, disturbed sleep, overstrung nerves, loss of appetite, nausea, flatulence and indigestion. If that is how you feel, don't resort to pick-me-ups but take 'Bisurated' Magnesia to sweeten your stomach. This will correct the excessive acidity of your gastric juice and overcome the chronic sourness of your stomach. With the 'mainspring' of your system in healthy working order your distressing symptoms will promptly vanish and you will soon be enjoying normal health and spirits. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from any chemist and start on the road to good health by taking a dose after your next meal—the effect will be a revelation to you. In 'Bisurated' Magnesia you have the supreme remedy for stomach troubles, with over 20 years' reputation for unfailing efficacy.

'BISURATED'
MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills

Every package bears the
well-known 'Bismac' Trade Mark—BISMAC

BANKERS are Australia's Best. Immigration. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A" 500, Customs, 45 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Published 24 years ago.

"Kind to her
Lovely Throat"



Fashion Leaders
everywhere pre-
fer the tradition-
al English blend
in Ardath De-
Luxe.

- soothing to
her Nerves"

ARDATH
DE-LUXE
CORK-TIPPED

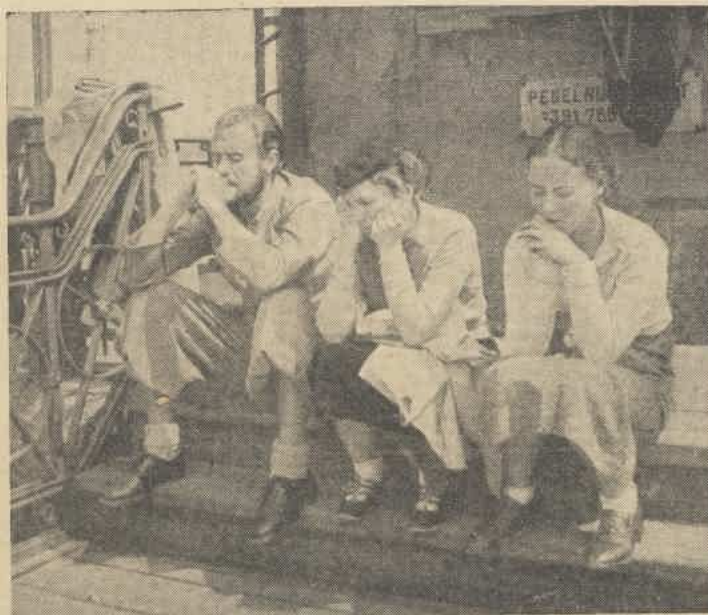
"Society's Cigarette"

Smart Flat
TINS
10-9d.
20-1/6

Also Flat Pocket
50's, Round Airtight
50's and 100's.

9361-114

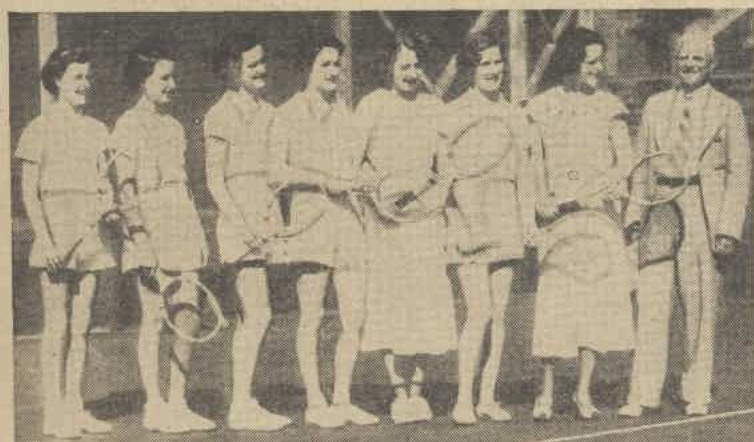
Boy King: Church To Be "Drowned": Cobbler's Art



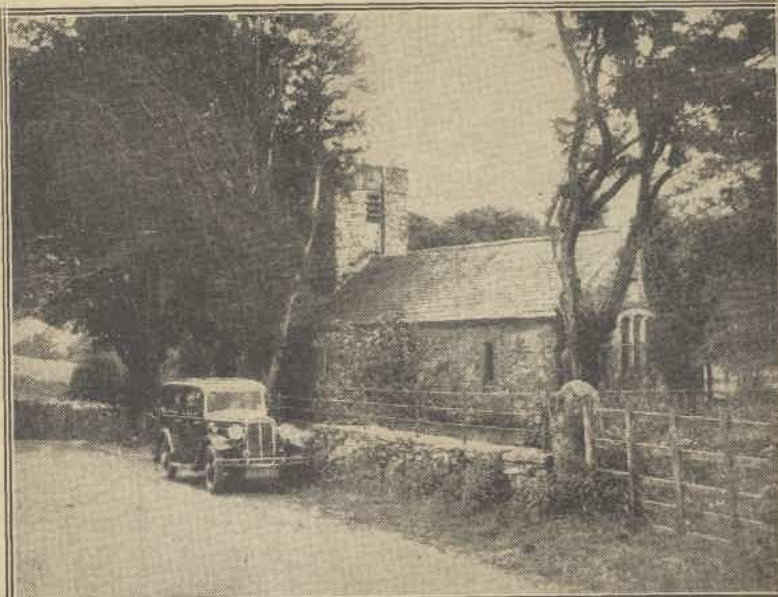
AS PART OF A SCHEME to solve unemployment, Germany has undertaken to care for thousands of young girls who are past the school age. They are billeted in country homes, where they are taught domestic and farm duties, and to love the country.

Above: TWO AUSTRALIAN girls in Germany. Elaine Haxton (middle), and Brenda Pacey disconsolate upon a wharf at Lake Constance when they missed a ferry. The two clever young artists have been hiking round Germany with friends.

Left: THE MOST tragic boy in the world, Peter, King of Yugoslavia, seen with his grandmother, ex-Queen Marie of Rumania, on his way to his own country, from England, where he was at school when his father, King Alexander, was assassinated.



SEVEN TENNIS AGES in one Californian family. These seven girls represented the Wolfenden family of San Francisco in the coast tennis championships recently held at the Berkeley Club courts. Left to Right: Nancy, 12; Florence, 14; Virginia, 16; Dorothy, 21; Edith, 18; Alma, 19; Eleanor, 25; and at the right is "Pop" Fuller, the well-known coach, who regards the girls as among the finest tennis team in the world.



THE 700-year-old village of Mardale, near Manchester, will shortly be submerged to quench its neighbor's thirst. A huge dam is to be built across Mardale valley by the Manchester corporation. Photo shows the 16th century church in Mardale.



Above: FAMOUS hosts from all over the world met recently at the International Hotel-keepers' Congress held in Berlin. Here are big men of the hotel world from Lausanne, Locarno, Vienna, and Rome.



Right: At the Shoe and Leather Fair in London these samples of the cobbler's art attracted great attention. Designs are carried out on the soles, in tiny brass and silver rivets.



A MOST UNUSUAL study of a most unusual event. Dolly Dalton, women's wrestling champion of Canada, and Dixie Taylor, southern champion, having a bout, underwater, at the bottom of Silver Springs, Florida. The fishes, the cameraman, and the referee were the only witnesses of the contest.

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER



"Ah, yes, here it is—when addressing
a prince of the realm—"

"Most jokes were old and mellow
when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow,
they'll still be evergreen."



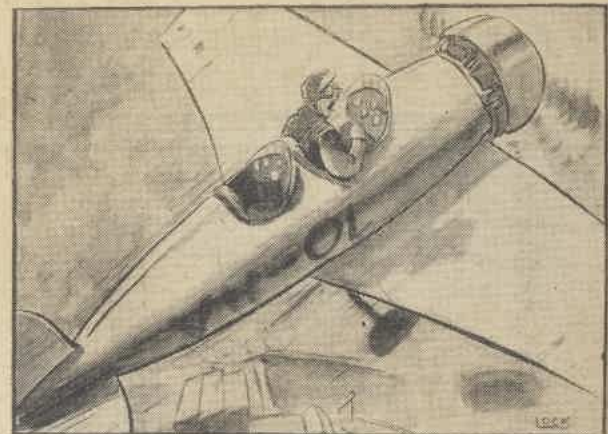
"Oh! If only I knew that she was
true to me."



SON: I haven't seen you since I left
home ten years ago.
FATHER: It's nice to think we're
under the same roof again.



"I say, waiter! Did I leave a wad of
notes behind?"
"Yes, sir—thank you!"



"Hold on, Mabel, I'm going to do another loop!"

Are You Bashful?



Shy or Nervous?

Are you timid? Self-conscious? Afraid
of meeting people? Liable to blush,
stammer, and become confused, just
when you would like to make a good
impression?
Do you worry over stiffs? Are you
gloomy or depressed, or FEARFUL
regarding the future?



**Personality
Secrets Revealed!**
This Amazing Book
Tells You:
How to cultivate a
strong, magnetic per-
sonality.
How to Dominate
Others.
How to Overcome FEAR
and "Inferiority-com-
plex."
How to Conquer Shyness
and Blushing.
How to Strengthen the
NERVES.
How to Fascinate the
Opposite Sex.
The Secret of Success.
The Truth about Love
and Happiness.
—And many other
Amazing Secrets!!

Come Out of Your Shell!

STOP BEING SHY! You're missing half the hap-
piness and enjoyment of life if you are handicapped
by a shy, nervous, or worrying disposition! Banish
your fear! Overcome Shyness and Blushing!
Conquer that "Inferiority-complex!" Be a LEADER
—not merely one of the LED! This amazing FREE
Book will show you HOW!

BE POPULAR—MAGNETIC!

You can MAKE people like you. You can be Popular with the
Opposite Sex! You can attract Love, Friendship and SUCCESS
into your life!
Yes, you can develop Self-confidence, Will-power, and a strong,
fascinating, MAGNETIC personality—if you read "Nerve Strength
and Personal Magnetism," the amazing book of personality
secrets now offered FREE to readers of this paper.

A "Strange" Book

Truly, this is a "strange" book! It seems to cast a mystic
spell over the reader; and gradually, as you read it, you
become aware of a wonderful feeling of confidence and power,
as the magnetic forces within you are awakened and subordi-
nated to your WILL. You MUST see this amazing book—read
it—learn its great secrets—FREE! Send no money—just the
Coupon—and it will be posted to you, absolutely free, by re-
turn mail.

POST THIS COUPON!

ACT NOW!

Only 500 copies are
available under this
FREE Introductory
Offer, so make sure
of YOURS by sending
NOW! Post the Cou-
pon to: HENRY GAL-
VEN, George St., Syd-
ney, (Box 50,
G.P.O.) The Book
will be forwarded
absolutely FREE, by
return mail.

HENRY GALVEN, Publisher,
Box 100, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send me your big book,
"Nerve Strength and Personal
Magnetism," absolutely FREE. I
enclose a 2d stamp towards post-
age, viz.
NAME
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address
State



**FREE TO ALL READERS
OF THIS PAPER**

"When I was married my wife used
to call me the light of her life."
"What happened?"
"I went out."

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each
joke used.

MODERN Miss (wiping away a tear):
M-mother, it's r-really too b-bad!
Not only has Bert broken my heart and
wrecked my whole life, but he has spoiled
my whole evening.

DURING a history lesson the teacher
pointed out to her pupils that a sur-
name often indicated the trade or pro-
fession of the ancestors who bore the
name in question. "For instance," she
said, "if your name is Baker, that meant
your ancestors were makers of bread,
and so on. If your name is Smith, your
ancestors were workers in iron, as black-
smiths."

Then she pointed to one of the boys:
"What were your ancestors, Webb?" she
asked.
The boy looked thoughtful. "Spiders,
teacher," he said after a while.

"YOUR husband seems to be having
a lot of bonfires in the yard now-
days."
"Yes. He's got a job distributing circu-
lars."

CLARA: You seem to like Tom's atten-
tions. Why don't you marry him?
VERA: Because I like his attentions.

JONES: After you've had too many
whiskies, old chap, order a sarsa-
parilla and schnapps. You'll feel quite
all right then.
SMITH: Yes, but the trouble is that
after I've had too many whiskies I can't
say sarsaparilla and schnapps.

The Traveller's Companion



Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS

When packing up for a trip be sure and place a
bottle of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills in a handy
position in your suit-case.

The chan- of food and living conditions upset
the Liver and other digestive organs, causing
Biliousness, Constipation, and Indigestion, thus
rendering necessary the use of Dr. Morse's Indian
Root Pills to restore the system to proper working
order.

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS - For the Liver

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR GIRLS



A Scholarship Examination for Girls between the ages of 14 and 18 years will be held by Stott's Business College on Saturday, 1st December. Subjects: English and Arithmetic—Permit to Enrol standard.

Mail this Coupon to the Secretary. By return mail it will bring you full particulars of the Scholarships available, including specimen examination papers.

NAME

ADDRESS

Stott's Business College Ltd.
70 Pitt Street, Sydney

Make Going to Business a Pleasure LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour trip in the world. ONLY MANLY CAN OFFER YOU THIS

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains Slipping Dips, Diving Towers, Floating Pontoon, Water Wheels, Spinning Floats, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT

The Company's magnificent Dressing Pavilion, with its up-to-date Tea Rooms and Open-air Kiosk, is situated at the end of the Pool, and provides the scene of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Rooms are also available for supper, bridge, and birthday parties, dances, etc.

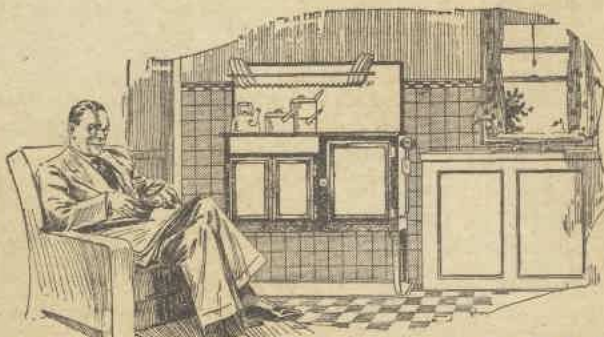
PHONE YU2160 AND MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENTS, 19s.4d.; LADIES, 29s.4d.; CHILD'S, 19s.4d. WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS TRAVELLING JAIL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME!

GENTS, 4/-; LADIES, 5/-

DAILY FARE: ADULTS, 6d.; CHILDREN 1d. (5 Years and Under, FREE).

THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.
No. 2 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY. TELEPHONES: R2251, R2783.



IF FATHER DID THE COOKING

Old stoves would be sent to the scrap heap; unreliable cooking appliances would be cast aside; drab, depressing kitchens would disappear and the kitchen would be the best equipped room in the home. In other words, every kitchen would have a modern gas cooker.

But the fact that father does not do the cooking need not prevent mother from enjoying just as much comfort and convenience as father would demand if cooking were part of his daily routine.

Our Gas Kitchen Modernising Scheme enables you to trade in your fuel or electric stove—or your old gas stove—as part payment for one of the very latest gas cookers. At least 25/- will be allowed on your old stove and we will take it away and connect up the new gas cooker for a special concession charge. You will not notice the cost—deposits are as low as 10/- and instalments from 5/- a month.

At Your Service Always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:
Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station). Phone M6501.

ONLY A HAPENNY PER PERSON PER DAY
COOK BY GAS

GRAND OPERA Comes a Crash in MELBOURNE Too Many Hackneyed Old Shows Repeated

The catch-phrase "Opera in English" has not been the drawing-card it was expected to be. It would seem that language in itself is not of great importance.

The name "Austral" emphasised and advertised much more extensively than has been done, would have brought better results.

Sir Benjamin Fuller's brave experiment — grand opera in English—has failed, so far as Victoria is concerned.

HIS is a brilliant failure. Only the super-critical could find serious fault with the little he has been able to provide. It remains now for music-lovers in other States to show whether or not they are sufficiently interested to assist realisation of the dream—permanent opera in Australia.

After presenting only 10 operas out of its published repertoire of 26, the Royal Grand Opera Company, which was to have remained in Melbourne until after the New Year, will close its Centenary season this Saturday. It will have had a run of eight weeks.

Sydney Next

Sydney will see the company next, but the opening date is uncertain. Sir Benjamin Fuller does not control a Sydney theatre suitable for the production of grand opera, and will have to wait until one is available.

High hopes were held for the Melbourne success of this opera venture. Gifted and experienced principals were brought from abroad, costly wardrobes were purchased, steps were taken to ensure that scenery and production details were beyond reproach, conductors of more than usual competence were found, and infinite trouble was gone to

in choosing and coaching a good local chorus.

Disappointed

NATURALLY, Sir Benjamin Fuller is bitterly disappointed. He says: "I thought grand opera sung in English would be a strong attraction during the Centenary period, and would be welcomed by visitors who like a higher standard of entertainment than that usually found in the theatre."

"Evidently Melbourne is in carnival mood, and a large section of the public is now devoting itself to social functions and light entertainment. There is no doubt, however, that the Melbourne public is just as fond of opera as formerly. Gallery enthusiasts have assembled in force, and had the season been given in the year I feel confident that all sections would have been well represented."

Some of us, with knowledge of how the tide of public favor has turned against grand opera in recent years, do

Women's Weekly Feature Sessions From 2GB

Day Sessions by Dorothea Vautier. FRIDAY.—11.45 a.m., featured talk and music. 3.30 p.m., "From Far and Near," news items from abroad.

SATURDAY.—9.15 p.m. - 9.45, Celebrity recital conducted by "Discobolus."

SUNDAY.—9.15 p.m.-9.45, "Billy Jones and Ernie Hare," world entertainers.

MONDAY.—11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight," "From Far and Near."

TUESDAY.—11.45 a.m., So They Say topics. 3.30 p.m., "Letter from Abroad."

WEDNESDAY.—11.45 a.m., "What the World is Reading," 3.30 p.m., music and featured talk.

THURSDAY.—11.45 a.m., Highlights of The Australian Women's Weekly. 3.30 p.m., So They Say topics.

not share Sir Benjamin Fuller's blithe confidence. Among his principals are those who proclaimed on arrival here that opera overseas was moribund. When moved, cultured communities in Europe and America were unwilling to support extended seasons, it seems unduly optimistic to suppose that Australia would do so.

Undoubtedly Centenary functions have kept many possible patrons away, but others have stayed away because of the 10 operas produced only "Die Fledermaus" and the three Wagner works could be called unfamiliar.

Some opera lovers, knowing well such time-tested classics as "Aida," "Tosca," "Butterfly," "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," and "Faust," have been unwilling to pay fairly high prices to hear them again. Good attendance, during the latter part of the season, at "Die Fledermaus," "The Valkyrie," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal" suggest a definite demand for lesser-known operas.

Sir Benjamin Fuller has made the mistake of not presenting the lesser-known ones first—the same mistake which has put grand opera at a discount in England.

When the company goes to other States it would be well to rearrange the order of production. Let the spectacular "Aida" come first, if you will, but "Tristan and Isolde" and "Die Fledermaus" should follow.

We should be grateful to Sir Benjamin Fuller for his enterprise. At present he is disappointed, but he is not discouraged. Melbourne has taught him many things. With the support, which Australia is quite capable of giving, he can yet establish something more than a temporary niche for grand opera in our music-loving country.

DO YOU remember the reading you used to love when you were young? Present-day children will find it all there in the NEW colored Patty Pinn's Weekly.



Xmas Gifts of Lifetime Usefulness And now during the Carnival, prices are reduced to rock-bottom levels. Come and see for yourself.

WATCH THIS SPACE EVERY WEEK FOR "STAR BARGAINS"

Split-Second Accuracy Mail Orders Post Free



75/- Star Bargain 68/6 Save 8/6 on this Ladies Chromium Wrist Watch, with a high-quality 15 Jewel movement. Lovely slender shape. Guaranteed 12 years.



Crystal Necklets With brilliant White Fancy Cut Crystals on Sterling Silver Links. 10in. long 10/6 24in. Super Blue-White Quality, 16in., 25/-



Maintenance Set, in 8 1/2 in. x 5 1/2 in. Green or Turquoise Shell. Xylomite, Eight Instruments. Lovely case. Usually 17/6. "Star Bargain" 15/-



Brass Jardiniere, handsome embossed design. 7 inches in diameter. CARNIVAL PRICE 15/6



Brass Bowl, 10 1/2 in. embossed design. 6 1/2 in. high, 5 1/2 in. in diameter. CARNIVAL PRICE 21/-



Handsome Silver-Plated Clock Stand, with 6 Knives, all Al Quality. 47/6



1-Day Chrome Bowls, Clock, with luminous dial and alarm. CARNIVAL PRICE 12/6

Xmas "Star Bargain" Catalogue Lovely Colored Pages of New Xmas Gifts. See the amazing reductions made off last year's prices. Write for your Free Copy NOW!

Mention "Women's Weekly."



Finest Knife Value in Sydney Very Best First Stainless Steel Knives, beautifully mirror finished, with round White Xylomite handles. Packed in 15 pieces. TABLE or DESKSET 7/6



Star Bargain 50/.

7-Piece Crystal Dressing Table Set, with 12 x 8 inch Tray, hand-cut Rose Cut, 2 Vases, 2 Powder Boxes, and Pin Tray, Save 12/- Other sets 18/- and 25/- to 28/- SEE NEW CATALOGUE

SAUNDERS

865-13 GEORGE ST., RAILWAY SQUARE 385 Pitt St. (Opp. Snow's), Sydney.

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So They Say

New Writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters "New Writer." Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers, given in the poll taken on the page.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

I WAS very interested in your article on the new pensions policy (27/10/34), but wish to draw your attention to the hardship caused by the "20 years' residence in Australia" clause.

I know of several cases which seem to me very hard. In one case a widow of 52 sold her home in England; the proceeds from the sale paid the fares for herself and two daughters to Australia. Now, after battling and roughing it in the North Queensland bush for 14 years, though 66 years of age she is still unable to draw the pension, but must wait another six years to put in her 20 years' residence. Surely we are all of the same race, and should be treated as such.

It is time this clause was altered or modified.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. M. McConnell, Silkwood, N. Qld.

HOSPITALS AND NOISE

I RECENTLY became an inmate of a hospital, where I spent a month following an operation. During that time I can honestly say that not one night was passed without being awakened, and kept awake, by the noise of motor vehicles of all descriptions. The motor cycles are almost unbearable with their wild chattering, puttering, and explosions.

Surely such nerve-racking noises retard the recovery of non-placed patients, over whom the Sisters take such care. I suggest closing the street to all motor traffic, except the ambulance and cars belonging to those who have been summoned to the hospital. Such a course would not be a difficult matter, and what a boon to pain-racked patients!

Mrs. A. L. Michel, 13 Agnes St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

OLD AUSTRALIAN CUSTOM

THE competitors in the Centenary air race most likely had divided opinions about the Melbourne women trying to kiss them. Would anyone like being kissed by unknown persons? Personally I don't think anyone would appreciate such out-of-place affection.

Perhaps Parliament and Moll thought it an "old Australian custom," and therefore submitted!

There are so many visitors in Melbourne at present that it is hardly fair to blame the Melbourne women. Probably the affectionate ones were visiting the city and were carried away by excitement or admiration of the fliers.

Mrs. E. W. Matthews, Emerson Grove Traralgon, S.A.

PUNCTUALITY A VIRTUE

IS Australia really a land of late-comers, or is it just a few who have brought our land into disrepute with the sticklers for punctuality? Has any one of us ever been to a theatre without having the view obstructed for a few irritating seconds by the couple whose seats are booked in the front row? Was there ever a picnic not delayed by those two or three selfish people who turn up about a quarter of an hour late? Even a church service is not immune from the same old few, who straggle in ten minutes or so after the appointed hour.

Is it unimportant, or does it reflect on the character of the average Australian, and go another step towards having us termed "too casual"?

Mary Hoare, 4 Home Rd., Newport, WIS. Vic.

UNSUITABLE NAMES

CAN anyone enlighten me as to why intelligent people sometimes choose such appalling names for their infants? Children, who start life under cognomens symbolic of battles, places, and events, are severely handicapped and live to bitterly resent the patriotic fervor of the parent who chose Dardanelles or Bullecourt at the baptismal font.

Let us hope that parents, who have been considering Centuria and Centurians as names for future citizens, will remember that in 1954, the present celebrations will be forgotten, and, lastly, that plain names like plain people give the best service.

Mrs. Realey, Duckie, Tara Line, Qld

Originality Only Belongs To The Chosen Few

BECAUSE we all follow the fashions blindly Mrs. Brady likens us to sheep. She asks us to be original and to cultivate personality.

It is said that originality and personality belong to few on this earth, and include the genius and the "peculiar" person. Therefore, fashions must be made and followed. Otherwise we would resemble an aviary of different sized parrots flitting our gay feathers.

Miss Lois Ireland, Kingsclere, Potts Point.

It Takes Moral Courage

IT is only the very brave who can cultivate personality. I like Mrs. Wilfrid Brady, think how very much more interesting it would make our contact with other people, if each one expressed themselves and followed their own inclinations.

But I have a family, and most people have a family. Their ridicule of those whom they profess to love often quenches the fire of personality. I read an article "My husband cramps my style." But for a destroyer of personality commend me to the family.

Mrs. A. T. James, 215 Cornish St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Few Make the Effort

I QUITE agree with Mrs. W. Brady (3/11/34). Few women make an effort to be original these days, or give the subject any serious thought at all. No one who is truly original can fail to attract notice.

No two people are born alike. No two natures are exactly alike. Surely if we were only our natural selves we must be individual and original in all our living.

Lotus Masai, Arradia, Londonderry, via Richmond, N.S.W.

But Initiative Pays

SOMETIMES it takes only a little initiative to win a larger place in life. The other day I was talking to a woman who heads a great organisation of business women. She told me many stories about women who have unexpectedly become financial as well as social successes from doing some small thing well.

If all boils down to this: If a woman has the urge to be somebody or do something, she will not allow herself to be limited by the fact that life has put her down on a side street; and if she has not that urge, it won't matter where she lives, either!

Mrs. R. J. Throckmorton, Bexhill, Lismore, N.S.W.

Let Men Choose Their Lingerie From Models, Too

RE M. Nella's onslaught on our men folk (The Australian Women's Weekly November 3). Certainly male patrons of beauty parlors are asking for a certain amount of ridicule. But if they have the courage necessary to attain their object, presumably to achieve added charm to attract the weaker sex, why should we make a fuss?

Also, why shouldn't the manliest men be able to choose their lingerie or other apparel by seeing how it appears when worn, instead of buying, as they have in the past, almost anything the shop assistants like to loist on them?

We must not forget that, by so altering their ways, they are causing added employment. That fact in itself should sanction their strange behaviour.

G. M. Scott, S.R. & W.S. Com. Maffra, Vic.

Such Men Are Rare

IN my opinion it is a rarity to meet any men who pay visits to beauty parlors though I admit there are some cases. These effeminate men are no more plentiful than their antitheses, the masculine women.

Since a large majority of women have taken to smoking, cutting their hair, generally usurping men's positions in the business world and becoming more masculine in habits, it merely throws the rare cases of effeminacy into greater relief than heretofore.

There has always been a small percentage of men who tend to effeminacy and women who tend to masculinity, but to call it a sudden present-day change is a bad mistake.

L. Dewhurst, 8 Ring St., Belmont, N.S.W.

A Means of Livelihood

ONE young man, after having been out of employment for four years was persuaded, after six days, to sit in a window, as a model, for the sum of four shillings per day. He said he never in his life spent such an unhappy time as he did in that window enduring the scrutiny, smiles and sneers of the hundreds of people who passed by. He and others like him, are to be commended for bravery, rather than condemned for effeminacy.

Why must people jump hastily to conclusions, and condemn without first hearing the full facts of the case?

Mrs. V. A. McKibbin, 34 Woolcott St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



Children Rarely Take Advice Of Either Parent

RE parents' advice for helping their children's wedded happiness. In most cases, parents imagine their child's choice to be infinitely below their own darling's level.

Let the young ones fight their own battles, use their own judgment and tact, not go home crying to either parent. They should realise that they made their own choice of life partner and promised for "better or worse."

Outside advice seldom smoothes the path; rather helps to widen any rift. Certainly there are some parents who are broadminded and remind their children that they are now men and women and that they must learn to give and take. But no really loyal boy or girl would dream of whispering of his or her mate's shortcomings, much less ask for sympathy.

Mrs. H. Nicholls, 763 Darling St., Rozelle, N.S.W.

Father Takes Different View

EVERY father worthy of the name has the welfare of his children at heart. Just as the mother has. That father's advice differs from mother's does not say he is wrong. He is probably looking at the case from an entirely different angle.

It is well to study things, particularly marriages, from all angles. How many mothers have found it necessary to go to their husbands for advice and vice-versa? So I say the advice of both mother and father is worth listening to, according to the side of the question on which it is based.

Mrs. Ken Phillips, Nambucca Heads, North Coast, N.S.W.

Experience is Fathers' Guide

IN my experience as son and as father I have come to this conclusion. No parent will advise or enforce anything on his children that he does not be-

Regulations and Interest Forbid

MAY I correct the impression given by Mrs. F. J. Barnes (10/11/34) that teachers are in the habit of "boxing" children's ears?

The regulations of the Education Department are very definite as to the method of corporal punishment to be used, if occasion arises, and a teacher would be foolish to risk injuring a child by "boxing" his or her ears.

Apart from such regulations most teachers enter the profession because of an interest in child development and, usually, constant association brings a spontaneous desire for the welfare of the child. I think the word "practice" is out of place as regards teachers.

Mrs. E. Martin, 15 Union St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

Here to be to their advantage, and no one is better fitted to do this than the parent. Knowing his own faults and that certain traits may be hereditary or acquired, the father will endeavor to guide his children and set them an example. It may seem old-fashioned to the child, as it seemed to me in my youth, but if I had followed the advice of my father I would have saved many disappointments.

C. Williams, 2 Spring St., Box Hill, E.II, Vic.

Advice Is Scorned, Anyway

I DON'T agree that parents should interfere at all in giving advice on their sons' and daughters' future marriages. If the sons or daughters are deeply in love, they will scorn advice from anybody. If parents disapprove of their choice and are forever letting them know about it, I think it only serves to cement the friendship.

Mrs. Allan Atkinson, Linton St., Upper Burnie, Tas.

Make Children Companions

MY opinion is that if both parents would make companions of their children the result would be much more gratifying in after life. Too often children are considered clever when they are able to do things for themselves. This is all very well in its way, but the child develops too much independence, which makes it refrain from seeking any advice later on in life.

Mrs. A. Williamson, 22 Liverpool St., North Towseville, Qld.

CALLOUS CRUELTY

I HAVE often wondered at the callous cruelty of some people who have greetings called over the radio as an added attraction to a child's party, only to spoil the spirit of happiness for the child by requesting the announcer to diminish it not to suck its thumb, not to do this or that whatever the child's fault may be.

It is definitely callous. The child's dignity is deeply wounded, and, of course, the day's enjoyment is spoiled, as it leaves the child open to ridicule from its mates. Especially severe is this treatment to a sensitive child. Why not let the child be completely happy for one day, and just forget its shortcomings?

I am sure I am not alone in having these views.

N. Browne, Wycombe, Coonamble, N.S.W.

BUTTONHOLES FOR MEN

WHY is it that our male friends do not wear flowers in their buttonholes? I like to see a man walking down the street, or sitting in the train,

ETIQUETTE



DON'T BE condescending when addressing a social inferior, or gushing if the position be reversed.

with a beautiful pansy or rosebud in his lapel. It seems as though men are afraid to wear anything more than the usual blue or grey uniform. How drab some of these look on these fine summer days! Perhaps you could encourage your young men to wear one.

Anyway, let's have your opinion in the matter before all the best flowers disappear till next year.

W. David, 134 Riversdale Rd., East Camberwell, Vic.

MODERNISE SPELLING

DO you not think that, among other things, spelling should be modernised? Isn't it ridiculous for the modern, methodical people we think we are to spell "bean" with an "ea," and "seen" with "ee," and the "teen" in "centenary" with an "e" when the same vowel sound is common to the pronunciation of all three? Notice these words—cough, bough, through, though. Our whole spelling system is contradictory.

Why cannot a uniform sound system be introduced into our schools? As a teacher of infant classes, my opinion is that all spelling could be taught in a primary school in eighteen months if such a system were introduced. It would banish hours of useless memorising for the child.

All literature of merit written in the c.d. style would have to be translated, but this should not prove a very difficult task, since there are so many idle men in the country.

E. B. Johnston, Peachey, Crow's Nest Line, Qld.

LITTLE WHITE LIES

"I'm sorry" and "Thank," both phrases which are commonly used, but seldom meant. A slight accident, which causes no harm to yourself, but quite the reverse for the victim, you lightly pass off with "I'm so sorry," and then you forget it.

A present, which may be quite past the giver's pocket, does not take your fancy, but still you gush and say, "Oh, thanks, so sweet of you to bother," when you are wondering how to get rid of it.

How often do we tell "little white lies," because we have no alternative?

Julia Cummins, 76 Collett St., Kensington, W.I., Melbourne.



KETTI GALLIAN with Siegfried Rumann, one of the important members of the cast, in a scene from "Marie Galante."

NEW Italian-French ACTRESS

KETTI GALLIAN

in her first Hollywood film

WE are presently to see this newcomer from the Continent to Hollywood in "Marie Galante," a film from the novel of the same name, which has been adapted by Reginald Berkeley. The scene of the action is Panama and the story deals with the vicissitudes of a French girl caught up in the intrigues and espionage of the Canal zone.

KETTI GALLIAN was born at Nice, on the Riviera. Her father, Victor Galliano, was Italian born, but became a naturalised Frenchman. Her mother came from Boulogne, the port at which the Channel boats arrive from Folkestone.

Ketti was a war baby, born while her father was fighting in the French trenches. After he was invalided out of the service he returned to his vineyards and tin high up in the Alps Maritime, overlooking the Mediterranean on the outskirts of Nice.

But after the war the family separated. The mother opened a dressmaking and hat shop in Nice, and Ketti spent her time between her Bordighera convent and an aunt in Biarritz. When her education was finished she went back to her mother's shop and tried her skill at hats. But she did not care for the work, and shortly she went to visit other relatives in Paris.

Here she became very interested in the theatre, and eventually secured a job as a chorus girl in a revue. Later she was for a while an extra at Joinville, where French movies are made.

Then she was taken on as understudy to Davia, a leading Parisian actress at the Theatre des Capucines.

From there, now thoroughly determined to make her way in the theatre, she went to get grounding in her chosen profession at the Paris Conservatory.

The Real Start

IT was Stanley Scott, an English producer, who gave Mile. Gallian her first real "break." He was preparing his stage production of "The Ace" and had cast all the parts except one. It was the single feminine role in the piece and was that of a French girl marooned in Germany at the outbreak of the war.

Mr. Scott rummaged London to find the girl he visualised. Failing, he crossed to Paris and continued his search. He interviewed 400 candidates for the part and still did not feel satisfied until Miss Gallian came along from the Conservatory, and his search was ended.

Miss Gallian followed him to London by air next day. She was carefully coached in her role, which required that she should speak English with a pronounced French accent. This, of course, made it very much easier for her, and she learnt the words parrotwise.



A PORTRAIT of Ketti Gallian which suggests the mixture of French and Italian in her make-up.

When "The Ace" opened at the Lyric Theatre, Ketti Gallian, the newcomer, was acclaimed. Critics praised her, the fashionable first-night audience applauded her. The play ran for eight months to packed houses.

Sets Fashions

MISS GALLIAN'S personality impressed itself on London theatre-goers. The scarlet hair-ribbon she wore twisted through her blonde tresses appealed to London's shoppers and typists. Soon the fad was caught up by them, and they adorned their hair with red bandeaus.

The sheer black stockings Miss Gallian wore and so generously revealed caught on with English society women. They abandoned their beige hose to don the filmy, translucent black which she introduced.

C. B. Cochran, the noted producer, sought Miss Gallian for a role in a play he was presenting. The French artist was on the point of accepting.

Then Winfield Sheehan, of Fox Films, arrived in England on his annual vacation abroad. He made the rounds of the London theatres. He saw "The Ace." Now, although on holiday, Mr. Sheehan had his problems. One of them was finding a female lead for "Marie Galante" on his schedule for production the following season.

When Miss Gallian walked on to the Lyric stage Mr. Sheehan was interested.

When he saw the results of the screen test he offered her he was impressed. There were pourparlers, and a month later, on Christmas Eve, her birthday, Miss Gallian arrived in Hollywood.

Learning English

A CLAUSE in her contract required that she must speak English in three months. Another clause forbade her associating with French people or French-speaking persons, in order to force on her the necessary practice in speaking English.

During her sojourn in London Miss Gallian had only learned half a dozen words of English. At the Dorchester Hotel, where she lived, many of the domestics spoke French. Her chauffeur was a Frenchman; her manicurist was a French girl. She dealt in shops where salespeople spoke French. Her chauffeur was an ex-Tommy who had served in France for four years. Her associates were among the French colony in London.

It was a struggle. She had suffered from sea-sickness on the Transatlantic crossing and air-sickness on her passage across the American continent. Now she felt terribly homesick.

Then, too, there are many French people in Hollywood with whom she would have loved to talk. But they were devoted Miss Gallian's company. She concentrated steadily on her work, with the happy result that in 100 days she was ready for her part.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THE CATSPAW

Harold Lloyd, Una Merkel, George Barbier, (Fox).

WHILE this film is naturally a comedy, since Harold Lloyd is the central figure, there is in it an undercurrent of satire which stimulates thought as well as hilarity. There is the effective contrast once more that has been presented in other films, such as "Man of Two Worlds" and "Mala, the Magnificent," between different kinds and degrees of civilisation and different codes of morals. But here the farcical situations are strengthened by the ridicule cast on the crude graft of American municipal politics.

Harold Lloyd, as the budding missionary, brought up from very tender years in a remote part of China, who returns on a visit to his native California, gives an admirable performance. His Chinese courtesy and the integrity he owes to his Christian ideals stand to him as consistently as his familiar horn-rimmed spectacles. Taken naturally for a "sap" at first, he is no fool. He goes out to meet the lions in his path, and, to some of them become lambs. The scene where he meets the crafty designs of his enemies with ingenious Chinese guile is excellent. Una Merkel, as a wise-cracking business girl, is a good foil. An amusing film.—Plaza.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG

Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh, (Paramount.)

INSPECTOR PARR, in New York, recognising the bold technique of a jewel robbery just reported to him, remarks that it is Sophie Lang back again. About the same time Sophie (Gertrude Michael) explains to her aide-de-camp (Allison Skipworth), who is all for a quiet life, that she has been galvanised into activity by the news that a crook well known in Europe (Paul Cavanagh) has come to touch on her preserves. She will show him. The police are not over-smart. They never noticed her dictaphone. Still, a young woman who could lift a famous string of pearls from under a jeweller's nose and then wear them openly at a fashionable hotel must be at the top of her profession.

And when this international and audacious pair begin co-operating the action moves so fast that there is no time for speculation. We are left undecided which move to admire more in their whirlwind escape up and down the vast building—Miss Michael mingling with the parade of mannish or Cavanagh in ambassador's disguise. Very high-class ratings and chasing, with Leon Errol adding to the sport as a detective who is a devotee of physical culture.—Prince Edward.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN

Heather Angel, Roger Pryor, Esther Ralston, (Universal.)

AS the hero of this film (Roger Pryor) says, Cinderella is the world's most popular love story. He ought to know, for it is his job to publicise the luscious fiction marketed by his magazine firm. How natural, then, that he should force upon the reluctant proprietor of the chain of magazines a contest throughout the United States for a Cinderella Girl, the winner to be treated to the modern equivalent of the pumpkin coach, gorgeous raiment, and so on bestowed by the fairy godmother's wand. The difficulty arises, after Cinderella has been found, in discovering a Prince Charming. But it is obvious to Cinderella, and to the audience long before it dawns upon the energetic young man that he can best fulfil that role himself.

Heather Angel makes a charming little drudge, complete with stepladders and a stepmother besides. Her wide-eyed rapture when she is placed in her lavishly-appointed penthouse is well contrasted with her disillusionment at what she discovers to be a commercial "racket." Incidents of the contest where the vampish Esther Ralston nearly secures the prize, are amusing. So also is the heavily publicised stadium wedding, where Miss Ralston has the presence of mind to seize her chance.—State.

HOUSEWIFE

George Brent, Ann Dvorak, Bette Davis, (Warner Bros.)

GLIMPSES of the advertising business diversify this picture, which concerns the struggle over the hero (George Brent), waged by his loyal wife (Ann Dvorak) and the disruptive stren (Bette Davis). Miss Davis has the initial advantage of coming to the office in which he holds a subordinate position, with all the prestige of the highly-paid specialist from New York, whereas Miss Dvorak merely works overtime trying to run the suburban bungalow on his modest income.

We must confess that we were staggered at the amount the plumber charged her for inefficiently tightening a leaking tap. That seemed poor management on her part. Still, it is she

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

who presents her husband with the marvellous idea, which reason suggests must have been used before now, but which, nevertheless, sets him up in business for himself successfully. It is to pack the same article in a differently decorated container, marking it double strength or superior quality, and charge twice as much for it.

Brent's rise to opulence through marketing in this way a face cream made of tallow, and also a sponsored radio programme arranged to boost the same product, is interesting stuff. His infidelity to his wife and the accident to the child are more hackneyed material. And the Divorce Court scene is a little too farcical.—Regent.

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON

Warner Oland, Drue Leyton, Alan Mowbray, (Fox.)

THE urbane Chinese detective created by the late Earl Derr Biggers survives his author. For Philip MacDonald, himself an expert in detective fiction, has added a chapter on Chan's English adventures. This is up to the level of the previous episodes in construction and the diversity of character types introduced. That is to say, quite as many red herrings as usual are drawn across the trail before the ruthless scoundrel, who would have cheerfully sent another man to the gallows, is exposed. And he is, of course, the man whose conduct up to that point appeared most irreproachable. Also Chan himself is as quietly infallible as ever. But the mixture of American with English players falsifies the atmosphere at times.

Apart from her accent sometimes, Drue Leyton does well as the condemned man's distracted sister. But Australia's own Mona Barrie in a less prominent part eclipses her. A neatly finished portrait of a burlesque detective sergeant is contributed by E. E. Olive, and there are other good studies of minor characters, among whom we find George Barrand, as an arrogant and obstructive member of the house party.—Capitol.

MUSIC HALL

George Carney, Mark Daly, Eye Chapman, (R.K.O.; British.)

A COMPANION picture to "Say It With Flowers." Produced by the same company and with several of the same players in similar parts, these two films are like a pair of daguerotypes, evoking, as they do, tender memories of bygone years. On one might liken them to two Dresden figures of shepherd and shepherdess, for their appeal is charmingly sentimental, only that the robust humor and the hopelessness of the film characters do not sort with the brittle faintness of Dresden china.

Here George Carney employs his Lancashire accent as the stage manager of a provincial music hall in its decline. Mark Daly, as Scotty once more, is the electrician. The old proprietor is persuaded to come out of his retirement and institute a new go-ahead policy for reviving the fortunes of the house. And we are given selections from the triumphant first night programme under the new regime. It is all very simple and unforced, told in a leisurely fashion with some excellent character vignettes introduced, and it makes capital entertainment of its kind.—Lycium.

THE RETURN OF THE TERROR

Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot, John Halliday, (Warner Bros.)

"GIVE me blood!" said Hamlet's Aunt to young David Copperfield. Though that august lady meant her remark in another way her words express a popular demand which this class of thriller is designed to meet. Edgar Wallace is the source from which the story is taken. Starting off with the trial of a sanitarium doctor on a charge of expediting the release of insurable patients from this world of woe, you pass rapidly to the insane asylum to which he is consigned and then back to the sanitarium for an orgy of slaughter. All this latter part takes place on a night disturbed by violent storm that makes a suitable background to "The Terror's" dark deeds. By way of an extra body touch there is in the laboratory of the sanitarium a skeleton who from time to time stands at ease.—Clive.



Announcing W.W. Campbells' "100 PAY WAY"

Gives you TWO YEARS to pay

Secure your Furniture at the only genuine Furniture Warehouse selling direct to the public...
Examples of general Furnishing Orders (Metropolitan Area)

£25 for 20'-deposit. 5'-weekly • £50 for 40'-deposit. 10'-weekly
£100 for 80'-deposit. 20'-weekly • £150 for 120'-deposit. 30'-weekly
Everything plainly marked at Lowest Cash Prices!

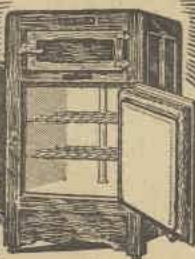
Phone M2345

ICE CHESTS

Both doors Front opening

DEFY SUMMER HEAT

from 67'6 CASH
Galvanised. 1 shelf



also the 'SIBERIA'

CORK PACKED. TWO SHELVES

METROPOLITAN EASY TERMS FROM:

5'. DEPOSIT 2'6 WEEKLY

This is our Standard Quality Ice Chest, well known for 25 years for its reliability and economy in ice consumption. Splendidly finished Oak Case. Galvanised from 85/-, and One Piece seamless Porcelain Enamelled linings from £5/10/-.

A size for every home. Carries our usual Full Guarantee. All our Ice Chests have both doors "Front Opening"—NOT the old style "Lift-lid."

Latest in Quality Radio



This beautiful Radio has latest clock dial, Amplion Q. Speaker, and recessed Sounding Board. It gives Perfect Local and Inter-state Reception. To appreciate this set you must hear it—call at the Warehouse.

This Week's Cash Price £15'19'6

Guaranteed 12 Months.

METROPOLITAN EASY TERMS:

17'6 DEPOSIT 4' WEEKLY

Free Delivery : Free Service
Free Installation



This "Art Moderne" Lounge Suite has reversible, inner spring, Loose Cushion Seats of latest design. The suite is upholstered in attractive English material and is splendid value at This Week's Cash Price, £17'17'-.
IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

17'6 DEPOSIT 4'6 WEEKLY

WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Usual Value: £5/19'6	£6/19'6	£7/19'6	£8/19'6
NOW AT—£4/10/-	£5/10/-	£6/5/-	£7/5/-

GENUINE LINOLEUM TWO YARDS WIDE

5'3, 5'11, 7'6 PER YARD



IMITATION LINOLEUM TWO YARDS WIDE

3'3, 4'3, 4'11 PER YARD

249 CLARENCE ST.
(One door from Market St.) **SYDNEY**

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT



Magnificently figured Fully Polished Maple gives a particularly handsome appearance to this artistic Bedroom Suite. Extra-large 5ft. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are both fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. Extra-wide 4ft. drop-centre Dressing Table has three reflex mirrors, centre being deep and wide Cheval mirror. This is one of the best bargains ever offered. This Week's Cash Price, £19'19'-. (Bedstead extra).

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

20'- DEPOSIT 4'6 WEEKLY

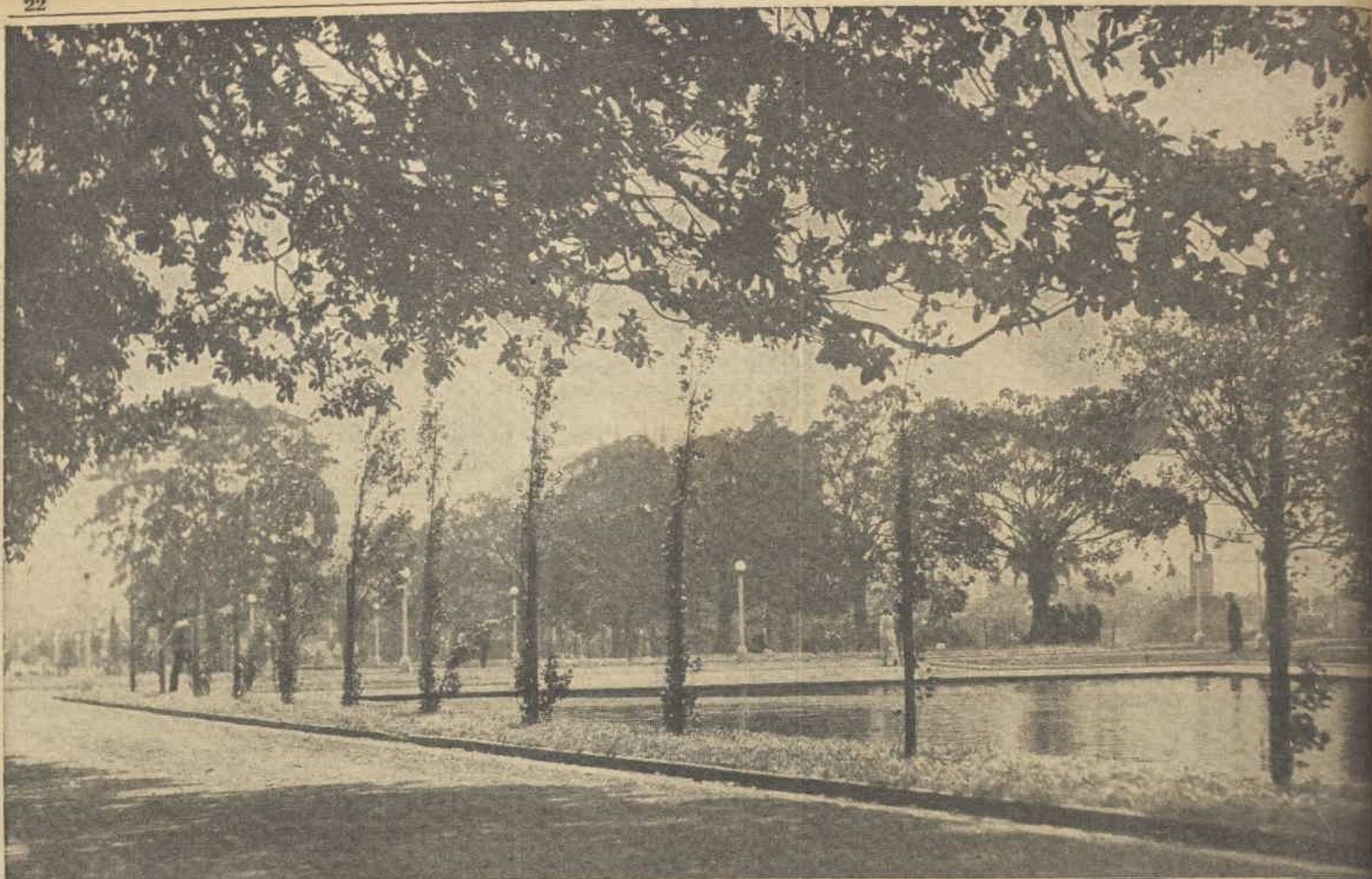


Full-size Kapok Mattress; guaranteed 100 per cent. pure Japara. Splendidly made for comfort and long wear. This Week's Cash Price, 53'6.
New Design 4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, Finish and Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. This Week's Cash Price, 85'-.
Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails, and useful mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59'6.
Full Panel Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price, 31'6.
Kapok Mattress, pure Japara 26'9 extra.

5' DEPOSIT 2' WEEKLY

PURE KAPOK

3'6



*They were young and on their lips was laughter,
For what they dreamed was glory lying before;
They knew not the blankness coming after,
They did not know the sacrifice of war.*

Monument

By P. Duncan-Brown

*Pool of Reflection, in its depths is shown
Their lives', their hopes', their youthful dreams' surcease
Oh, let us build them not these shrines of stone,
BUT MONUMENTS OF EVERLASTING PEACE.*

Weekly Photo

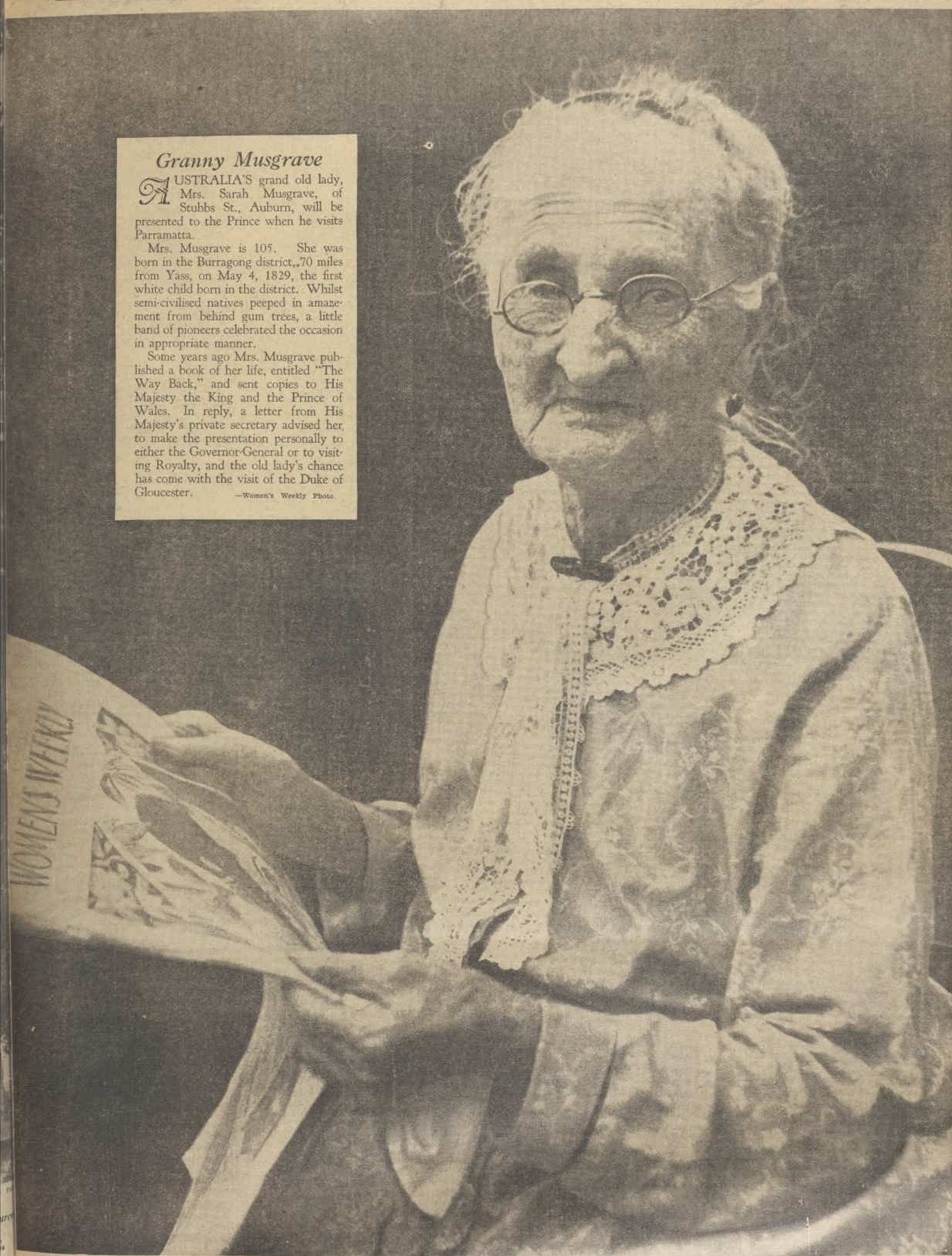
Granny Musgrave

AUSTRALIA'S grand old lady, Mrs. Sarah Musgrave, of Stubbs St., Auburn, will be presented to the Prince when he visits Parramatta.

Mrs. Musgrave is 105. She was born in the Burragong district, 70 miles from Yass, on May 4, 1829, the first white child born in the district. Whilst semi-civilised natives peeped in amazement from behind gum trees, a little band of pioneers celebrated the occasion in appropriate manner.

Some years ago Mrs. Musgrave published a book of her life, entitled "The Way Back," and sent copies to His Majesty the King and the Prince of Wales. In reply, a letter from His Majesty's private secretary advised her, to make the presentation personally to either the Governor-General or to visiting Royalty, and the old lady's chance has come with the visit of the Duke of Gloucester.

—Women's Weekly Photo.





It's easy enough in the Ballroom . . .

... to get those Kay Francis lines! You have everything to help the ensemble effect! But on the beach don't take a risk! Wear a Jantzen—its firm, elastic fit moulds your figure like a foundation garment, its clever cut is as flattering as any gown. Jantzens combine a sporting freedom with feminine appeal—they keep playtime fashions in step with the Riviera mode!

This year new designs are combined with new colors in a way that captivates all hearts. Try a Capri Blue Cordaire if you're a blue-eyed blonde—a Pagan Brown Criss Cross if a brunette! Other irresistibles are the Basque Kerchief, new Beach Suit, and the Bra-Lift Formal! Other new colors—Navy and cool Island Green. See them all—select your favourite, and set out for a successful season!

• The girl with the Scottie has another pet—her Jantzen Bra-Lift. It uplifts gracefully, but restrains modestly.

• Her friend is wearing the new Shouldaire, in white, reinforced and non-transparent. Its straps can be dropped for an even sun tan.

Jantzen (Aust.) Ltd.
Lidcombe, N.S.W.



ON THE BEACH YOUR ONE GARMENT MUST BE PERFECT, SO GET A JANTZEN

A Fatal Move
ABOUT four years ago a neighbor of ours was chatting to several men, two of whom were accompanied by their dogs. The dogs suddenly started to fight. Our neighbor hastily procured a bucket of water and threw it over the dogs. One dog dropped dead instantly.—T.H.

FATTY FINN! The best-loved character who has ever come to life in juvenile papers. The new colored Fatty Finn's Weekly will be on sale for your kiddies each Tuesday. Don't let them miss it!

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven, Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc. INVISIBLY Re-woven.

SYDNEY WEAVING CO.
90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6052

PRINCE'S Home-from-Home in TASMANIA!

Strangely enough, the place in which Prince Henry must have felt most at home during the whole of his tour was in the suite prepared for him in the only hotel in the Commonwealth in which he stayed overnight.

This was the Brisbane Hotel, Launceston, and infinite pains were taken to provide a homely atmosphere for the Royal guest.

SPECIAL furnishings were selected for the occasion, and glorious blooms adorned the rooms.

The sheets of the Royal bed, which has been used by the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York, bore the hand-woven crest of the Duchy of Gloucester. The highly-polished sideboard had been furnished with photographs from the Duke's own collection. There were pictures of the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, as well as photographs of his favorite dogs, Winks and Dougal, his Aberdeen terriers, and Sunho, his bull mastiff.

At State Reception

WHEN His Royal Highness selected a partner for his first dance in Tasmania, his choice fell upon Mrs. T. H. Davies, wife of the Minister for Lands and Works (Major Davies). The scene in the City Hall, Hobart, for the reception accorded His Highness by the Premier and Ministers of State was brilliant. The hall had been transformed into an Australian hush setting, with bark huts on rugged piers housing the orchestra. Mrs. Davies, whose residence is in Launceston, is not a familiar figure in Hobart social circles, and for a while there was a good deal of speculation as to her identity.

Many were under the impression that she was a visitor from either Sydney or Melbourne. As she moved with effortless grace as the Duke's first dancing partner in Tasmania, she wore a

Australian Novel Free This Week!

AN Australian novel, "Isn't Life Queer?", by Edna Roughley, is enclosed as this week's free novel. The heroine treads a refreshing path. Familiar scenes and homely events mark her progress from Manly to Scone, Melbourne, and, eventually, to Sydney, so that readers will feel they know "Jill" well.

"Isn't Life Queer?" is an excellent novel, and remains throughout essentially and interestingly Australian.

Next week's free novel will be a gripping and adventurous African romance, "Beyond all Fear." The story is graphically told of an Irish girl's romance in the heart of Africa, where the ending is staged in the terms foretold by her old Irish nurse.

simple frock of white corded crepe, with black velvet trimmings, and her blonde hair was distinguished by a black halo.

It was not long before she was the most discussed person at the reception, and when His Royal Highness danced with her immediately afterwards she was envied by every guest.

His other partners were Mrs. Arndell Lewis, whose husband, Dr. Lewis, is a son of the Lieut.-Governor (Sir Elliott Lewis), Miss Mary Harbottle, Miss Catherine Cameron, and Miss Gwen Smith. His Royal Highness danced with only two partners at the Mayoral "At Home," the following evening, Miss Naomi Kennedy and Miss Nancy McPhee, daughter of the former Premier (Sir John McPhee).

An Envied Partner

DUTY dances were again eschewed by His Royal Highness at the Civic reception in the Albert Hall, Launceston. Mrs. Davies, again, was his first partner and, after supper, he danced with Miss Jean Gee twice.

His departure from the Brisbane Hotel was marked by a lack of formality. His Royal Highness shook hands with the hostess, Miss Quirley, and one of his equerries, Capt. Howard Kerr, brought Mrs. T. H. Davies from the lounge. His Royal Highness wished her good-bye and left for Burnie to make the first visit of a member of the Royal Family to that part of the State.

THE PRINCE is COMING!



His Royal Highness Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, inspecting an Australian guard of honor in his attractive Hussars uniform.



OUR CAMERAMAN CAUGHT this delightful study of two young Australians complete with Union Jacks having a dress rehearsal on the steps of the Cenotaph in Martin Place, for their reception of the Prince. There is a tragic note in this picture of children at play, in the sun, at the feet of a State's memorial to men who died that such as these might live.

—Women's Weekly Photo.

PRINCE HENRY is MEMBER of a FRIENDLY FAMILY

THE Royal Family very happily combines dignity with simplicity and homeliness. This is one good reason why the English crowned head can still lie easy, whilst so many foreign monarchs, who have flaunted the glories of their blood and state, have toppled from their thrones.

THE Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York were by no means aloof. The Prince of Wales' genius for making friends and keeping them is known throughout the world, and while he was in Australia he kept formalities down to the necessary minimum. Officialdom in this State has profited by this experience, and no extravagant displays are being made for Prince Henry.

ALTHOUGH Gostwyck, the Dangar home where the Prince will stay, has been extensively renovated and added to, that was not merely for the Prince's visit. It would have been done in any case.

At Edenglassie, Scone, where the Prince will spend an evening, there will be no luxurious "splash" for the visitor. The dinner-party will be in old-time fashion, a family gathering reminiscent of old colonial days, in a setting of old-fashioned, solid, red cedar furniture.

THE other home which will entertain the Duke is Government House, Sydney. The simplicity that surrounds the private lives of the Governor and Lady Game is well known. One hears that Sir Philip Game has even been noticed transporting pieces of furniture between Sutton Forest and Sydney in his own car.

And though Government House has been redecorated, the newness is mainly seen by everything looking clean instead of shabby. In its essentials, the furnishing is still in the aspidochelone era. Government House, Melbourne, redecorated after its school-days interlude, and Government House, Canberra, are both more "modern" and impressive than His Royal Highness' official home in Sydney.

What does the Prince do, a correspondent asks The Australian Women's Weekly, when confronted by the homely problems of pocket-money and laundry? Evidently he sometimes runs short of petty cash since he recently applied to his quarry for a "loan" on the race-course.

While he travels about so much in the

various States, His Royal Highness is never very far from H.M.S. Sussex, and is therefore able to rely upon the warship's laundry for his daily half-dozen or so shirts and etceteras.

As for money, the £25,000 allowed by Parliament to the younger children of the King is banked to Prince Henry's account in the same way that Sir Philip

Game's, or Mr. John Smith's allowances are banked to theirs. So that the Duke could, before leaving London, take out a draft on a bank over here, and can now draw whatever he wants by cheque. The only difference is that Royal and Vice-Royal passbooks are done up with velvet or other special fabric, and the drawing is done through aides-de-camp.

A Delicious Sandwich Cake

Every hostess finds delight in serving a delicious sandwich cake, and her enjoyment is shared by all who partake.

Try this recipe for:

GRANUMA SANDWICH CAKE

1lb. Butter.
4 Eggs.

1lb. Sugar.
1lb. Granuma.

Beat butter to a cream, beat eggs and sugar together 20 minutes, then add to butter, then stir in Granuma. Have ready two buttered tin plates of equal size, pour half this mixture on each, and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes, then spread one-half with jam, and lay the other half on top.

And don't forget to serve Granuma Porridge every morning. Both old and young enjoy its fine nutty flavour. Cook well and serve with milk, cream, fruit or honey. Order regularly from your grocer.

Granuma
Porridge
CONTAINS THE WHOLE OF THE WHEAT
Builds fine Boys and Girls



DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE LIKE THIS!



Broken Health, No Interest in Life, Vitality Gone!

See Mrs. J. BENNET, Masseuse

at once (free interview). Here 18 years.

VIT-O-NET Electric Blanket Treatment.

STATION HOUSE, RAWSON PLACE, CITY. Phone: MA4108.



MISS ELAINE HAMILL.

Cinesound LOOKS AHEAD

IN preparation for the many new pictures planned for 1935, the Cinesound Studios have been enlarged and modernised. Many new screen types will be needed for the extensive cable in these pictures.

Are you, too, looking ahead? If you have personality and a good speaking voice, there may be a future for you in Australian pictures. Let us give you an oral test—it is free.

THE CINEMA ACADEMY

(Under Patronage of Cinesound Productions Ltd.)
GRACE BUILDING, 17 YORK STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

EVERY NIGHT...



spare
4 minutes
to LUX
your undies

EVERY MORNING



have them
fresh and
clean
to put on

A LEVER PRODUCT

HIGH-SPEED Tour Means Risks to PRINCE

Must Keep to the Time-table

By Our Special Commissioner

Definitely there should be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Princes. The itinerary followed by Prince Henry in Victoria meant twenty-five days of sheer hard labor and the demands made on his strength and good nature were little short of preposterous.

THE Prince's New South Wales programme is not so strenuous as that he has just completed in Victoria, but it is quite formidable enough. Officials here should profit by the

experiences of the Victorian tour and not bind the Prince so mercilessly to the time machine.

For example, though the officials responsible for his itinerary made his task as light as they could, there were times when cars and trains had to travel at a

frenzied pace, involving risk to the life and limb of the King's son.

Often these risks were due to the Prince's zeal in carrying out his duties. In spite of a severe cold, His Royal Highness was off duty only on one day during his engagements. On Henley Day and other days he risked his health in keen, cold wind, and heavy rain.

Unnecessary Risks

ONE of Prince Henry's most hair-raising experiences was the "leisurely" drive through the Dandenong Ranges. His car had to cover the journey of 70 miles in two hours in heavy rain owing to discrepancies in the schedule. Tourist cars cover the same route in four hours.

Having broken the schedule to linger longer among the settlers in the N.E. district, the Prince did some more high-speed travelling on his last day in Victoria.

The Royal train had to reach maximum speed to make up lost time, and caution was necessary over a number of bridges owing to flood waters. Prince Henry held the train up at Bendigo to walk back along the rails and talk to a crowd that had gathered on the railway bridge.

At Shepparton the Royal car leapt along country roads at sixty miles an hour to catch up on the schedule.

One of Prince Henry's tasks was to receive about 30 welcomes on his several tours, and to be presented with numerous welcoming addresses. Several suggestions were made that all the addresses should be embodied in one, but those organising the tour, and the Duke himself, would not deprive country people, and the various organisations involved, of their participation in the visit.

The care and thoroughness with which Prince Henry is discharging his duty as ambassador to Australia from the King is shown by the fact that every public utterance made by him is first cabled by his chief of staff, Major-General D. G. H. Howard-Vyse, to the King for approval.

Ordeals of Tour

HIS tour holds many ordeals for him. Hitherto he has been in the background, while his three brothers have experienced the terrors of the limelight. At a formal gathering in Melbourne he seemed to be unable to find anything spontaneous to say after delivering his written speech, obviously realising he was on show, and unable to escape the fact that he was representing the King.

On the Sussex, however, he drops the cloak of princely reserve, pays daily visits to the wardroom, and orders his daily drink or two.

Glimpses of him in his rare hours off duty showed how glad he was of a few moments' relaxation, when he could drop the formality surrounding his state.

He has been seen wrestling in an impromptu bout with Capt. Howard Kerr, one of his equestrian, and also one of his closest friends. It takes a good man to stand up to Howard Kerr, who is one of the best amateur boxers in Britain.

On the Royal train he was seen chasing Captain Howard Kerr round the saloon, using a wad of newspaper as a weapon.

After a somewhat stilted speech following an unreservedly hearty welcome, the Duke relaxed completely at the Returned Soldiers' dinner, and stayed three hours instead of two.

Impressive Moment

THE deeper side of his character was shown at the Shrine ceremony. He was greatly affected by the impressive scene.

Like other members of his family, Prince Henry prefers, whenever possible, to dispense with formality.

At Bungendore, near Canberra, recently, when certain Diggers were told that some of the members of the Duke's staff would attend their ball, it was only when they found themselves dancing next to His Royal Highness that many of them knew that the Prince had arrived as well as his staff.

At Canberra, too, the formality which surrounds the Prince at many balls was broken for a time when the band played "The Blue Danube." His Royal Highness, who was dancing with a schoolgirl debutante, and does not like the modern idea of very slow dancing, asked the band to play faster and repeated this request three times until they got the tempo he wanted.

Prince Henry likes his partners to address him once only as "Your Highness." After that they should say "Sir."

HOT HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.***

The Change Daily Girl

takes no risk about personal daintiness. She has a clean set of undies to start each day... and it only takes her 4 minutes at night, the easy Lux way.

★

It's a glorious feeling to slip into clean, fresh undies every morning. All day long, you feel fit and self-confident... *sure* that there's no unpleasant perspiration to threaten your daintiness. The nightly Lux bath does a lot for your stockings and undies. It only takes 4 minutes but it adds weeks to the time they'll wear, because it removes the perspiration acid which fades colours and rots delicate threads.

FOLLOW THE EASY 4-MINUTE LUX METHOD

One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies... and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out... they're sweet and clean again.

Don't use too-warm water—Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

RUBBING WITH CAKE SOAP WEARS FABRICS. STREAKS COLOURS... ALWAYS USE LUX



Lux your underthings every night... removes perspiration

© 1934 N

JOAN HARTIGAN Reviews BIG Tennis MATCHES

Exclusive Articles for Women's Weekly

With the English visitors in Australia and women's tennis never so interesting as at the moment, The Australian Women's Weekly has arranged for Miss Joan Hartigan, Australia's foremost woman player, to give her impressions exclusively through this paper.

Miss Hartigan, just out of her teens, won the women's singles championship of Australia in Melbourne last year. Her deeds at Wimbledon this year where she reached the semi-final of the women's singles are fresh in everyone's memory.

By JOAN HARTIGAN

THE English girls—Misses Round, Lyle, and Dearman—with Messrs. Hughes and and Perry, arrived by the Mowhai on Sunday, and I had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintances I made with them in England during the summer.

The girls are the first international women's team to visit Australia. The last part of their trip from New Zealand was rough, and they all seemed very glad to get off the boat.

Miss Round, by her great win at Wimbledon this year over Miss Helen Jacobs, is acknowledged as the world's champion. It would be difficult to visualise a more perfect champion both as regards her tennis and demeanor. We are indeed fortunate to have the opportunity of meeting in Australia such a great player and a charming girl.

Miss Round's court method will be an object lesson to all young players. Her stroke production, tactics, and temperament are ideal, and these characteristics, allied with her demeanor, will endear her to the tennis public of Australia.

Miss Nancy Lyle and Miss Evelyn Dearman are England's No. 1 doubles pair, having been selected to represent Britain in the Wightman Cup competition, which is an annual competition between Great Britain and America. Although selected mainly on doubles play, I feel sure that both will give a very good account of themselves in singles.

Miss Lyle defeated Mrs. Molesworth (graded No. 2 in Australia) in straight sets in the French Championships, this

year, and she has a good backhand drive, which she uses to advantage, driving deep to each corner, while she has control of the drop shot.

Miss Dearman is very little inferior to Miss Lyle as a singles player. She is an excellent volleyer, having a very good reach, and in partnership with Miss Lyle will make a very difficult pair.

Australian Team

THE Australian team selected to play in the international match beginning on Wednesday, November 21, are Miss Louise Bickerton, Mrs. Emily Westacott, and myself. Miss Bickerton, who is captaining the team, is the only Australian girl player to represent her country both at home and abroad. She was a member of the last team to visit England in 1928. Miss Bickerton is a great doubles player, having won the Australian and the N.S.W. doubles on many occasions. She has also had some splendid successes in singles matches, and considering the limited amount of practice she is able to get it speaks volumes for her skill that she is able to hold such a high place in Australian tennis.

Mrs. Westacott is the holder, with Mrs. Molesworth, of the Women's Doubles Championship, and she also holds the Singles Championship of Queensland. She has an excellent forehand which carries a fair amount of over-spin and her over-head smash is phenomenal for a woman. She has always been a great favorite with the spectators and conveys the impression that she thoroughly

THE whole tennis world is waiting expectantly for the matches between our young tennis champion and the holder of the world title, Miss Dorothy Round. The Australian girl will tell you in these columns what she thinks of the position week by week, and what the prospects are against her redoubtable opponents.

enjoys every moment of her games. Mrs. Molesworth was unfortunate in being dropped from the team, but with only a few days' practice after a six weeks' sea trip she could hardly have done herself justice.

It will probably take the English girls some time to accustom themselves to our courts and conditions. In this respect we have some advantage over them in their early matches.

I am not optimistic enough to think that our team is strong enough to win, but I am at least hopeful that we will be able to make it a close match. If defeated we will have the consolation of knowing that we have met some of the world's leading players.

Now for a word about my own experiences. I commenced playing tennis when I was about 12 years of age. If at that time I had realised I would ever take tennis seriously, I would have made a big effort at the beginning of my career to perfect every stroke. Tennis is an ideal sport for girls, but requires a good deal of patience, and, to be a success at it, it is advisable to start playing while young.

Correct Footwork

VERY few players commence with a correct style, either their footwork or grips are incorrect. It is wise, therefore, to have a coach in the early stages before developing these faults, which may take a long time to correct. Having acquired the knowledge of how each shot should be played, it is a good thing to spend some time concentrating on the one shot, hitting as close to the lines as possible.

Louise Bickerton will make an admirable captain, and I am sure she will have



Miss Joan Hartigan.

the confidence of all the Australian tennis enthusiasts in her endeavor to encourage her team to victory.

Personally, I think her match against Dorothy Round on Wednesday will create a great amount of enthusiasm, as neither player has met the other, neither have they seen each other play. These two players will be fascinating to watch, as both are graceful and have a style which the juniors will benefit greatly by watching.

Our Queensland member of the team, Mrs. Westacott, will revel in her matches against the English players. Her hard-hitting shots may prove a little disconcerting to the English players, especially as the White City courts are likely to

prove a little faster than those overseas.

I shall be playing with both these players in the doubles, and feel that though we will try hard to win we will have two very strong opponents against us in Evelyn Dearman and Nancy Lyle. On Thursday I am scheduled to meet Dorothy Round, the Wimbledon champion. This will actually be a red-letter day for me, as I have not yet played against Dorothy.

We are all keyed up and glad of this opportunity of playing against England before an Australian audience. I feel sure the English team will be as happy playing before an Australian crowd as I was at Wimbledon when I met Helen Jacobs, the American champion, in the semi-finals.

Interest
3%

£15,000,000
LOAN

Issue Price
£99'15'0

NOW OPEN

An Attractive Investment Offering an Average Annual Yield of £3-0-5%

SAFETY WITH PROFIT

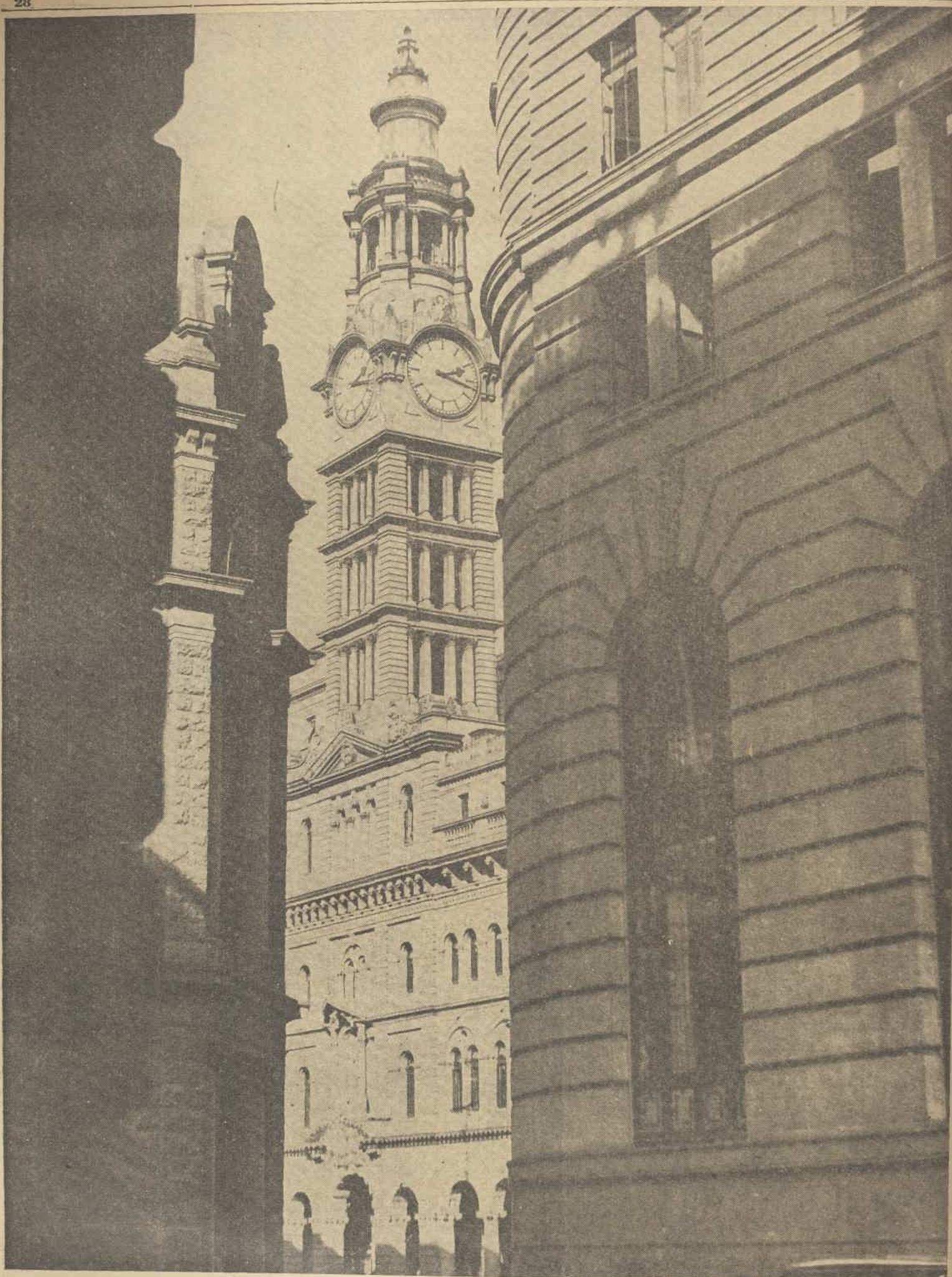
Investments may be made in Cash, or by Instalments... £10 Bonds may be bought for £9/19/6, and £100 Bonds for £99/15/-... Interest will not be subject to—(a) State Income Tax; (b) Commonwealth Super-Tax on Property; or, (c) Commonwealth Income Tax to a greater extent than that imposed by the Income Tax Acts of 1930... Applications may be lodged with any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Office, or Member of a recognised Stock Exchange.

The Treasurer Reserves the Right to close the Loan at any time, and to make partial allotment if necessary.

MAKE EARLY APPLICATION

Commonwealth Treasury, CANBERRA.

J. A. LYONS, Treasurer.



City's Greeting

Women's Weekly photo

THE cheering of a mighty crowd will echo in these deep city canyons, when England's Royal ambassador, Prince Henry, threads his triumphant way through Sydney's streets. Pigeons disturbed in their roof-top provinces will flutter up in startled disorder, and the chimes of the big clock tower will add their throb to the cheering of humanity. When all is over, about these massive walls will hang a new-born glory; the glory of a Royal experience which will add history to their dignity.



Miss Joan Hartigan, the Australian champion (left), and Miss Dorothy Round, the world tennis champion, posed for this photograph just as Miss Hartigan was taking Miss Round to view the New South Wales tennis courts for the first time. This was the first photograph taken of Miss Round at the White City courts. Joan Hartigan will write exclusive articles for *The Australian Women's Weekly*. The first appears on page 27 of this issue.

—Women's Weekly Photo.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That "Top" Hassall, of Braidwood, is a member of the Light Horse troop in attendance on Prince Henry?

That Miss Agnes Duncan has been training the debutantes for the Country Women's Association Ball to curtsy?

That Mrs. Alan Hardie danced with the Prince of Wales during his visit to Adelaide?

That a gown of white tulle over rustling taffeta will be worn by Roslyn Bowman at the C.W.A. Ball on November 27, when she will be presented to H.R.H.?

Royal Wedding Broadcast

A NOVEL attraction is being arranged for the guests on board the Kamo Maru on the occasion of the ball in aid of the Balmmain and District Hospital, November 29. This will be the relay of the broadcast of the wedding of Princess Marina to Prince George.

Lady Game will be present, and among other well-known people will be Madame Mural, wife of the Consul-General for Japan. Madame Mural will wear her charming national costume.

Speed-boat trips on the harbor, and movie pictures of Japan's beauty spots, will add to the festivities of the evening.

Quite Overwhelmed!

AT the reception to the visiting tennis stars at the Hotel Australia, Miss Dorothy Round, world's champion lady player, was the very last to be asked to address the gathering, and said "that she was quite overwhelmed at being left to the last."

Captain of the team, Pat Hughes, showed impartiality as to pronunciation by speaking of the Centenary, Centenary, and Centenary. Among the lady players, Miss Evelyn Dearman was the only member to smoke.

In spite of many parties in their honor where cake and sweet eating are unavoidable, the athletes manage to retain their enviable slim figures. Pat Hughes, especially, is as thin as a wafer.

Parties in Three States

NOT many girls have had the luck of Miss Miriam Howd, of Adelaide, who is enjoying the third round of festivities in honor of Prince Henry.

After the Adelaide parties, Miriam left for Melbourne for the celebrations there. She then packed her pretty frocks once more and motored to Sydney with Mr. and Mrs. M. Hemphall, of Wahroonga, in time for our Festival Week.

Miriam intends paying a return visit to Melbourne before returning to South Australia.

Seaside Visitors

ALTHOUGH the surfing season is late in commencing this season, a number of overseas and interstate visitors are making their headquarters at the Pacific Hotel, Manly. Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Everett, from Chicago, Dr. E. E. Grant, of Orange, Miss Dorothy Kroger, of Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Spence, from London, and Mr. A. H. Lobble, of Melbourne, are enjoying sunny interludes near the sand and sea.

Redheads Rejoice

PRINCESS MARINA'S penchant for a henna hairwash has put the final cachet on titian locks. All the blondes are seeing red now.

One of the organisers of the procession in honor of Prince Henry searched all the largest department stores in town for blondes, and found only six!

Three pretty Sydney redheads who can congratulate themselves on Nature's bounty are Helen Williams, Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, and Mary Doberer, who, at the moment, is holidaying far from these shores.

Honeymoon in India

A TOUR of India is the honeymoon planned by Miss Grace Morris, of Mudgee, and Mr. Wilfred O'Brien, of Goodaman station. Their marriage will take place on December 1, at St. Mary's Basilica, at 8 a.m., and the reception to follow will be held at Ushers Hotel. Jean Kirk and Kath O'Brien will attend the bride, and Charles and John O'Brien will officiate as best man and groomsmen. The newly-married couple will board the Strathaird the same day for their travels.

Cocktail Vogue Waning?

THE cocktail vogue is on the wane, I think, for lots of hostesses are now giving tea parties instead. One of the happiest of these newer tea parties was that given at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron last Friday by the Consul-General for Czechoslovakia and Madame Kuraz.

The tennis star, Mr. Roderick Menzel, of Czechoslovakia, and his delightful wife, were the guests of honor, and were the centre of an ever-increasing circle of guests who wished to make their acquaintance during the afternoon.

The Consular corps turned up in full force, and included the representatives of Spain, America, Greece, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

time to welcome the New Year. Mollie has made Shanghai her headquarters, where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cord Squarey. Incidentally, Mrs. Squarey is an American citizen with a most enviable yearly income, and is a well-known hostess of Shanghai.

Sight-seeing in Japan lured Mollie to further travels, and she was charmed with the beautiful gardens so quiet and secluded inside the garden walls. Clothes presented a problem, as winter clothes were needed as well as silks and voiles. In Peking, Mollie was glad of the huge fires in October.

Soprano Continues Studies

IT is unusual for any girl to prefer further studies in the pursuit of perfection to taking the short cuts offered to theatrical fame. This is the situation of Miss Ruth Scott, the coloratura soprano whose singing was such a feature of the recent Elsteddod. In the study of singing, and languages, her days at the Conservatorium are filled. Rehearsals for "The Red Widow," in which she will be heard over the air on November 28, and for the part of Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo," at the Operatic Concert at the Conservatorium on December 8, are receiving her special attention at the moment.

With the added advantage of a charming personality and a pretty face and figure, Miss Scott should go far either in opera or film world.

In and Out of Society :: By WEP



"Her Past"—Potted

AT the New Tivoli. Plot... shopworn. Winning wanton culls lovable flowers of character from primrose path, while chaster females grow caty and horrid. In the end, nice naughty heroine marries rich noble K.C., who has kept her for six years. Star... Delysia, and what a star! Rest of cast... also brilliant. Frocking of audience... mostly an oft-told tale.

Noted Margaret Allen in foyer, taking that wind-blown look out of her locks, not like the Margaret who forsook the Merman "with a comb o' pearl," but with a sixpenny one same's as you and me use.

At Mountain Home

IN between official functions, Mrs. A. C. Davidson is enjoying the rural beauty of her mountain home, Montgreenan, Leura. After her strenuous world tour the peace and quiet of the countryside have proved a tonic, and Mrs. Davidson spends every spare minute either in her glorious garden or on the nearby golf course.

Her spacious Kingsclere flat which, with its heavenly harbor views, is the ideal town nest, is invariably massed with blooms from the home garden.

Winter Frocks Worn

THE frocking was by no means brilliant at the third and last change of programme of the Russian Ballet last Saturday night at the Theatre Royal. Those who did appear in more formal evening attire mostly resurrected their ankle-length velvet frocks that had already seen six months' hard service. Exceptions were Mrs. Philip Street, who wore black tailored satin covered with a black fur coat relieved with white ermine at the collar, and Penelope Cay, whose love for the ballet is well known, who wore a charming frock of floral chiffon and a covering cape of dusty pink.

In the opening number, "Egyptian Ballet," members of the cast were almost disguised by the black fringed wigs worn with their brown and black costumes of Eastern design. Quite unlike any previous items was "Venusberg," a Bacchanalian revel danced to the music of Wagner, in which Anatole Vilzac leapt to incredible heights and delighted the audience with his interpretation of the role. The fascinating Spessiva was at her most charming.

Glamorous Settings

LOTS of interstate, overseas, and country visitors were present at the festive Orontes Ball held on Tuesday. Merry-makers saw the illuminated buff funnels of the ship quite a long way off, but were in no way prepared for the blaze of electric festooning and bunting that greeted them on their arrival at the gangway.

Lounges, saloons, and drawing-room were decorated in the most lavish fashion with blooms of all colors, and the brilliant frocking of the dancers was seen to advantage in such glamorous settings.

The Orient Line generously donated the whole of the expenses, and the proceeds will be divided between the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, St. Vincent's, and the Royal North Shore hospitals.

Have You Noticed—

That moustaches are few and far between among members of the Grenadier Guards Band? Just one or two tooth-brush styles and one genuine "Old Bill." That Prince Henry has a becoming coat of sun-tan?

HAVE Women Failed MARRIAGE?

... Louise Mack Advises

Have women spoilt the spirit of matrimony as well as the look of it?

Some men allege so. Is it possible that the nature of woman has militated against the success of that grandest of all adventures known as Married Life?

HAVE women changed their leit-motif from allegiance to allmomy?

The suggestion perturbs one uncomfortably.

Yet it calls for an answer. It demands a decision because of its sheer alarm-ness. It requires from us all a plain yes or no. A definite for or against.

SOMEBODY has spoiled marriage. That's very evident from the ever-increasing multitude of husbands and wives seeking to get rid of each other, the wives leading enormously in the effort.

But might it not be that if women are responsible for the failure of marriage, it was marriage that primarily made women into the failures that made marriage a failure.

CAUSE and effect; and which is which?

That is what the poor old worried world is asking itself perplexedly to-day, watching the long procession of wives, young and old, ambling, hopping, prancing, mincing, marching, or shambling towards the Divorce Courts.

Somebody has dragged marriage down from being a high and holy estate to a clown-like masquerade of grievances and personalities.

More women have tried to get the better of men than men have tried to get the better of women, because economic systems gave men the advantage in the game.

So women have had to sue for favors. Men were generous, or ungenerous, according to their dispositions, not by order of the law.

The Beauty of Giving In

WOMEN have had to battle for their rights and privileges, we all know that.

Yet sometimes, nowadays, we wonder whether it has been necessary for women to strike so many aggressive attitudes in marriage, making marriage look so often such a sordid, comfortless, unhappy state, whereas the same woman depicted to the same man courtship as something very lovely, very precious, to be, ah, so highly prized, and, oh, so gratefully cared for. In courtship the woman desires her man to think her the most angelic being that ever was.

And yet, in marriage, that very angel yields all too often to her queer desire to make that very man feel and acknowledge that marriage is a battle, and she is the victor, or else the victim.

If only people could realise that a victory is not won immediately after the battle, but, perhaps, ten years later.

THERE are certain prettinesses in every game, and in marriage a really charming gesture is the giving-in of a wife to her husband before others.

It is a pretty gesture, and whether the husband is in the right or not, or whether or not he deserves that his wife should give in, does not alter in the least the purely aesthetic quality of her gesture, which is, in fact, perhaps the loveliest in matrimony.

Why is it lovely, you ask.

Because it is selfless and yet sensible, giving the wife an advantage that she would never obtain by fighting and disputing; and because it is gentle; and in these loud crass days of clangor, and noise and rush, women have added need to be gentle as never before.

Strange New Angles

THE fact is, marriage requires a perpetual readjustment of personal angles, and women's rapid recent progress has given women many strange new angles that are not yet quite fitted into the matrimonial scheme.

Yes, and they are in a fog, so many of these women we love, whom we have likened to ships at sea.

I advise women not to expect too much.

You can't have everything. What have you got? Let that suffice, filling up the blanks from your own being. Also, I advise women to budget their marriages.

The scores might be kept like this:

Plus

He gives me a home.
He works to keep me.
He feeds me and the children.

He clothes me and the children.
He gives me garden, books, music, change of air (all that means so much less for him himself).

He is honest.
I loved him enormously.
I get my own way.

He shares my grief when sickness and death come along.

He is a good father.
He looks nice.

Minus

His bad temper.
He wants his own way.
He gets his own way.
He fusses over trifles.
He wants to be always out, or he wants to stay always at home.
He doesn't have any pleasures.
He's indifferent to my wants.
He never notices my health.
He doesn't part up with a smile.
He grumbles at the bills.

IT seems to me that now that women know so much more than they ever knew before about how to make themselves beautiful as well as how to cook and housekeep, and now that every woman can, by trying intelligently, have a nice complexion, wavy hair, a good figure, a cheery outlook, a stylish carriage, a well-informed mind, and simple, becoming clothes, in addition to knowing how to feed a man agreeably, and keep his house in order, and drive a car, and play bridge—now that the modern woman has all this knowledge at her disposal, why on earth doesn't she make a better job of marriage?

Is it—can it be—that modern woman is being spoiled by the possession of too many avenues and too many qualities, like a child spoiled by too many beautiful mechanical toys?

In a word, count your blessings, making very sure that you don't leave out the blessings in disguise.

Of course, there's another side to this as to everything, and we may look at that other side later on.



Grimwade Crystal...

The exquisite delicacy of high-class crystal ... its pleasant reserve and sparkling lights provide a source of greater charm to your home, no matter how antique or modern your appointments may be.

No wonder this all Australian hand made and hand cut crystal has been called Australia's proudest achievement!

PRODUCT OF CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS CO., LTD., SYDNEY



BACKACHE

WHY ENDURE THIS AGONY WHEN A SURE, SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY IS AT HAND

When you reach the stage where pain compels you to say:—"I must get rid of this backache!" you will commence taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and then, in a very short time, your pain will disappear.

Naturally it would be better if you took De Witt's Pills as soon as

THE FIRST STAB OF PAIN

came to warn you, but many people make the same mistake. They do not realise the serious nature of Backache and so they wait, hoping the pain will go away, or try various methods of treatment which may give temporary relief. This cannot go on for long. Soon the time comes when backache compels you to neglect or give up your work. Life is a mockery when you are always in pain, but De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills will drive the pain away and they will also protect you against future attacks.

Read how successful De Witt's Pills proved in Mrs. Edmiston's case and perhaps her experience will persuade you to give them a trial.

Writing from "Gwen Villa," William Street, South Brisbane, Mrs. A. Edmiston says:—

"I used to suffer terribly with backache and, although I tried one thing after another, I could not get lasting relief. The pain got worse and worse until a friend induced me to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. These gave me ease at once. Anyone who has suffered as I have will understand how grateful I am."

A point you will appreciate about De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is the fact that they give almost instant relief. You may have endured agony all day and you feel that unless you get rid of the pain you will not be able to endure another day. Put your faith in De Witt's Pills. They will not fail you. Get a box from the chemists to-day, price 3/6 and 6/6. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes. Take two just before you go to bed and in the morning your pain will be gone.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

A few hours after you take the first dose of De Witt's Pills discolouration of the urine will prove that they have commenced their good work. You will be able to see that the cleansing, healing and strengthening ingredients of De Witt's Pills have passed through your kidneys and your bladder. No other medicine furnishes proof like this, and once you have tried them your one regret will be that you did not do so before. Take De Witt's Pills for Scalding Pains, Gravel, Stone, Painful Joints, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica. Give them to children subject to Bed-wetting, and to aged persons afflicted by Urinary Disorders, and in every case they will give prompt relief. Many thousands of suffering men, women and children in all parts of the world have already proved this, but the best proof of all can be obtained by a personal trial in your own case.

DE WITT'S

KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS



SWIM

WITH MORE

Freedom
STEP OUT WITH MORE
Style

Introduce
your figure to
a Speedo suit
this summer.



Mac alive! You never felt so cool, so smart, so comfortable as in Speedo. Makes you Champions choose them for better fit. And lady, when YOU see the "in, chic," "streamline" styles created for your delight, you'll marvel at their value. See. Speedo's 1935 fashions now. Individually distinctive. Refusing to your figure. Never so much for the money. Men's cotton from 5/11. Men's wool from 14/6. Women's too, 5/11.

Speedo

The
Lowest-Priced
QUALITY
SWIM SUITS

Actually KILLS FLEAS

Then keeps others away.

Many "Flea" powders simply ston the pests, but Pulvex kills them dead and prevents reinfestation. It is so repellent to fleas and lice that others keep away. Pulvex is economical, harmless, odourless and non-irritating.



Sold by all good dealers, in tins at 1/3; double size, 2/-.
Wholesale Distributors:
Wm. Cooper & Nephews
(Aust.) Ltd.
4 O'Connell St., Sydney.

PULVEX

KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

HOPE AND HAPPINESS FOR DRINKING MEN



Whether you drink yourself, or those who belong to you are the victims of the drink drive, YOUR HOPE IS IN EUCRASY, the Drink Cure with 22 years' success. It is not COFFEY, may be given SEVERELY, or taken voluntarily. A user who gave it to her husband writes: "He has not tasted drink since I gave him one course of your Eucrasmy powder." Write or call for FREE SAMPLE and couple of Testimonials.

DEPT. D, THE EUCRASMY CO.,
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

MIRROR OF SOCIETY

Joyous Welcome for the Prince . . .



MY DEAR JULIET,—
Doubtless the Governor, the Premier, the Lord Mayor and other dinner lights are at this moment putting the final polishes on their speeches of welcome to Prince

Henry. But we girls, though no less proud of the four-squarishness of the British Empire and the honor of having a Royal ambassador in our midst, aren't concentrating on that aspect of it much. Our heads are in a whirl with the excitement of all the social "do's" of the Prince's visit.

IF he only knew how much luckier he is in his Government House environment than was his Royal brother, the Prince of Wales! Whenever I go I hear the echo of yesteryear's swapping stories of that era. "Tis said that the heir to the Throne had no great love for the infant terrible and, at that time, Diana and Daphne Davidson were distinctly top of the infant terrible class!

Di, you know, visited us quite recently, when she came over from England to be a bridesmaid for Elizabeth Friend's wedding to Tim Whitney. She has grown, if not into a swan, at least into a very personable young woman of the county family humin' and shootin' type. Perhaps her name helped.

You know, I do think it's wonderful the way names do. I mean what can you expect if you call a girl Portia? Is she likely to become the same woman as if she was christened Fifi?

But I am getting away from my sheep. To return. As I was saying, the Prince of Wales struck our Government House when its two daughters were in the curious-kiddy stage. They were too young to attend formal parties, but rash enough to have no hesitation in raiding their Royal visitor on all sorts of occasions and, frequently, his exasperation was very apparent.

YOUNG ROSEMARY GAME is safely enounced in a school in England. Rosemary had a fondness for attending parties arranged by her elders, and on at least one momentous occasion was inspired to change all the place cards at a formal dinner party. From Rosemary's viewpoint, the result of that little effort was a startling success! Perhaps it's as well she's not here to try her 'prentice hand during Government House doings of Prince Henry.

THE two popular daughters of the Official Secretary, Sadie and Elsie Budge, are quite a different proposition, and can only be an asset to any parties in which they are included. Sadie is an unofficial aide-de-camp at Government House, and when dances are in progress, it is Sadie who calms the stagefright of the debutantes and, in a practical fashion, sees that each has her programme filled.

On one occasion Sadie had gone to a lot of trouble to see that partners were provided for every dance for a visiting girl and, to her horror, discovered that the girl had lost her programme and was still, so to speak, on her hands.

A CHARGER that Prince Henry has already ridden in Australia will be waiting at Camden Park when the Royal visitor pays his visit to General and Mrs. Macarthur Onslow on Sunday. Definite plans for the entertainment of the visitors were not made long in advance, and the hosts of this most famous historic and charming of Australian homesteads was waiting for a letter from Captain Arthur Curtis, the Prince's private secretary, for further details, when I pressed for particulars.

Nevertheless, I can tell you it is almost certain that while at Camden the Prince will indulge in his favorite sport, and get an intimate picture of the countryside from horseback.

ONE of the evening frocks that will be worn by Helen Stephen this week is a lovely affair of silver, showing a glow of rose pink through the mesh. The skirt is cut on the cross, and clinging as far as the knees from which it flows out in wide flares.

BAD luck that I could not tell you just who would be at the official table for the Lord Mayor's Ball, and a few chatty details about the decorations! The Lord Mayor rightly thinks that the first gasp of surprise will be somewhat forced if all the attractive features have already run to headlines in the Press.

Official statements include the fact that no more, and certainly no fewer, than 2000 citizens will grace this first ball to be held during the visit of Prince Henry to Sydney.

THE H.M.S. Sussex Welcome Ball promises to be quite one of the most festive of the parties arranged



THIS IS Roslyn Sidney Bowman, elder daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Bowman and Mrs. Bowman, of Singleton and Elizabeth Bay. Roslyn will be presented to Prince Henry at the C.W.A. Ball on November 27. —Hens Pardon photo.



A QUEENSLAND DEBUTANTE, Miss Dorothy Youngman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Youngman, of Taabinga, Kingaroy, who will make her bow to society at the H.M.S. Sussex Welcome Ball, on November 26. —Raymond Sawyer.

during next week. Major-General Bertie Lloyd, who is always such a tower of strength on official occasions, will receive the visiting officers as they arrive in cars direct from Man-o-War Steps. He, in turn, will present them to the hostesses, who will escort them to their parties.

Boat-shaped cut-glass vases full of exotic blooms will be a feature of the very special decorations which will greet the twenty-two officers from the Sussex and the eighteen officers representing the Royal Australian Navy. Stuccos are affixed to the effect that the officers will be at various other parties on the night

of November 26, but numbers of officers have definitely accepted the committee's invitations.

MISS LORRAINE SEE, a debutante of the week, will wear a frock of duck egg green shot with silver, and silver flowers forming the shoulder strap at the Royal Sydney Golf Club dance on November 24.

NOW IS THE TIME

To Prepare Your
Christmas Puddings & Christmas Cakes

They will then be nicely matured for Christmas



Here is a
Good Tested
RECIPE

Make your
PUDDING
TO-DAY

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

6oz. flour
6oz. breadcrumbs
8oz. suet (beef)
8oz. sultanas
8oz. currants
8oz. raisins
2oz. almonds
6 eggs

6oz. brown sugar
1lb. mixed peel
1 packet spice
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Grated rind and juice
of 1 lemon
1 grated carrot

Shred suet and rub it into the flour, add breadcrumbs and fruits properly prepared and cleaned. Add spice, sugar, grated lemon rind and grated carrot. Beat eggs and pour into dry ingredients, add lemon juice, and mix well. Cook in floured cloth or greased basin for four hours. Lift out, hang in a cool place until required (will keep for six weeks). Then boil another two hours and serve hot with sauce.

Send for the New Sunshine Cookery Book
which contains many delicious recipes for Xmas Dainties

Obtainable FREE!

THE VICTORIAN DRIED FRUITS BOARD
623 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE, C.1

the postage on this coupon, if forwarded in an UNSEALED envelope, is ONE PENNY.
Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.
NAME (Mr., or Miss) _____
(Block letters)
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____
W.V. _____

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

November 24, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

33

A CHARMINGLY ARRAYED GUEST ROOM

....Will forge yet another link in the chain of friendship with those who come to stay in response to your invitation. "Welcome to my home for a holiday."

By Our Home Decorator

THINK the nicest words one could hear a guest say, on entering the room you have so thoughtfully prepared for her, would be: "Is this my room? How charming, my dear..." Those few words of praise would make me feel well repaid for my efforts to please. And I'd immediately feel myself to be the perfect hostess and my visitor the ideal guest... Wouldn't you?

FIRST and foremost, the secret of being a successful hostess is an unruffled front and a sense of "all is well with my guest."

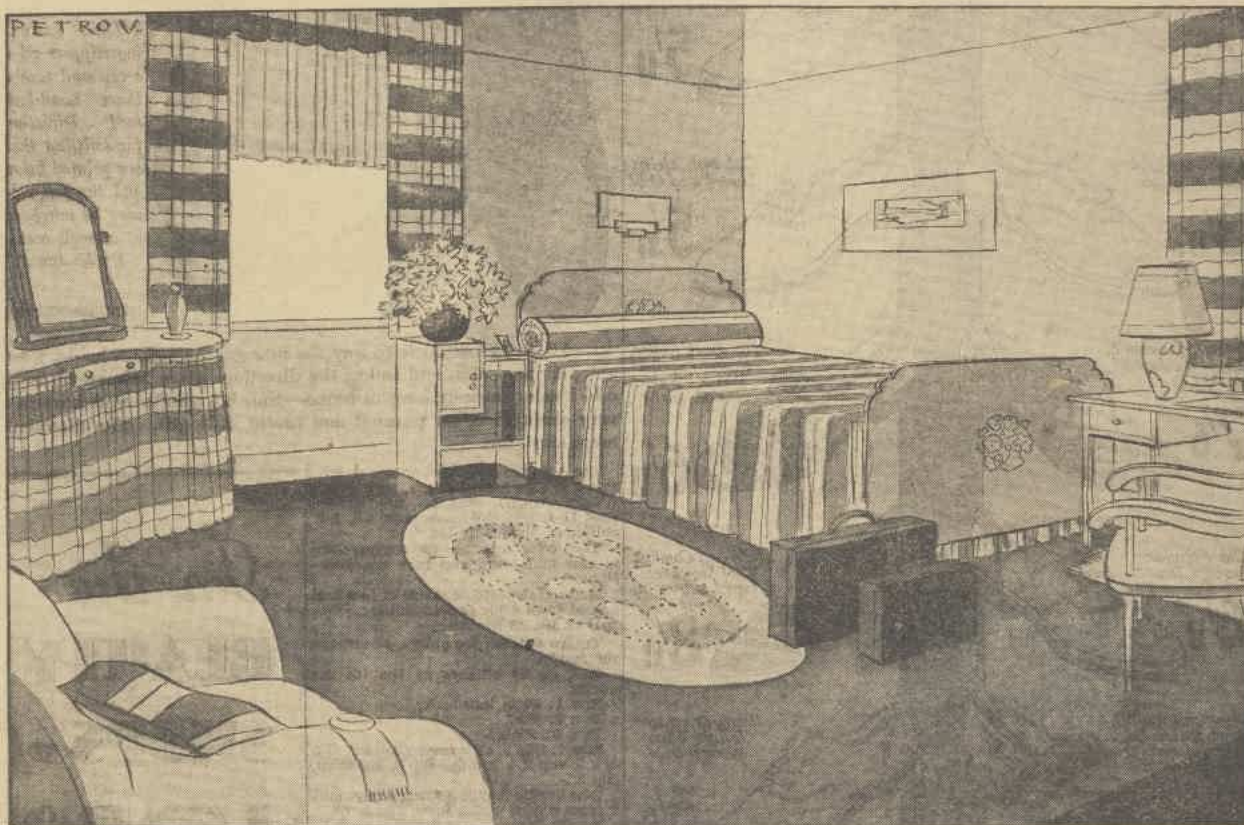
No ideal guest wants to feel that she is upsetting the routine of the home; this only makes her feel uncomfortably in the way, and before her stay with you is half over you find her invariably inventing the excuse that she really must be getting back home again, as such and such a thing has happened. So everybody is properly uncomfortable. And there is felt a strain in the link of friendship.

Now, we will suppose you have a friend to stay with you over the Christmas holidays. You will, of course, want to make the room as attractive as possible, and your guest happy, so let us glance a moment at the room illustrated above, which is full of interest and ideas.

It is not, as you will judge by the picture, an expensively-furnished room. Quite the reverse, but charming, nevertheless, in its simplicity.

You will note that the curtains, bedspread, and dressing-table drape are fashioned from the same prettily-striped material.

The shops, by the way, are carrying some glorious fabrics at prices which surprise one by their modesty. I purchased some delectable curtain materials the other day at half the price one would expect to pay for such rich tonings and



superb quality. As a result, I find my bedroom has taken on a new and refreshing lease of life. But to get back.

The dressing-table—look at it! You'd never dream it was once an old-fashioned washstand dragged from the storeroom and dressed by a simple flourish of the curtain material.

A bolster cushion, fashioned of the same material, gives a pretty finish to the bed, which, one of oak, has now been painted and decorated with floral motifs.

Thoughtful Comfort

THE bedside-table should, for comfort, be just level with the bed. This can hold a reading-lamp if there is no wall lighting fixture above the bed-head for reading purposes. This, too, should hold some magazines, books, and an ash-tray just in case your guest is a smoker.

A desk or writing-table and writing materials in the room show thought and consideration, though it is usual for the guest to provide her own in the latter instance.

Flowers, of course, decorate the room, and a comfy chair and a colorful cushion.

TRUE HOSPITALITY is revealed in the planning of the guest-room when friends come to stay. The above picture, though charming in its simplicity, is full of happy, inexpensive suggestions for the hostess who delights in entertaining.

As regards pictures: let there be few, and far between, and not personal. Colorful prints in harmony with furnishings will do.

The bed should be made with hospital-like precision. For the occasion, pastel-colored sheets could be used, as they lend a decidedly holiday feeling, which is all to the good. If you have no colored sheets in your linen-press and you do not feel disposed to go to the expense of buying them, why not select two pairs of ordinary white sheets and dye them in some pleasing pastel shade to go with the room?

For a creamy-walled room having curtains, bedspread, and dressing-table drape striped against a cream background, pale green sheets would be delightful.

A creamy-walled room with oak furnishings could have honey-yellow sheets while for a room with grey furniture and walls try powder-blue with a black and white check gingham coverlet, curtains, and flounced dressing-table.

The pillowcases can go into the same dye-bath, which should be a boiling dye to be really successful.

A Room at Short Notice

EVEN in the smallest home a guest-room can be prepared at very short notice; in fact, the unexpected "over-night" guest need not present the slightest problem.

I know a housewife who has matters so arranged that the sleeping-room of one member of the family can be changed in a jiffy to a spick-and-span guest-room.

She does it this way: a complete ready-to-use bed change, as well as a pretty dressing-table set, curtains to match bedspread, bath towels, small guest-towels, soap, talc and other odds and ends are kept in a cupboard in the room.

Thus she has at hand the makings of a fresh, clean room in the shortest possible time.

The convenience of having the bed-

changes in the same room, and having all the needful furnishing items, including an easy-chair, cushions, reading-lamp, a book or two, magazines, leads to an easy, swift change-over.

When the owner of the room moves back she can see to it that the guest articles are put back in their place, tubbed and ironed ready for the next guest!

To miss a visit with a friend just because it seems too much effort to get ready, even unexpectedly, for them, is, indeed, unnecessary.

Some General Hints

IF you are to enjoy the holiday as well as your expected guest, you will need to plan days ahead, so that as far as possible the bulk of the work is over and you will be more or less free.

Of course, you'll make arrangements to meet train, train, or boat, and immediately on her arrival make her feel very much at home.

If the weather is kind, picnics can be arranged, and meals or teas served on verandah or porch, and occasionally in the garden. She will love that.

If you discover she has a weakness for early morning tea or health-giving orange-juice, don't neglect this little service.

Don't Fuss

DON'T fuss, and don't gush.

Remember, that to be thoroughly at home she would appreciate a certain amount of privacy and freedom.

Of course, there are people who love to talk and hate to listen; people who despise the gentle art of lazing—in others; people who knit from sun-up to sun-down and confine their conversation to family troubles.

But make yourself as agreeable and as amusing as you can, and when she is going tell her how much you've really enjoyed her stay—as perhaps you have. Anyway, your reputation as a perfect hostess will gather laurels and that's surely, in worth something—E.E.G.

LEVER IDEAS

TO FRESHEN stale cake, put it into a tin with a tightly-fitting lid and place it near a fire or on top of a stove (not inside) to warm very slowly. If a large cake, or a fruit cake, is to be freshened, cut it into fairly thick slices before putting it in the tin.—"G. Paynton, 3 Garden St., Hawthorn, E.3. Vic.

WHEN TUMBLERS stick together as a result of being placed one inside the other, they should never be separated by force, for they are almost certain to break. Fill the inner glass with cold water, and place the outer one in a basin of hot water. The expansion and contraction of the glasses will make them quite easy to part.—"Edna May, Newcastle, N.S.W.

WHEN COOKING a steamed pudding in an ordinary pudding-basin, and using paper for a cover, I find that an elastic band that fits tightly around the top of the basin is most effective for holding the paper cover in position. It is much more convenient than tying it with string, and is also easier to slip off before the pudding is being served.—"Marela," Royleton, S.A.

TO REMOVE axle-grease and tar, first remove the surface tar, then place material on a pad and rub with lard or fat or with kerosene and salt. Change or turn the pad when soiled. After stain has been removed, sponge colored material with petrol or wash and boil white materials in ordinary way.—"Anne," Waverley, N.S.W.

No non-diplomats will in future be published in the "Clever Ideas" section. Readers are asked to send in full name and address.



SERVE occasional teas and even meals in the garden. Costing little in time and effort, they bring a real holiday atmosphere to your doorstep as it were. And notice the attractive cross-patch leadcloth shown here. These are available at our offices in various sizes. They are simple to work and are exquisite to the eye.

HOLIDAY footwear

Rigour Newest Macrami Sandals, with
Belt to match. Colours are White, Beige,
Black & White, Red & White, Royal & White,
Red White & Blue.

10/6

Serviceable weight
Tennis shoe for
Turf or Hard
court.

4/9

Smart Side Tie
Good Crepe sole

5/11

Light-weight
Tennis shoe

3/11

Cut-out sides
Smart and Cool

5/11

Smartly Different,
Brightly coloured
design

7/6

Our Best Seller,
Roman striped
vamp. Smart
cut-outs

6/11

The Popular
Instep Tie.

6/11

Style and Comfort
Cool Smartness
and economy

8/11

Black and White
Buck Instep Tie,
for promenade or
Summer Golf

13/11

Heavy Crepe sole
Tennis Shoe
Wedge heel

5/9

Smart Economy
A useful Holiday
shoe in
White Buck

13/11

A Quality "Bedgood"
Golf shoe. Brown
Calf upper.
Grip-foam sole

27/6

FOR THE BOY FRIEND

Light-weight
Sand Shoe

3/9

Light Soft Flexible
Comfort Sports shoe
Grey, or Light
Tan Calf

10/6

The First Real Sandal.
Sex must be worn with
these at Cronulla

7/11

The Dancer Sports
Pump in Black
and White, or
Tan and White

9/11

A Real Summer
Slipper in
Tan, or White

10/6

The Knockabout
Sandal. Soft
Tan Calf

10/6

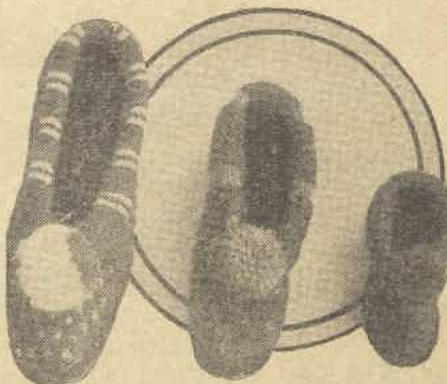
The House of Perfect Footwear
RICNEYS

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY
(2 Doors from Castlereagh St.)
ALSO EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE

Hand-Made Slippers

Knit Them and Make a Delightfully
Personal Christmas Gift

EVERYBODY just now is facing the eternal, the ever-vexing problem of finding something different to give at Christmas. And for this reason we introduce to you these very new, quite inexpensive, and utterly charming ideas — hand-made slippers, the finished effect of which is very workmanlike and competent.



THREE entrancing slippers all in a row and each of them hand-knitted! Directions for knitting them are printed below, and the felt soles may be purchased at a small cost at David Jones'.

All you must do is to buy the new guaranteed washable, wearable, slipper soles, and follow the directions given below with some odd wools you may have at home—and, hey presto! you have in a very short while an unusual and useful little gift. The directions are quite easy.

The felt soles you must, of course, buy. Prices are as follow: Men's, sizes 6 and 7, 2/3; women's, sizes 1-7, 2/-; mids, sizes 11-1, 1/6; children's, sizes 3-6, 1/3; children's, sizes 7-10, 1/4.

The color scheme we suggest here is blue and fawn, and here are directions:

Material required: 2 skeins of blue and one of fawn 4-ply double knitting. One pair of No. 12 needles.

Twelve stitches for child's, 14 stitches for adult's.

Cast on 18 stitches at the toe for adults.

Row 1: Plain into back.
Row 2: Purl.
Row 3: Plain.

Row 4: Slip 2, take fawn wool, k 2, slip 2, k 2, slip 2, k 2 fawn, slip 2, k 2 fawn, slip 2.

Row 5: Slip 2, purl 2 fawn, slip 2, purl 2 fawn, slip 2, purl 2 fawn, slip 2.

Row 6: Same as row 4.

Row 7: Same as row 5.

Row 8: K plain with blue.

Row 9: K 2, increase 1 stitch in each of the next 2 stitches within 4 stitches of each end, making 4 extra stitches on the needle.

Row 10: Purl.
Row 11: Plain.

Row 12: Slip 2 blue, k 2 fawn and continue same as row 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11, until you have increased to 42 stitches. There should be 6 colored squares from the toe and 9 across. Cast off all but 18 stitches on the needle; continue making pattern until you have sufficient to fit around the sole to the ankle, and then join.

Cast on 14 stitches and knit band required length for top of slipper.

Sew on sole with double linen thread only.

DON'T ... FORGET

"Fun and Fantasy" Bazaar, produced by the Helios and Beauty Younger Ltd at the Petersham Town Hall, November 27, in aid of a new X-ray plant for the Canterbury District Hospital.

A dance will be held at Dunsmuir Cafe, Martin Place, November 24, for the benefit of St. Margaret's Hospital.

Mr. Florence Ames will conduct an auction at the "Ele Hours of Gaiety" ball at the Petersham Town Hall, November 27, in aid of a new X-ray plant for the Canterbury District Hospital.

The Grand Festival Ball at the Sydney Town Hall, November 24, in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution, William St.

The Women's Justice Association will hold a luncheon at the Y.W.C.A., November 27, in honor of the visit of the Duke of Gloucester to Sydney.

The concert and entertainment in aid of the benefit of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society at the Kings Hall, November 27, at 7.45 p.m.

"Counselor-at-Law" by Elmer Rice, will be produced by the Independent Theatre, at the Savoy Theatre, November 24, December 1, 8, 15, and 22.

Irene Vera Young will give a recital of modern dances at the Kings Hall, November 28.

The Torch Bearer, produced by Berri Bryant, will be performed at the Savoy Theatre, November 26, in aid of the children's section of the Royal North Shore Hospital.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For the unpeopled guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste ***

SCIENCE MAKES MEN TEN YEARS YOUNGER

Twenty years ago it would have been considered a miracle to fly from England to Australia in 24 hours. Likewise, in those days it was considered a practical impossibility to cure Baldness.

Many forms of chemical concoctions were sold at exorbitant prices, but it was generally found that they were useless or only alleviated the trouble for a short time. But in later years, scientists have discovered that hair roots have die, and that by a special treatment a luxuriant growth of hair can be grown on the baldest of heads.

If your husband or any member of your family are suffering from this annoying complaint they can be made to look ten years younger by calling or writing to Thos Von Bryce, Australia's leading specialist in scientific Hair Culture. Hundreds of satisfied people prove that the Von Bryce method never fails.

THEA VON BRYCE

EXPERT SCALP SPECIALIST.
Room 5, 1st Floor, Wingello House,
Angel Place, Sydney.
Telephone B4317.

FAT.

WOMAN'S NATURAL ENEMY

The safest remedy available for Obesity is a course of

FORD'S REDUCING CAPSULES

Hundreds have benefited. See our many testimonials.

Six weeks' Treatment, 10/- or 3 months, 20/- Post free from:

NOEL P. FORD, M.P.S. (Syd. Uni.)

Chemist, 244 King St., Newtown, Tel. L1112

LUCKY FIND Hosiery—

YOU WILL FIND IT SO

Ladies' Full-Fashioned Pure Silk Hosiery, with Panel Heel. Latest Shades. All Sizes. 5/6

Pair, Post Free

Men's Half-Hose, Silk and Wool. Latest Shades. All Sizes. 2/6

P. A. AINSLEY,
11 Biltzard Ave., Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.
SPARE-TIME AGENTS APPOINTED.

In the BEAUTY SHOPS of LONDON



The Beauty Aids of Kathleen Court

Critical, fastidious women of London are acclaiming the Kathleen Court Beauty Aids as the finest obtainable for modern requirements. In the fashionable shops of Regent Street, Bond Street, Oxford Street, you will find prominently displayed such notable beautifiers as Facial Youth, Hennafoam Shampoo, Rose Petal Rouge, the Kathleen Court Face Powder, Cooltan, and the Kathleen Court Lipsticks. In the great Department Stores, not only in London, but in the Suburbs and Provinces—wherever you travel, North, South, East or West—from the great Chemist Organisations, Boots, and Lewis and Burrows (over 1000 shops), you may obtain practically any Kathleen Court Product, whether made in New York, London, Sydney or Melbourne.

An exceptionally large number of such leading English Journals as "Woman and Beauty", "Wellness", and "Modern Woman" have praised the Kathleen Court Beautifiers in no uncertain terms, while to the Kathleen Court Headquarters in Regent Street, London, come orders (hundreds every week) from all parts of the world... and grateful letters from users who report results superior to those of any other products.

Australian Beauty Aids Sold in London

While many of the Kathleen Court Beauty Products are made in America and England, a considerable number are also made in Australia. Large consignments of these were shipped to London during 1934 and sold in England, and it is believed that Kathleen Court is alone in having done this. These shipments will continue.

No Better Quality Made

It may be taken as definite that, whatever price you pay, you can get no more effective Beauty Aids than those which bear the name Kathleen Court. It is also true that, in all the world, very few cosmetics, even at the highest prices, equal the fine quality of the Kathleen Court products.

What London and New York know, Australian and New Zealand Cities

also appreciate—more Kathleen Court products are sold in Australia and New Zealand than those of any other Beauty Expert. If you want the best Instant-Action Beautifying Cream, you must use "Facial Youth"... if you want the best Lipsticks (extremely difficult articles to make perfectly), you must either use those of Kathleen Court or pay twice as much for products no better... if you want a soft, kiss-free powder, with shades that flatter your skin, the Kathleen Court face powders now being sold represent perfection. For practically every Beauty requirement there is a specialised Kathleen Court preparation. The moderate prices charged can only be justified by the enormous sales volume. This sales volume, maintained year after year, in the face of highly capitalised opposition, can mean only one thing—the Kathleen Court Beauty Aids are quite definitely better.

KATHLEEN COURT (ENGLAND) LIMITED
324-326, REGENT STREET, LONDON

Intimate Glimpses . . . of Our Two Little Princesses

Elizabeth and Margaret Rose

Practically every Australian who has visited London has seen the two little Princesses at play in the private gardens which back 145 Piccadilly, the London home of the Duke and Duchess of York.



WHERE the Princesses sleep. The walls are palest blue and white with a warm cherry-ripe red carpet; curtains are of white glazed china decorated with floral motifs in soft pink and blue. There are no pictures—only family portraits. The simple furniture is painted white.

IN fact, on any fine day of the week, one may see a crowd, women mostly, pressed against the tall railings absorbing every action of the high-spirited Princesses, who, oblivious of admiring eyes, play happily—watched over, of course, by their most famous nurse, "Nannie" Knight.

There is no shyness evident in either child. Each is perfectly natural in the presence of strangers, and there is no suggestion of priggishness. This is due

to the expert care of the Duchess, who is a perfect mother.

To bring up a daughter in the direct line of succession to the British throne is no easy task, as any mother would admit, but the Duchess has handled it on sensible, straightforward lines. Her success is apparent, for to-day Princess Elizabeth is styled "the best-loved child in the world."

Both children are dressed simply, but with the utmost good taste.

It is said that when Princess Elizabeth was a tiny babe the Duchess said: "I want my baby to be a frilly baby, and not a little gnome." And so she had her frilly frocks as did sweet Margaret Rose when she came along.

FROCKS of palest pink, blue, and primrose yellow, or carrying those lovely colors, superseded the white frocks of babyhood—made so fascinating with their shoulder tie-ups of satin ribbon.

Both are still at the sock stage, and wear the very plain strap-over shoes that the younger moderns love.

Neither is ever seen bedecked with bangles and jewels though it has been said that both wanted to cut their teeth on the pearls of their Royal grandmother!

To the eye, their brick-walled and slate-roofed home is no different from thousands of other London homes, but

PRINCESSES so fair and sweet to look upon—Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

As you can see by the picture, the furniture is simple in line, not at all luxurious, and is enamelled a washable white.

No pictures at all on the walls and only family photographs stand on the mantelpiece and cabinet. Flowers, of course, aplenty.

The New Teaset

NOW the day nursery will be the richer by the addition of teaset, which the Princesses have just acquired. You will be interested in the exclusive picture taken especially for The Australian Women's Weekly, showing the teaset which Princess Elizabeth has chosen.

Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, who obtained the picture, states that when it was known Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were to have their own teaset the competition was so keen among the china manufacturers that a ballot was taken to decide who should carry out the honored commission. Royal Crown Derby and Copeland were in the final. The decision then rested with a little girl of nine who was shown various sketches and asked which appealed to



EXCLUSIVE PICTURE for The Australian Women's Weekly—Princess Elizabeth's new teaset of Copeland china. See story.

within, it is a place of beauty. The Duchess chose all the furnishings herself—even to the simple, glazed china curtains which decorate both the day and night nurseries.

Here the children have their meals, play their games, and a pet canary whistles happily by the window.

The day nursery has walls of softest blue, while the dado, fire place, and door are painted white. A cherry-ripe red carpet on the floor gives a cosy note to the simple room, although there is a halo of tradition surrounding the furniture, which is mainly mahogany.

The full-length curtains are white glazed china with red rose pink, and soft blue motifs, as are also the chair covers.

When night-time comes, they move into the adjoining nursery, which is pictured here on this page.

The walls and floor covering are identical with the day nursery, but pink and blue chintz curtains cover the spacious windows, and wee pink and blue flower motifs decorate the washstand china.



Low Oven Electric Range.



Low Oven Electric Range with Sink.



Cabinet Model Electric Range.

"I bought my electric range on easy terms — 20 per cent. deposit and 2 years for the balance. The Electricity Department paid the cost of installation, and I get electricity at a specially reduced rate.

Actually, it costs less than a penny a person a day to cook by electricity — and you'd be surprised how quick and easy it is. You just prepare the meal and turn a switch. That's all! Every dish perfectly cooked — and NO WASTE. I'd never go back to the old expensive methods.

Why don't YOU buy an electric range the same easy way? It is only a matter of seeing your electrical dealer. He will quickly make all the arrangements for you."

ELECTRIC COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS
are being held this week at
GRACE BROS. LTD., BROADWAY, GLEBE — Continuous
ANTHONY HORDEN & SONS LTD., Brickfield Hill — Continuous
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

Cook by ELECTRICITY

Address this Coupon to The Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney, for full details of Electric Range Easy Terms Offer.

MAIL THIS COUPON

NAME
ADDRESS

W.W. 24/11/34

SHE WAS CROSS AND TOUCHY

Not Fit To Live With

Put Herself Right with Kruschen

"I am 39 years of age," a woman writes, "yet some days I have been feeling and looking 100 years old. I would get fits of exhaustion for no good reason at all. I was not fit to live with because I would be so cross and touchy. I did not seem to have any ambition to do my housework, or go out anywhere, and I was so tired all the time that I began to feel it was too much trouble to live."

"Two years ago I had sciatica all down my left side from the hip. My doctor says all this is caused through my nerves. I took Kruschen and found it helped me very much. Since I started taking it I am a different person. I am beginning to find life is worth living. My work seems a lot easier and I have a lot more energy."

—(Mrs.) M. G.



In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the cause of ill-temper is ill-health. A soured mind has its source in a soured body—the result of sluggish eliminating organs that allow waste matter to accumulate and poison the blood.

The "little daily dose" of Kruschen puts an end to all this because it restores the eliminating organs to proper activity by providing them with the daily reminder and daily aid that they require.

Cleansed and invigorated blood is sent circulating all over the system, carrying new vitality to every nerve and new vigour to every limb. You are healthier. You are happier. You begin to believe that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts it contains. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 110 different countries. In none of these countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.



Real genius of conception marks this latest creation of Bourjois, Paris. Its success in Australia is just as sensational as in Paris, London or Berlin.

Obtainable at all Stores & Chemists

BOURJOIS

Genuine

FLY-TOX

Insects are public enemies. They menace health and cause damage. Kill all insects, flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and others, quickly, with genuine Fly-Tox.

KILLS FLIES AND ALL OTHER INSECTS

New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Veins and Hemorrhoids without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up! Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive. It never fails!

Write or Call for wonderful booklet. Treatment by mail a specialty—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment—no gain from mail!

C. WINTER
53 WELLINGTON ST.,
NEW,
E.A. VICTORIA.





**be modern
AND USE THE MODERN
TOOTHPASTE Rexol**

Discard old-fashioned toothpaste! Rexol, the new formula is based on the most advanced principles of dental hygiene. Rexol gives you advantages of modern scientific research that cannot possibly be contained in old-fashioned formulas.

**Rexol
TOOTHPASTE**

PREPARED BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

**Clyde
BATHS, BASINS
& SINKS**

**Clyde
WHITE
ENAMEL**
stays white

**Clyde
COLOURED
ENAMEL**
does not
fade

Dolls, Dolls, Dolls

FOR XMAS ONLY
Mother Doll, in fast, pretty colors, unbreakable, about 27 inches high, intended to be stuffed (save postage), and her five children, every one a different kind of doll.
The whole six dolls for 5/6, post free.
ANGLO-AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 22 Pitt Street, Box 1161 III, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

**When
Somebody's
growing old
in your House!**

Time slows up the ability to digest ordinary food and brings for elderly folk the best of all special foods, Benger's, because it can be assimilated with ease and comfort. It is fully nourishing and very delicious. A cupful of Benger's Food between meals and last thing at night enables thousands to enjoy a vigorous and happy old age. Recipes for many dainty dishes will be found in Benger's Booklet, post free — Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George St., Sydney. Please in City & Suburbs: No. 1 size 3/- No. 2 size 5/6



Vegetables for Children

**An Expert Gives
Some
Valuable Advice**

WHERE oranges are expensive or not easily obtainable, tomatoes may be substituted and given even to the tiny baby without any harmful effects. The usual amount given is one teaspoonful diluted with the same quantity of water.

This provides vitamin C, which helps lay down the calcium in the bones and teeth which are forming, and keeps the child well; it also adds some additional minerals to the diet. This amount is gradually increased until one tablespoonful of the juice is given, diluted with water at three months, and two tablespoonfuls are given undiluted with water by the fifth or sixth month. At one year the baby needs three or four tablespoonfuls of tomato or orange juice, and at two years one half-cupful of juice.

At three months for the bottle fed and four months for the breast fed baby, a vegetable broth of one or more vegetables is given; in the beginning, a teaspoonful of vegetable water or broth from spinach, carrots, or string beans. Give finely strained pulp of these vegetables at four or five months to the bottle fed and at six months to the breast fed baby. Give one-half teaspoonful and increase gradually to one tablespoonful by the seventh month and two tablespoonfuls by the eighth month. Since spinach is the most valuable, give it three times a week. Cook vegetables in little or no water, and season only with a little salt. They may be mixed with a little milk.

The child's reaction to each new food should be carefully watched and only one new food should be started at a time. The child may appear to dislike the new food, but if he spits it out or

**A New Lease of Life
. . . . Can Be Given
Shabby Evening Shoes**

If your evening shoes of gold or silver kid are showing signs of wear and tear, buy a tin of gold or aluminium paint and renovate them at home. They will look as good as new. Stir the paint well, and use a perfectly clean brush. Apply the paint



DON'T DISCARD your shabby evening shoes—they can be rejuvenated!

quickly and evenly to avoid brush marks. Give the shoes plenty of time to dry, and then polish them gently all over with a soft, clean duster. This final brush will remove any coloring matter on the surface and save evening stockings from getting marked.

turns his head away the mother should realise that this is merely a normal reaction to anything new and strange. Often the baby objects to the feel of the new texture on his tongue more than to the flavor. Perseverance and calmness are two essentials in getting a child to accept necessary new foods as a matter of course.

The kinds and quantities of vegetables are very gradually increased until at one year he is given two tablespoonfuls each of two vegetables besides potatoes. The vegetables which he may have are peas, green beans, tomatoes, celery, beets, carrots, spinach and asparagus. Potatoes are better liked, but less valuable than some other vegetables, so are best not given until the taste for other vegetables is well established at one year.

When potato is given it should be baked. All of the vegetables must be tender, properly cooked and strained of seeds, fibres that are too coarse, and of lumps. After the baby is a year and a half old, the vegetables need not be strained, but should be finely minced. Corn, cooked cabbage or onions (by themselves) should never be given to children under five years of age. A little finely chopped raw cabbage may be made into a sandwich at two years. Grated carrot may also be used this way. Vegetables, such as green beans cooked with fat or fat meat, are not fit foods for young children.



THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY.—A shapeless lump of clay thrown on to a quickly spinning wheel, a few deft movements of his hands, and the potter produces, in a few minutes, a fascinating bowl or vase. You can see this interesting demonstration now, of a real Australian industry, in Grace Bros' China and Pottery Department.

**EVENING
GARDEN
FACE POWDER**



2/6

AND GARDEN OF LILAC

Imex

INTRODUCING



SUPER EARLY MORN SOAP is a finer soap that gives richer and more lasting suds. It loosens stubborn dirt and grease quickly, without hard rubbing.

As good for your sheerest hosiery as it is for woollens. It contains no free alkali. Analyst's tests prove it to be 100% pure soap made of the finest coconut oil and highest grade tallow, the purest ingredients money can buy.

Use the extra help of these super suds on your next wash. They save time and rubbing and ARE WONDERFULLY GOOD FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO.

Your grocer will supply you



5 LARGE TABLETS TO THE BAR

Product of Australian Soaps Ltd.

**A Serviceable Turkish
BATH TOWEL**

A serviceable Turkish Bath Towel, 22 x 44 is yours in exchange for 8 Large Early Morn Soap wrappers. Start saving wrappers to-day. Send for Bonus Catalogue of a hundred and one useful articles, to Australian Soaps Ltd., Beaconsfield St., Alexandria.

Listen to "Threads of Tradition" on 2GB
Sundays 6.45 p.m., and Tuesdays 9 p.m.
and to Richard Tauber Session on 2UW, every Wed. at 9.45 p.m.





Mrs. M. A. Challenger

LUCKY

Change of Mind
Leads to
**£1000
WIN!**

MRS. M. A. Challenger, of 28 Parramatta Road, Strathfield, collected £1000 on Friday when she shared the FIRST PRIZE of £5000 won by Lucky Fred.

This is how it happened:— Mrs. Challenger had a few shares previously from Lucky Fred, and thought her luck was never going to change.

"I was nearly going to give up," said Mrs. Challenger, "but I thought it would be unwise to leave Lucky Fred, because I had tried with him for some time. It was just this thought that made me send for another share."

"I was ironing on Friday morning. I had tuned in the wireless to listen to the results of the Lottery drawing from Station 2UP. You can hardly imagine my joy and wonderful surprise when I heard the announcer say, 'The 25th Lottery, First Prize, ticket number Double Four One Double Three.'"

"I looked at my share from Lucky Fred to confirm the good news. It was true! I came straight into town, and received my cheque for £1000. Now my troubles are over."

Wishing won't help YOU—action WILL! If you have had a share from Lucky Fred before, send for another one quickly. He always wins TWO THIRTY THOUSANDS close to each other, therefore he expects to win another First Prize very soon.

1/10 to-day may mean £1000 in the Bank next week. While you feel lucky, get a pair of scissors, clip out this advertisement, and send for a share to-morrow! Simply attach a Postal Note for 1/6, and a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address (this is important), and by return mail Lucky Fred will send you your share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.

Four others besides Mrs. Challenger won £1000 each last Friday. Some of them had one special offer FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/6. This is a great idea. Send for one share or four shares, quickly, because "Now's the time to follow Fred." You know the address: LUCKY FRED, "N.W.," Box 20087, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

CARPET WEAVING



THESE two young women in their colorful native costumes are weaving an exotic Eastern rug. Infinite patience is required, as a rug this size takes from three to four months to complete, each tuft of wool being tied and cut by hand. It is fascinating to watch the design taking shape under their flying fingers, and many people are enjoying their demonstration, which is given daily in Grace Bros' Oriental Rug Department.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

"There's Many a Slip—"

SOME years ago, when Lord Lannington was Governor of Queensland, he was visiting one of our country towns for the purpose of opening a new bridge. When the mayor made a speech to welcome His Excellency he said, "We are very glad to have the Governor with us here to-day, but sorry he did not bring the Governor's wife with him."—J.B.

Curious Birds They Were

SOME months ago, my sister and I were being driven over a very rough track near Lawlers, W.A. This part is infested by emus. These huge birds are always attracted by bright objects, and apparently the shiny material of the car did this, for in a very short time we were surrounded by about 200 birds. Though they are usually very timid, they followed us until we were travelling at about 40 miles an hour and then made off into the mulga, their curiosity satisfied.—E.H.

Neighborly Reciprocity

A FRIEND of mine received notice to grub his block of land, so he decided to visit the block the following Saturday. It was very hot. He worked hard and, during the afternoon, a kind neighbor gave him a cup of tea, which he appreciated very much. The next Saturday he went out to finish the job. He was just about to commence when the kind neighbor popped his head over the fence. "Thanks for grubbing my block of land last week," he had cleared the wrong block.—D.B.

A Wise Old Bird

ON my cousin's farm in Tasmania they have a pet parrot, who used to get up on the house roof every morning to watch the cows coming into the milking yard. One morning everyone slept in. Undismayed, the parrot called the dogs and sent them after the cows. The dogs did not doubt the voice for one moment.

When my cousin came outside he found the cows already in the cowyard. After that the parrot was left to round up the cows every morning, and my cousin had a quarter of an hour longer in bed.—M.M.

Dog Answered to Signal

WHEN walking to my train every morning, I pass a certain house at 8 o'clock, just when a neighboring gas works whistle blows. Immediately there comes an answering, ready whistle from this house. One morning I discovered who the mimic was. Going past the house I saw an old black dog standing outside.

As usual, the whistle blew just then. The old dog lifted up his head and gave a ready reply, continuing for about a minute after the whistle had stopped.

Why not take advantage of our convenient LAY-BY SERVICE? Select Handbags now at special prices . . . for personal use . . . for gifts . . .

Centenary Savings
Great Opportunity!

CLEARANCE...

2,000
HANDBAGS



7/11



6/11

Toyo Open-top Handbag with chromium clip, inner frame and mirror. In neat check designs—black/white, red/white, blue/white, brown/white and all white. Usually at 7/11. Special Price 6/11

6/11



5/11

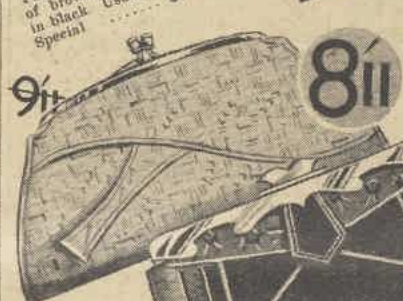
Smart Underarm Handbag in neat check design. Fully fitted. In shades of brown or navy, also in black. Usually 10/11. Special Price 9/11

9/11

White Washing Handbag finished with smart chromium mount. Fitted centre purse and mirror. Usually 8/11. Special Price 5/11

10/11

9/11



8/11

Open-top Morocco Handbag—chromium mount, trimmed fancy Morocco. Silk lined inner frame and mirror. Black or brown. Usually at 12/11. Special Price 10/11

10/11

12/11

Open-top Handbag in Fancy Leather, fitted with purse and mirror. In black or brown. Usually at 15/11. Special Price 12/11

15/11

12/11

HORDERN BROTHERS

Drink it daily..

..it's the perfect
Food
Beverage



MADE IN AUSTRALIA
Copyright 1933

For young and old there is no finer food than Nestlé's Malted Milk—it acts as a wonderful tonic to the whole system. In Nestlé's Malted Milk you get a perfect product, the result of years of intensive research and world-wide experience.

Drink a glass of Nestlé's Malted Milk every day. It is obtainable at all progressive chemists and stores, and dispensed by the leading milk bars.

AMAZING OFFER

A 1lb. tin of Nestlé's Malted Milk and a handy household mixer for 4/3. Order yours from your chemist or grocer to-day.

NESTLÉ'S
The Perfect
MALTED MILK



When you feel bilious—wake up every morning with a heavy head, experience discomfort after eating, broken sleep, lack of energy and want of tone, it is not hard to determine what is wrong. Suspect your liver! Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels will usually be upset also. You need the four-fold medicine BEECHAM'S PILLS.

They tone the STOMACH, stimulate LIVER and KIDNEYS, regulate BOWELS, and quickly get your whole system working smoothly again. Soon a dancing smile takes the place of frowns, eyes are bright, complexion is clear, vivacity instead of weariness tells the world you are FIT WITHIN.

TAKE Beecham's PILLS
for HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, LIVERISHNESS, STOMACH PAINS, FLATULENCE.

CREATED by a chemist, a new idea in face creams is now available. Applied each night, Pott's Cream gradually absorbs the harsh patchy outer skin and exposes the soft, youthful one underneath. Harmless and beautifying. Obtainable only from A. Lord, Chemist, Cabarita. Send 2/6 P.N., large jar will be posted anywhere.



if you use **FOUNTAIN BAKING POWDER**



Headaches!

Nyal Esterin Relieves Promptly

At the first sign of a headache take one or two NYAL ESTERIN tablets. Relief is rapid and certain. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative which acts directly on the nerve centres, quickly soothing all pain. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the relief of nerve pain of all kinds. Nyal Esterin gives prompt relief in cases of headache, neuralgia, rheumatic pain, etc., and it is not habit-forming. Women particularly should never be without this means of obtaining speedy relief from pain.

NYAL ESTERIN is sold and recommended by your chemist in tins of 24 tablets for 1/3.

NYAL ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 411E, Globe St., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING, Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

ONE of the normal results of expectant motherhood is the need for extra sleep. Both exercise and plenty of fresh air induce sleep, and the mother-to-be should make sure that she is not neglecting either of these essentials.

LIGHT gardening work is an excellent occupation because it keeps one out of doors in the sunshine and fresh air. Meals should be taken in the open when possible. Place a table under a tree in the garden and carry your lunch out there. The little extra effort will be well rewarded.

Every expectant mother should spend at least two hours daily out of doors, but more is advisable. Not only does this fresh air habit improve one's appetite, it induces deep, restful sleep, and aids the body in its work of digesting food and eliminating waste products. One cannot have too much fresh air; but in the summer one can have too much sun.

The amount of sun which can be allowed to play directly on one's body with benefit will vary with the individual. Be careful to shade the eyes and the back of the neck by a large-rimmed hat.

To safeguard the skin before sunbathing, rub olive oil into it thoroughly. Never continue to sit in the sun if you feel a headache coming on, or if you feel very tired. In this case, lie down in an airy, but well-darkened room for half an hour or so, relaxing as completely as possible, and talking to no one. Of course, the windows of one's home should be wide open, day and night.

On the days when storms are raging, dress yourself suitably and go for a walk on the verandah, or put on a rainproof coat and "rubbers" and face the elements. The coming baby receives oxygen from the mother's blood. The mother should therefore make an effort to go out in the fresh air every day (an hour is better than not at all), so that her baby may receive the life-giving element of the air, of which he requires a great deal.

Build Up Your Health

DURING pregnancy aim to build up your health. Do not regard yourself in any way as an invalid. Housework will not hurt you, so long as it does not interfere with your daily outdoor exercise. Those who can afford to should engage someone to do the heavy scrubbing and cleaning.

Never be a slave to your home. It is far more necessary for you to have rest and outings than that the home be spotlessly clean. Some women never finish an eternal round of cleaning and dusting. This is not praiseworthy. It is sheer bad management, and is particularly harmful during pregnancy.

Not long ago someone wrote to me as follows: "I am an expectant mother and every afternoon I long for a rest. The people I live with think this absurd, and are always urging me to go out playing cards with them. At the end of the day I am simply dragging one foot after the other. Should I try to keep up with the life I led beforehand, as I do not want to be a nuisance to my friends, or do you think it would be better for myself and baby if I were to rest for an hour or so in the afternoon?"

Of course, this mother-to-be was advised to think of herself and her coming baby above all things.

An afternoon rest is most essential during pregnancy. Additional rest should be taken during the day at the time when the monthly period would normally have taken place. Many miscarriages take place at this time because the mother does not realise the necessity to "go slow" for a few days.

Half an hour's rest should be taken after each meal, and whenever you feel tired. Always rest with the feet up, as resting with the legs and feet dangling is not complete resting.

A Good Maxim

SIR TRUBY KING says, "Not only are the mother's nerves soothed during rest and sleep, but the building of her coming baby goes on best during these hours of peace and quiet. Nerves which are properly refreshed by sleep have no craving for drugs or stimulants." A good maxim for the expectant mother to keep in mind is, "Never allow yourself to become over-tired."

It is best for the expectant mother to have a single bed and a bedroom to herself. If this is not possible, a single bed should be provided, as then the warmed and poisonous air surrounding another human being and impregnated by bed-clothing will not come in contact with her body nor be taken into the lungs.

Nine or ten hours' sleep at night is not too much at this time, with an additional hour or so in the afternoon. The expectant mother should not try to

fight off sleep, because her bodily organs have a great deal more work to do and need extra hours of rest in which to recuperate. Late nights should be prohibited. Only on rare occasions should the expectant mother be out of bed at 10 p.m.

Should there be difficulty in sleeping, do not resort to drugs. Avail yourself of the free tonic of good fresh air, and try taking a little warm milk and water or some mild non-stimulating beverage before retiring. A warm bath may help. If there is any backache, rub the back with methylated spirit.

CARLISTA MINERAL SPRING SALTS



Containing the active principles of the famous European Mineral Springs, which are visited by thousands every year, CARLISTA MINERAL SPRING SALTS give wonderful results in the treatment of:-

Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis, Uric Acid, Indigestion, Flatulence, Acidity, Sallowiness, Bad Skin, Eczema, Boils, Pimples, Obesity, etc.

Take CARLISTA MINERAL SPRING SALTS regularly and preserve your health and vigour.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES - AND FROM WASHINGTON H. SOUL, PATTERSON & CO LTD

From the Heart of a Rose -

Exquisite perfume from the fragrant hearts of heavily-scented roses makes the use of Morny "June Roses" Face Powder sheer delight, and, with "June Roses" Perfume, completes a toilette of subtle perfection. You can also obtain Morny Face Powder in the latest exquisite perfume, "Pink Lilac," in "Tentation," "Gardenia," and other Morny perfumes.

Morny
Regent Street
London

From All Retailers of High Class Toilet Products.

Made by the Famous British House of Morny.

PAULINE'S A GREAT SCOUT



PLAYS A MAN'S GAME OF GOLF



DOES HER OWN CAR REPAIRS



LOOKS AFTER HER HORSES



AND GIVES YOU A HEARTY, NOT-TOO-CLEAN HANDSHAKE, I SUPPOSE?



WRONG, OLD BOY! SOLVOL CARES FOR THOSE LOVELY HANDS.



SOMEBODY'S USING SOLVOL every minute of the day. . . outdoor girls, office girls, housewives with a hundred grimy jobs, that are part of the daily routine. Men look to SOLVOL, too, to clean up in a few minutes after getting their hands in a mess cleaning the car, gardening, or doing any other odd jobs around the house.

23.60.19

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

A VALUABLE TREATMENT THAT ENDS SWELLING AND PAIN

HAVE you never realised how much healthier and happier you would be if only your feet were easy and free from the aches, swelling and pain caused by constant standing and walking, tight shoes or chafing.

Housewives, domestic workers and shop assistants especially should take the following simple precaution each night, and they will soon know real foot comfort.

After bathing the feet in warm water, rub Zam-Buk in over the soles and between the toes. Zam-Buk soaks through the skin and reaches the seat of the trouble in the underlying tissues. Pain and swelling are quickly relieved, hard growths and skin are softened by Zam-Buk, and the joints, toes and feet are soon made easy and comfortable. Start rubbing Zam-Buk in to-night!

Don't forget to use Zam-Buk to relieve INSECT BITES and prevent SUNBURN. A daily dressing keeps the skin in a healthy condition throughout Summer. Your own chemist sells Zam-Buk at 1/6 per box or 3/6 for family size.



2GB HIGHLIGHTS

TRAGIC CROWN PRINCE

WE must confess that Rudolf of Austria is not our idea of a gay young lover. Even after his marriage to a Belgian Princess he had numerous liaisons, so that the good citizens of Vienna complained that their daughters weren't safe. Then he fell in love with a young girl, whom he managed to entice away to a hunting lodge for the week-end. The servants found the two of them with their brains blown out. No mention of the girl was made in the papers, except for an obituary stating that she died of pneumonia in Venice. The Crown Prince's death was supposed to be the result of accident or an assassin's bullet. Scandal said that he had discovered that the girl was his half-sister, but the truth, if there is any such thing, appears to be that he was involved in political as well as amorous intrigue, and had ended a nasty business, in the only way his poor brain could devise.—"Rudolf of Austria," a George Edwards production, Wednesday, at 9.30 p.m.

Particulars of the special Australian Women's Weekly Sessions on 2GB will be found on page 18.

IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE

IN one of Charles Kingsley's earlier books, *Alton Locke*, the hero, complains that there is nothing left for a writer to write about. Romance is dead. But the young man's friend will not



hear of it. He takes him for a tour of London, shows him the poverty and bravery and tragedy of contemporary life, and tells him to go home and write about that. That undoubtedly was Kingsley's own creed, but Time, in its ironic fashion, has seen to it that Kingsley is remembered to-day as the author of one gloriously romantic novel, "Westward Ho!" and a satire on society, "The Water Babies," which, with all its satire deleted, has become a favorite fairy-tale for children. His tales of contemporary life are almost forgotten. On each night of the week except Sunday, at 8.15 p.m., George Edwards and his players are presenting a serial version of "Westward Ho!" The adaptation is being done by Maurice Frawley.

RECENTLY it was said in this page that time had not been long enough to allow for the development of Australian legends. But that is not entirely true. Our predecessor, the black man, had, unknown to most people, a striking and beautiful mythology as any dark race on earth, which may pass into the currency of our own race. 2GB is introducing a section for the children in which will be related the stories of the aborigines. Nurunderi, the story-

HAVE WE A MYTHOLOGY?

YOU can't listen to a radio programme without having some opinion on it. You can't read this page without either liking it or thinking that it could be better. 2GB wants your ideas of both its programmes on its page. Each week 2GB will give five shillings for the best letter. Be honest with us, but remember your letter will be judged according to the constructiveness of its criticism. If it's a bouquet we're waiting to receive it, if it's a brickbat, well, we can hardly say no, provided you aim it well. The winning letters will be printed in 2GB Highlights column. Send your letter—150 to 200 words—to Publicity Editor, 2GB.

5/- For a Letter

YOU can't listen to a radio programme without having some opinion on it. You can't read this page without either liking it or thinking that it could be better. 2GB wants your ideas of both its programmes on its page. Each week 2GB will give five shillings for the best letter. Be honest with us, but remember your letter will be judged according to the constructiveness of its criticism. If it's a bouquet we're waiting to receive it, if it's a brickbat, well, we can hardly say no, provided you aim it well. The winning letters will be printed in 2GB Highlights column. Send your letter—150 to 200 words—to Publicity Editor, 2GB.

teller, we understand is supposed to be descended from the Nurunderi of aboriginal legend, who created the men and animals and plants of Australia, apportioned tribal boundaries, and gave it laws. When his work was done he ascended to Heaven from Lake Victoria. There is certainly a splendid idea behind this session. The Stories of Nurunderi, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 8.45 p.m.

HIS FEET OF CLAY

THE name Harriet Beecher Stowe suggests to most people "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the liberation of the negro slaves in America. But she has another claim to note. In the later years of her life she visited England and met Lady Byron. Lady Byron, like not a few women who have married great men, could never see what was so great about Byron, and, besides, she had rather bitter tales to tell of the shameful things he had done to her, and what a sad he really was. England had already forgotten these old scandals, but with her Puritan indignation aroused, Mrs. Stowe thought it time to start another war—on Lady Byron's behalf this time. Her book, "Lady Byron Vindicated," from what we hear, was almost as successful as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and for all we know more interesting. Mrs. M. K. McKay, "Harriet Beecher Stowe," Tuesday, November 27, at 12.15 p.m.

Please turn to Page 40

A little psychology . . . to get their teeth CLEANER



YOU can make your children brush their teeth because they must . . . or you can let them brush their teeth because they like to.

And you know that the latter method is the most effective . . . for a little plain psychology works better than all the "musts" of forced obedience.

That's why Colgate's is such a help . . . its delicious Peppermint Foam makes children like to brush their teeth.

And how fortunate that this best-tasting toothpaste is also the best-cleaning. Colgate's removes all seven kinds of stains that discolour teeth. Because it has two cleaning actions . . . not one.

Some stains yield best to emul-

sive action. Colgate's active foam loosens these stains . . . washes them away.

Other stains yield best to scrubbing action. Colgate's has this, too. It rubs and polishes stains away . . . safely, without scratching enamel.

Get Colgate's . . . notice how the children like to use it. And Colgate's contains no ingredients that may upset the delicate little stomach.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth . . . have children use Colgate's toothpaste twice a day. Take them to see the dentist regularly.

Send for FREE Sample of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Ltd., Box 2701 C. G.P.O. Sydney.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

1. Mucus and other proteins
2. Curdled and other mucous foods
3. Tobacco smoke
4. Sweet
5. Vegetarian
6. Fruit
7. Bacteria

Colgate's removes all seven



1/3 A LARGE TUBE

11,204 ALSO IN POWDER FORM, 1/6 A BOTTLE.

Mothers—read this doctor's opinion!



A well-known Melbourne doctor recently said "I have some very nice things to say about Roboleine. It is the finest preparation I have come across. I had a case recently of an infant who was declining rapidly and they tried everything at the clinic without avail. All I did was to cut down his feed and put him on Roboleine. He picked up almost immediately and has never looked back since. I shall be delighted to recommend Roboleine wherever possible."

What more convincing proof could there be, that there is nothing like Roboleine? And this is only one of many testimonials given by doctors and hospital staffs everywhere during the last 25 years. Roboleine contains no drugs. It consists solely of concentrated nourishment combined in a special way, rich in vitamins A, B, C and D so that it is immediately absorbed by the weakened system and rapidly transformed into good red blood and healthy tissue.

If you have a child who is not thriving, try Roboleine. Many mothers have blessed the day when this wonderful tonic food first came into their home.

Household size, 4/6; family size, (three times the quantity), 12/-.

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

COUPON

Muir & Neil Ltd., Box 1532 E. G.P.O., Sydney. I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.

Name _____
Address _____
W.W. 18.

Another Royal Attraction
ATTRACTIVE IMPORTED LIPSTICKS—
Two "PERMANENT" LIPSTICKS—
MAVIS and DJER-KISS
(DEAR-KISS)
Four attractive shades
Flame-Orange, Light, Medium, THEATRICAL
Reduced Price now 1/6 each
ON SALE EVERYWHERE or by POST FREE DELIVERY from
Society Dept. Regal Chemical Products
Victoria Arcade, SYDNEY

Always in season
—Bisto for all
meat dishes

NESTLÉ'S extend their FREE GIFT OFFER

owing to its tremendous popularity
Here's another opportunity to obtain FREE SHEETS, GLASS CLOTHS, SILK STOCKINGS, BATH TOWELS AND HANDKERCHIEFS

Save 16 ASSORTED LABELS of the four Nestlé's products illustrated, or specified below (16 Gold Medal Milk labels must be included) and obtain a PURE LINEN GLASS CLOTH, or COLOURED BATH TOWEL.
Save 22 ASSORTED LABELS of the four Nestlé's products illustrated (16 Gold Medal Milk labels must be included) and obtain a TABLECLOTH, coloured border or a COLOURED BATH TOWEL, or a box of Ladies' or Gentlemen's HANDKERCHIEFS.
Save 28 ASSORTED LABELS of the four Nestlé's products illustrated (24 Gold Medal Milk labels must be included) and obtain a TABLECLOTH, or a pair of SILK STOCKINGS, or a SHEET, 54" x 90".
When you have saved the necessary number of labels post or bring them to Nestlé's "Gift Department," enclosing the coupon at the foot of this advertisement. Write the following information on the coupon. Your name and address (clearly written), a list of the labels enclosed, the gift you desire (please state colour and size of stockings). Do not enclose a letter in parcel.
NOTE: Make certain to put the correct postage on the parcel, and carefully check your labels before mailing.



GOLD MEDAL MILK
Every label around a Gold Medal Full-Cream Milk tin counts one. Outside wrapper do not count.



NESTLÉ'S MILK
Every label around a Nestlé's Full-Cream Milk tin counts one towards your gift.



NESTLÉ'S CREAM
One box label counts as one and TWO 4oz. labels count as one.



"IDEAL" MILK
One large (12oz.) label counts one, and TWO small (6oz.) labels count one.

GOLD MEDAL MILK

NESTLÉ'S MILK, "IDEAL" MILK, NESTLÉ'S CREAM

Closing Date Dec. 31st, 1934
Copyright 1934.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LABELS

"Gift Dept.", Nestlé's, 17 Foveaux Street, Sydney.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
LABELS ENCLOSED _____
GIFT REQUIRED _____

W.W. 24/11/34

SAT. NOV. 24th is the LAST DAY!

GRACE BROS. SHOPPING CARNIVAL

Only 24 more days in which to visit Grace Bros.' Shopping Carnival, for this great event finishes on Saturday next at 12.30 p.m.

No matter how often you have visited the Carnival to date, come again for the last days! Hundreds of "Last Days" Specials throughout the Store! Many Half Price and Less! Wonderful Demonstrations and Displays in all Departments! Competitions galore! Come early and spend the day at Grace Bros.' Great Shopping Carnival.

Special
carnival
offer



IN WOOL DE CHINE.

19/11 USUALLY 11-9-11

Probably the lowest price ever for a Wool de Chine Coat of such quality! And note the smart up-to-the-minute style. Well cut on the latest lines, and available in Black, Navy, Fawn, Brown, Red, Green, Grey, and Lemon. Sizes B.S.W., S.W., M., and O.S. Special Price 49/11 (NO PHONE OR MAIL ORDERS) (Chest Showroom—2nd Floor, Grace Bldg. Building)

Our Store will be
CLOSED TO-MORROW
Thursday, 22nd
OPEN FRIDAY
Nine Till Nine.

GRACE BROS. Ltd. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

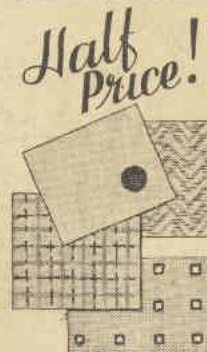


Half
Price!

CAMBRICS! 27 in. PRINTED CAMBRIC

A special quality, neat printed designs in colourings of Red, Apple Green, Pink, Sky, Sage, Helio., Vieux Rose, and Navy Fast colours.

USUALLY 7 1/2 D 3 1/2 D



Half
Price!

BEST QUALITY IRISH COSTUME LINENS

Special weights in 36in. Novelty Costume Linens. Popular String coloured grounds with neat woven spots, checks and chevron effects.

54" 74" 94" 2 1/2 3 1/2 4 1/2



Usually 2 1/2

WINDSWEEP CREPE

A soft, dull finish weave, available in all wanted tones, including Black, Navy, Nigger, Royal, Sage, Red, Orange, Reseda, Lido, Duck Egg, Beige and Ivory 36in. wide.

USUALLY 24 1/2 1 1/2 1/2 D



Half
Price

36 inch PRINTED FLAT CREPE

Special purchase direct from France of Printed Flat Crepe. New season's designs in Black, Navy, Sage, Wine, Brown, Green, Powder, Red, Bottle, etc. A superior quality.

USUALLY 5 1/2 2 1/2 1/2 D



THIS DESIGN for a tennis frock won first prize in a competition which was entered by over 6000 in the nation-wide Young American Designers' Fashion Contest for college girls. The dress of white, cotton pique has a sun-tan back with crossed straps. Short tailored coat, close-fitting at the waist and finished with red and white buttons. Red and white dotted scarf and buttons. The wearer of the dress is a Chatswood girl who made this replica of the prize-winning design for an exhibition of the "Christian Science Monitor" just concluded at the Sydney Town Hall.

—Women's Weekly Photo.

2GB Highlights

Continued from Page 39

SHOULD WOMAN CONDUCT

THE question, perhaps, should be—Can a woman conduct?—and the answer is "yes." If you doubt it, there's Edith Lorand and her Viennese Orchestra to prove that conducting can be done so expertly by a woman that no one ever stops to think whether it's a woman or a man conducting. At least, we never do. Edith Lorand uses the older method of conducting; that is she plays the violin and when she's not playing she uses the bow as baton. Edith Lorand and her Orchestra, Tuesday, November 27, at 6.30 p.m.

NEW WOMAN OF RUSSIA

IN Russia, should anyone call soliciting subscriptions for a Government loan and the wife answer the door, she does not say, "Wait a moment, I'll go and call hubby." She debates the matter out for herself, and if she is impressed, invests her own money, and then tells the agent have a talk with her husband to see what he intends doing. It's hard to imagine the average Australian woman doing anything like that, and it does show the effect of economic independence on character and initiative. Professor Roberts will have, we understand, some interesting things to say about the "new man and the new woman" of Soviet Russia in the two concluding talks of his series on the Russian Revolution—"The Quest for a New Human Being." Sunday, November 25, at 7.40 p.m.

HOW THINGS BEGIN!

RETURNING home in a bus from his office, Ray Noble heard a girl say to her boy friend "Good-night, sweet-heart." He was struck by what a fine title it would make for a song, and in two days words and music were complete, and it became one of the biggest dance hits of the season. Ray Noble is one of the few English dance band conductors whose records sell in the United States, and in therefore a "star" in a country which he has never visited. Ray Noble and his Orchestra, Wednesday, November 28, at 6.30 p.m.

COOKING GREENS

Green vegetables, like cabbage for instance, when cooking often smell unpleasantly. You may, however, prevent this by tying a piece of bread up in a square of muslin, and putting it into the water while the vegetables are cooking.



Save
Your

SUNSPRAY

labels and obtain these
FREE GIFTS
Bath Towels, Pillow Slips,
Glass Cloths, Tablecloths,
Handkerchiefs

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

Save 10 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or two 5lb. labels and obtain a pure linen Glass Cloth or Pillow Slip (unwrapped and).
Save 20 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or four 5lb. labels and obtain a coloured Bath Towel or a Tablecloth with coloured border.
Save 30 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or six 5lb. labels and obtain a Box of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs or a Tablecloth 54 in. x 54 in. with coloured border.
When you have saved the necessary number of labels, post or bring them to the Sunspray "Gift Department," enclosing the coupon below. Fill in the coupon clearly and completely. Do not enclose a letter with your parcel.
NOTE—Make certain to put the correct postage on the parcel, and carefully check your labels before mailing.

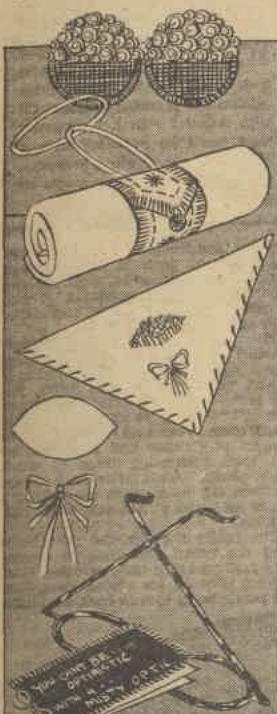
MAIL THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LABELS

"Sunspray Gift Dept." 17 Foreman Street, Sydney.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
LABELS ENCLOSED _____
GIFT REQUIRED _____
Copyright 1934. W.W. 24/11/34

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Instead of a Christmas Card . . .



These trifles may be quickly made.

A tiny inexpensive gift made by the giver is more intimate and much more appreciated . . . than the prettiest Christmas card one can find!

These trifles illustrated here may be made in a few minutes. Any one of them can be slipped into an envelope with ease and posted.

A PRETTY dress buckle is made by buttonholing round two curtain rings. The middle of each ring is then completely filled in with darning on which the flowers are worked in French knots. You could make a pretty hat clip in the same way, using only one curtain ring. A small safety-pin is fixed to the back to fasten the clip to a hat, but for a belt buckle join with a hook and eye.

Linen Serviette Ring

THE napkin-ring is only a small strip of tailor's canvas measuring 2 x 7 inches. Over this is tacked a piece of bright linen covering the canvas both sides. The edges are turned neatly inside, and the whole buttonholed round and stitched up the middle. Any quickly-worked stitches may be used, or the linen can be embroidered with a little

transfer. Finish with a buttonhole loop and button covered with linen and stitched to match the ring.

Posy Kerchief

THE posy handkerchief can be made from any square of linen or lawn. This is whipped round with colored silk. To work the posy, trace the oval diagram given here in one corner, tack a scrap of lace round the bottom curve, and fill in the oval with bright-colored French knots. Catch the edge of the lace down with daisy-stitch leaves, and work the stems green and the bow in pale-blue or pink.

Polisher for Glasses

A 7 x 2-INCH strip of cloth embroidered with a few suitable words and lined with a piece of chamois, makes the spectacle-polisher. Buttonhole the cloth and chamois together, and stitch in the form of a book.

Needle Case

A PRETTY needle-book can be made on the same lines, using flannel in the place of chamois, and adding a leaf of flannel inside.

A Note Block Stitched with a Wise Old Owl Will Make a Fascinating Present

With the wisdom of the ages in his two round eyes, this owl will be a huge success this Christmas. Full directions how to make the little gift—how to make the cover for the block, how to transfer the owl to the middle of the cover, and how to embroider it on—are given here.

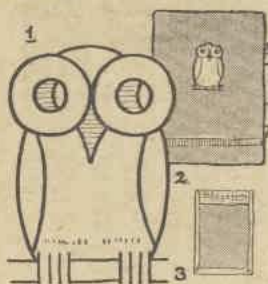
THE owl is the easiest thing to embroider for the cover of a notebook or note block (see fig. 2). The block can be one of those cheap ones, measuring 3 inches by 5 inches, and costing 1d. or 2d. The back is of a firm cardboard, so that a cover can be made to adhere. Then an elastic band and a small pencil, a scrap of linen or holland, embroidery cotton and sticking paste, put together with a little time and patience, and any woman will find the scribbling block an acceptable gift.

First make a tracing of the owl on to thin tissue paper. Transfer it on to the material by means of carbon paper. Lacking the carbon paper, tack the paper on to the stuff and embroider right through the paper, tearing it away when the stitching is complete.

A scrap of black silk with the owl worked in white with yellow eyes is very smart. On holland material, the owl can be in brown. Do the eyes and beak in satin stitches, and all the rest in any simple outline stitch.

The making up of the owl block is important:

Have a piece of card the width of the block, but half an inch shorter. Place the cover over this by pasting the edges only and leaving a margin of stuff unpasted at the top. (See fig. 3.) Then paste a piece of clean, white paper



DIAGRAMS show you the owl which you must transfer to the block, process of being covered, and the note block completed.

over the back of this cover to tidy it. Place it in position on the block; fold the loose stuff over the top of the block and paste it firmly along the top and back.

Paste a scrap of ribbon or piece of stuff doubled to hold the pencil. See that the ends of this go right across the back card to ensure a firm grip. Paste clean paper over the back of the block to tidy it. Put all under a weight until the paste is quite dry.

"PERFECT" WAVE SETTERS and END CURLERS

FROM ALL STORES AND LEADING HAIRDRESSERS
FREE GIFTS COMPETITION

1st Prize: Spalding Tennis Racket and Balls valued at £4/10/-.
2nd Prize: Dressing Table Set valued at £2/10/-.
3rd Prize: Manicure Set Valued at £1/1/-.
4th Prize: 3 Tickets in N.S.W. State Lottery.
5th Prize: 2 Tickets in N.S.W. State Lottery.
10 Consolation Prizes of 1 Ticket each in N.S.W. State Lotteries.

RESULTS of this Competition will be advertised in The Australian Women's Weekly on 15/12/34.

Liberty
THEATRE
232 PITT STREET
MIDWAY BETWEEN MARKET & PARK ST.

DAILY AT
10.45 a.m. 2.15 p.m. 8 p.m.
(not continuous)
Box Plans for 6 Days in Advance on View at Theatre.
Phone: MA6068.
**EVERY MAN — EVERY WOMAN
MUST SEE THIS GREAT DRAMA!**

The Girl you loved is Only Yesterday
MARGARET SULLIVAN
"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"
with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

Wherever you find a brave man, you will usually find a brave woman beside him! This "little man," striving manfully to cope with the bitter realities of existence, experienced that comfort men feel in a woman's arms . . . and found in her love the courage to conquer!

KING'S HALL
HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY
ON MONDAY NIGHT AT 8.30, NOVEMBER 26
MISS IRENE VERA YOUNG
(Australia's leading exponent of the German Dance) and her
Motion Choir in a Recital of Modern Dance
Admission 5/-, 3/-, 2/-, plus tax. All seats may be reserved at Nicholson's, George St. Tel. MA6021.

LAUGH AT PAIN

PRESTO
HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS
At All Chemists and Stores
MAGIC PAIN RELIEF

Amazing instant relief from Headaches, Neuritis and nervous disorders is given by "Presto". Take a "Presto" Powder or Tablet at the first signs of the attack and repeat every three or four hours, if necessary. You can take "Presto" with absolute safety—it contains no drugs.

PRESTO
HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS
At All Chemists and Stores
MAGIC PAIN RELIEF

EXAMINATION SUCCESS INDIVIDUAL TUITION

In many cases boys and girls fail to develop their full power at school because they do not experience spontaneous pleasure in their work. Consequently, their examination preparation suffers.

Readiness in study is possible only when they have immediate access to their teachers. Under the M.C.C. "Individual" method of instruction every student has direct contact with his tutor throughout the day.

A COLLEGE OF SPECIALISTS!

METROPOLITAN COACHING COLLEGE

Headmaster: D. J. SHEARMAN, B.A., D.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Syd. Univ.)

6 Dalley Street, Sydney.

MONSTER PACKET XMAS NOVELS, Ballrooms, Games, Books, Caps, etc. 1/6 post free.

ELLIS, 15 PALMERSTON ST. VAUGHAN, SYDNEY.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. W. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street.)

FREE TO YOU!

Sensational purchase of entire will output of the famous "Red Line" double dent silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 5/- a pair. We offer to you three pairs for 2/- post free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a pair of finest quality "Dreamers" Cutting-out Shoes. These are made from finest Mirror Finished Hosiery. Good and bright in full 8 inches. Don't miss this opportunity, and mention "The Women's Weekly". Address only:

The Salvage Stores

(Regd.)

88 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

Prizes will be awarded to successful entrants in this competition by the order in which the correct entries are opened. The judge's decision will be final. Competition closes at 4 p.m., December 4.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

It is ACKNOWLEDGED THAT the "PERFECT" WAVE SETTERS and END CURLERS ARE BEST because they make . . .

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING HAIRDRESSERS.

AS USED BY LEADING

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT
DRINKS whenever you need them with
P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 8oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—

Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.



Open Your Garden Gates Wide to Native Flora!

... And With Austral Bluebells, Golden-hued Buttercups, Flannel Flowers, and the Like, Have a Corner of Wild Beauty. . . . Says the OLD GARDENER.

AUSTRALIA'S loveliest beauties are lurking in the soft petals of the flannel flower, the clustering trumpets of the Austral bluebell, the sunshine of the wild buttercup. What more fitting in Australia, therefore, than to banish from just one corner all usurping garden blooms, and welcome back expatriated flora?

IT is strange, Miss, that lovers of a beautiful garden do not grow more of our wild flowers. Australia, indeed, can produce some of the finest and most beautiful flowers in the world. And yet very few of the hundreds of gardens that I have visited grow our own native flora.

The seed of most native flowers can be bought at leading seed merchants throughout Australia. Well-established plants also are on sale. I have seen them priced from sixpence up to two shillings. If one were purchased each week, by the end of one year you could have fifty-two without noticing the outlay—and what a glorious collection one could have! What a surprise to come on to a plot of the natural beauty of Australia!

Small gardens, as well as the larger ones, can have their native plot and, of course, raising them from seed would be cheaper and give a large assortment of varieties.

A friend said to me some time ago: "Admittedly a native section in the garden sounds interesting, but it takes so much more trouble to raise native flora." This, of course, is not the case. You

Lobelia for...

Window Ledges

WHY not, before it is too late, place a small trough or two on each of your window ledges which catches the morning sun, and fill with lobelia? In a few weeks' time you'll be rewarded with a rich display of exquisite, deep blue, which will last for a couple of months.

swaying blue trumpets. . . . I have seen the flower an inch in diameter, with dark green, wiry stalks scattered over hills, and through paddocks, growing in masses in some cases and dotted here and there in others.

The Austral bluebell (*Wahlenbergia gracilis*) is not a frail plant, but grows into a matlike tuft about six inches in height, very vigorous, with strong, yellow roots. A strong plant in midsummer will bear a great number of blooms, which seem to open up all at once. The months of October and November are the most interesting times to watch these plants. Stalk after stalk springs up from the plant, each one holding a flower bud which in a very short time unfolds.

The hotter the day, the more beautiful the color; and then, at evening they fold up again until morning. This process goes on for several days, then the petals begin to turn back, seed boxes

"Beauty IS NOT FOR THE
STARS ALONE" says ANNE DVORAK

"For the screen, attractive, smooth, soft skin is a necessity, and, of course, it is to any woman, if she wishes to keep the allure of Youth. I am devoted to Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps my skin in the very best condition—satin-smooth."

Ann Dvorak

Starring in Warner Bros.
production

"Friends of Mr. Sweeney."



Artistic studies of your favourite film
stars wrapped around every tablet of

LUX

supercreamed

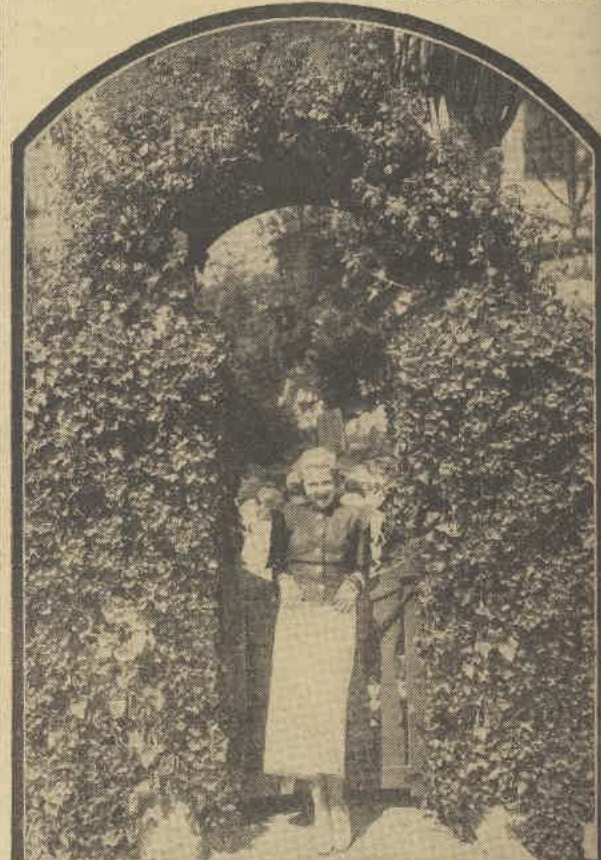
TOILET SOAP

THE OFFICIAL SOAP
IN HOLLYWOOD
STUDIOS



A Lever Product

6,100,15



THE ROSES round the arch and the clinging ivy cut sharply to form square-topped pillars make a most attractive frame for this entrance gate. And note the quaint lantern swinging from the archway. Probably the smiling-faced girl prompts the thought, but don't you think there is an air of friendly welcome surrounding the entrance to this home?

can grow them just as easily as any other flower.

Easy Method of Raising

PUT natural leaf mould into a seed box or pan, cover lightly with well-decayed manure (rubbed through a fine sieve), soak well with a very fine rose on the watering can, and you can rely on getting at least 75 per cent. germination.

When large enough, prick into small pots or even old jam tins with plenty of holes made in the bottom. Place a little rubble or cinders for drainage. Let them remain in them until large enough for transplanting to their permanent position. This is the correct and easy method of raising all of our native flora from seed.

When transplanting, have the soil as natural as possible—that is, leaf mould or virgin soil. The soil taken from around the base of old trees, stumps, etc., is ideal.

Bluebells and Buttercups

NOW for these bluebells! They are certainly summer flowers, yet I have seen them in midwinter, a mass of

form, the petals dry and fall, the seed pod ripens and suddenly bursts, throwing the light seed in all directions. The seed is light brown and pointed. I have often seen around the parent plant dozens of young plants, springing up from the self-sown seed.

So now let me see later on a bed of bluebells and, believe me, you will find them fascinating and interesting.

Grow the seed as I have explained for all native plants, and you will be successful. Add to your plot, also, the wild buttercup. It, too, is an attractive flower. They are very easily grown, and can be divided up each year as well as raising from seed.

Beds and Borders

MAKE your bed of bluebells and have a border of buttercups. Add a bed of flannel flowers, scented boronia, native rose, Christmas bush, waratah, and, over that rock, some hardenbergia.

And there are many more varieties I could mention. All can be grown from seed and, as I said before, any of Australia's leading seed merchants can supply them.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Learn to Smile —and Leave the Frowns Behind

And Day by Day You'll
Grow More Attractive!

KNOW as well as you do that life is made up of all sorts of drab daily duties, disappointments, and what not, which are not conducive to gay spirits, but I can safely say that if, despite everything, you will only make a habit of smiling, life will magically become ever so much brighter and you will grow ever so much prettier.

LAUGHING eyes, smiling faces, how much more they attract everybody, and how much prettier they look. Frowning, sulky, discontented, or worried faces never did, and never will attract anybody. So smile and be beautiful.

And, by the bye, when I say smile, I do not mean "grin." Smiles and grins are poles apart, yet so many girls do not realise the difference.

There is nothing lovely behind a grin. It is so meaningless, so rapid—the heart is not in it.

Now sulkiness (bad temper, worry, and discontent, to wit) is like a disease. Unless checked, it is likely to develop and become more difficult to eradicate as the years pass.

Each and every one of these is responsible for more nose to mouth lines, and other ageing lines, than the average person gives credit for.

Therefore, get a grip on yourself—make up your mind not to sulk, fret, or fume on the slightest provocation—on any provocation whatsoever.

I know, as you know, that it is hard to smile in the face of adversity, that it is difficult to smile when your plans go awry; more difficult still to smile when the very heart within you feels dead. But, say to yourself, "Well, even though

things look pretty black, they could be worse. Perhaps to-morrow or the next day—soon, at any rate—everything will be well. So why should I worry and fret so—make myself old and unattractive?"

Then lift up the corners of your mouth and face the world with a smile.

Remember: a smile, to quote Shakespeare, is "twice blessed; it bleaseth him that gives and him that takes"—in other words, it does good to the one who smiles and to the one who beholds that smile.

Smile Early—and Late

NOW, what about taking up smiling as an early-morning exercise for a change—or adding this perfectly genuine, simple exercise to your daily dozen? Believe it or not, it will work wonders.

All you have to do is this: When you wake up in the morning, instead of allowing yourself to think that life is futile, jump out of bed and stretch, and stretch, until the cramped feeling has left your body, then walk over to your mirror, and smile!

At first you won't mean it a bit. It will be rather a bore to smile when you'd much rather be asleep; rather difficult when perhaps some grudge against someone still persists in your mind, or when things are not going just as they should be. But the mere fact of

By EVELYN

lifting your facial muscles into a smile will do magical things to your outlook, to your face.

The sight of your cheerful reflection will make the day seem more promising; make you feel your grudge was based more on the weakness of others, and self pity, which eats into the heart like a canker, and makes its mark on your face with tell-tale results.

Shafts of Sunshine

THIS smile on your face will send a little shaft of sunshine running right down to your heart, and it will well right up again and overflow on your face in all its real beauty. It will add a hundred per cent to your appearance, and, most likely, cheer others, too.

Again, when you come home at night, greet your mirror again with a smile, and always try to smile when you close your eyes in readiness for deep, revivifying sleep.

SMILING faces, how much more they attract us than frowning, discontented, sulky, or worried faces. Learn to smile more often—banish frowns—and you will, day by day, grow prettier and attract more people to you. In short, smile your way to success!

The mere lifting of the corners of your mouth will make your dreams happier and your sleep more refreshing.

In time, I am sure, you will have learned to go about your duties with a lighter heart, and face a world more ready to smile with you.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Sitting in a crowded concert-hall recently with hundreds of people sitting very quietly around me, I was captured by the thought of the wonderful and intricate function of breathing. Will you tell me, in simple terms, something about the breathing apparatus?

EVERY time we breathe we take in oxygen and eliminate carbon dioxide. Oxygen is, of course, absolutely essential to life, while carbon dioxide must be eliminated else the individual dies.

The marvellous machinery by which this is accomplished consists of the lungs, the larynx, trachea, and the bronchi leading to the lungs.

The larynx is at the back of the mouth at the base of the tongue. It runs downwards towards the chest in the upper and front part of the neck.

Behind the larynx lies the pharynx

the tube which leads to the oesophagus and into the stomach. Sometimes food passes into the larynx instead of into the pharynx. This produces coughing an attempt to expel the food which, if it got down into the trachea, might cause choking or other serious damage. Under such circumstances it is often said that the food "went down the wrong way."

The larynx leads to the trachea, which is about four and a half inches in length. It is often spoken of as the "windpipe."

Lower down, in the upper part of the chest cavity, the trachea divides into two tubes, or bronchi, one running to each lung.

After entering the right or left lung respectively, each bronchus divides up into a large number of smaller and smaller branches. These are known as



BY A DOCTOR

the bronchial tubes. Inflammation of these is the familiar bronchitis.

THE lungs themselves are divided into parts, or lobes. The right lung is larger than the left, and has three lobes. The left lung has two lobes.

Both the right and the left lung are enclosed in a sac called the pleura. The pleura is a double sac, one layer of which adheres to the walls of the chest and diaphragm—the muscular division between the chest and the abdominal cavity—while the other layer of the pleura covers the lung itself.

When we breathe the two layers of the pleura, which are moist, rub against each other and so prevent friction of the lungs, which might be harmful.

The lungs themselves are hollow, sponge-like organs. They consist of the bronchial tubes, numerous blood vessels, nerves, etc., all bound together with the so-called "connective tissue."

WHENEVER we take in air the muscles between the ribs elevate the ribs. This increases the size of the chest from front to back, as well as sideways, and hence the air can enter the lungs which, accordingly, expand. An opposite process takes place during expiration.

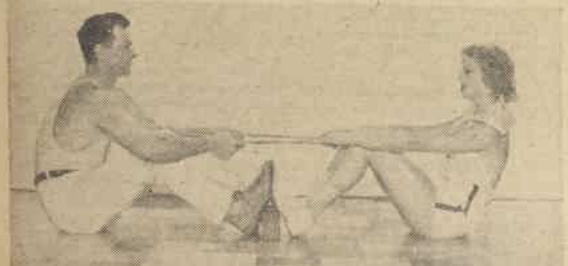
We breathe about eighteen times a minute, but wide variations exist. When we take in air the lungs are not filled to capacity, nor are they completely emptied when we breathe out.

The average amount of air breathed in by an adult male is about thirty cubic inches.

No matter what the temperature of the external air may be, the expired air is nearly as warm as the blood, namely about 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit.

HOST: HOLBROOK says: I have tried Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



IDA LUPINO, Paramount player, and **Jim Davies**, Paramount masseur, illustrate the newest exercise that is excellent for weight reduction. First they brace themselves with their feet against a book or brick, and grasp a two-foot piece of rope between them. First Miss Lupino falls to the floor, tugging Mr. Davies towards her, then he tugs backward, drawing her up to a sitting position, as he lets himself down to the floor. It is then Miss Lupino's turn to tug Mr. Davies up to a sitting position, as she falls backward.

If You Value Your Appearance... Use the Dearborn Renewal Aids!

Do not spoil yourself by using the wrong make-up. Prepared for the special use of Australian Womanhood, Dearborn have just released on the Australian Market a new up-to-date Series of Correct Colorings for every type. A Special Chart, given below, shows the combination best suited to your complexion, and by using the Beauty Aids specified therein, your appearance will be improved in such a manner that your friends will not be able to detect that the wonderful improvement is due to anything but a natural improvement. This new Series is stocked by Leading Departmental Stores and Chemists.

If you have any difficulty in buying them, please write to Dept. S.W., Dearborn (Aust.), Ltd., 24 Jamieson Street, Sydney.

A descriptive beauty book will be forwarded to you containing valuable information, free, on the Care of the Skin, Hair, Obesity with Weight, Exercise, and Diet Chart.

If you send 6d. in stamps a neat handbag compact of Mercollized Wax and a sample of Face Powder will be included.

DEARBORN MAKE-UP CHART FOR ALL TYPES

	Foundation Cream	Powder	Dry - Rouge	Lip Stick	Eye Shadow	Browns and Lashes	Mouth Rouge
Brigitte (Day use)	Mercollized Wax	Berry-Agar (Rachelle or Dearborn Rachelle Light)	Strawberry	Bruna	Bruna	Bruna	Bruna
Brigitte (Night use)	Mercollized Wax	Berry-Agar Cream	Bruna	Vermil	Blue	Black	Bruna
Auburn (Day use)	Mercollized Wax	Berry-Agar (Rachelle or Dearborn Rachelle Light)	Cinnamon	Projectum	Bruna	Bruna	Bruna
Auburn (Night use)	Mercollized Wax	Berry-Agar Cream	Cinnamon	Vermil	Olive Green	Brown	Bruna
"In between" Types (Day)	Mercollized Wax	Dearborn Peach	Strawberry	Vermil	Blue	Brown	Vermil
"In between" Types (Night)	Mercollized Wax	Dearborn Rachelle (Light)	Vermil	Vermil	Blue	Black	Vermil
Ash Blonde (Day use)	Alaette	Berry-Agar (Rachelle or Dearborn Rachelle Light)	Macassar or Vermil	Mandarin or Tange	Dark Blue	Black	Vermil
Ash Blonde (Night use)	Alaette	Dearborn (Rachelle or Dearborn Rachelle Light)	Macassar or Vermil	Mandarin or Tange	Blue	Brown	Vermil
Platinum Blonde (Day use)	Mercollized Wax	Dearborn (Rachelle or Dearborn Rachelle Light)	Macassar or Vermil	Macassar or Tange	Blue	Black	Tange
Platinum Blonde (Night use)	Mercollized Wax	Dearborn (Rachelle or Dearborn Rachelle Light)	Macassar or Vermil	Macassar or Tange	Blue	Brown	Tange

Sold by chemists and storekeepers, in the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/9.

DANCING Through LIFE

Continued from Page 44

SHE dragged herself down to the theatre next night, having eaten nothing all day. If only she could have had a temperature and reported herself ill—but she was perfectly normal. Besides, one couldn't let down the show like that whatever one was suffering from. One went on dancing and smiling and sparkling behind the footlights whatever happened. And to-night something made her dance her very best, in spite of her misery. She wouldn't let Rae see or guess anything; she'd rather fall down dead on the stage than let that happen!

He found her more graceful and feather-weight than ever, with brilliant eyes and softly flushed cheeks when she came dancing out of the chorus line towards him. She had had her hair newly washed and waved, and it shone pale tawny gold against her cheeks and flew out like a halo when she whirled round in his arms.

"Jeanette," he said in a low voice, "I want to talk to you about something—about someone. Come and have supper with me to-night and hear about her."

Jeanette shook back the silky waves and laughed up at him gaily.

"I'm so sorry, but I'm booked up

again. I'm never lucky over your invitations, am I?"

"No," he said abruptly. "You don't seem to be." And that was all.

"I don't care," Jeanette thought wildly as she made a quick change for the next scene. "I couldn't stand that—to go out with him and hear him pouring out his heart about—Tessa! He doesn't seem to think that I'm human."

She raced down to the stage, rather late, and behind the scenes ran into Tessa and Rae just coming off from their scene. They didn't see her for a moment and Tessa was speaking in a low, excited voice:

"Half-past eleven the day after to-morrow at St. Jude's . . . and you've got the ring and everything? It's wonderful, Rae!"

Their footsteps faded away and Jeanette crept on slowly towards the stage. So Rae and Tessa were going to get married to-morrow . . . then there wasn't anything left in life for her now . . .

But there was! There was her work—her dancing, her stage career! She loved it, she believed in it! That was what she had left home for, to make a success of herself, not to crumple up into a miserable heap of heartbreak. There was all the future of work and success ahead of her—she would give her whole heart and soul to it now. She wouldn't be silly like this ever again. But her career—how could she push it on further? How could she get beyond being a chorus girl and an understudy who was never called upon to do her job? If only Tessa would fall out of the performance, just once, to give her a chance of going on and showing what she could do! It wasn't much to ask—just one performance. She would dance as she had never danced before. They should see her glow and radiate life and sing like a bird, and they would know that in her was star material. If only she had the chance!

But Tessa never missed a performance, never gave her understudy a chance. Tessa had everything in life, even Rae—surely she could spare one

evening of triumph to someone else? Jeanette's lips set in a firm line. She wouldn't be defeated again by anybody; she would have her chance to make what she could of it . . .

AT eight o'clock next night the manager at the Vanity had a frantic telephone call from Tessa's flat. Tessa spoke in an urgent voice.

"I can't possibly go on to-night, I've had a wire from my sister at Brighton . . . she's ill and I'm wanted at once. I can just catch the evening express . . . What? . . . I've got an understudy, haven't I? She can go on . . ."

She rang off, leaving the manager hot and confused. After that bells rang furiously, call boys rushed about the theatre. Mr. Dallas mopped his brow and the chorus dressing-room door was hammered on violently.

"Miss Lewis wanted, please—urgently!"

A very calm and cool Jeanette, wrapped in a green kimono, came downstairs to the gasping Mr. Dallas.

"Miss Lewis—you've got to go on for Miss Morelle—she can't come to-night. Can you do it all right? Hurry! Curtain goes up in less than twenty minutes. Where's Mowbray?"

"I'll be ready," Jeanette said calmly, and went to Tessa's dressing-room to change.

The costumes were laid out on the couch, the make-up table was ready. Tessa's dresser was waiting to help her. Jeanette moved and spoke as serenely as though she were really a star going on for her two-hundredth performance. She wouldn't let herself think ahead—think of anything. She was going as leading lady . . . this was her chance.

She was hooked into the blue and silver Venetian dress in which Tessa first appeared. The little curled white wig, the three-cornered hat, the tiny lace veil, the beauty patch at the corner of her red mouth . . . The first warning bell rang.

"Miss Lewis, please!"

"Good luck, my dear!" the dresser said kindly, as Jeanette ran out of the door and down the narrow stairs. Rae was standing at the bottom and he turned to meet her with a smile and outstretched hands.

"Fine! You look gorgeous and you're going to be gorgeous."

"Am I all right? Do you think—I can manage it?" Jeanette whispered, quite forgetting that she was hurt and miserable about him.

"Of course! You're going to be a riot! On we go!"

And on they went to a burst of music and a rattle of applause. Jeanette kept her eyes determinedly away from that sea of dark, shadowy faces beyond the footlights. She mustn't think of them; or feel them; she must concentrate on singing, dancing, acting. The curtain of the first scene fell to a roar of applause that made Jeanette feel as though icy water were being poured down her back.

Applause for her! And Rae's hand pressing hers warmly and his voice saying:

"My dear, you're lovely—and you're going to get lovelier all the time!"

And then—the tragedy happened. Waiting in the wings for her second scene cut, Jeanette stepped backwards, put her heel on the edge of a little step, lost her balance and sat down heavily, trying to save herself. One ankle cracked under her, doubled over, and for a moment she felt sick and dizzy as hurried hands helped her up.

"What is it? What's happened? It's her cue in a second. Get some brandy . . ."

"I'm all right," Jeanette said, setting her teeth. "Don't bother, it was just ricked for a second."

She stood up on the ankle and wriggled it. The pain was red hot, but her eyes were smiling and she nodded for them to give the signal to the orchestra for her entrance that had been held up for a moment. It wasn't a real sprain, only a bad twist—but heavens, how it hurt! But this was her chance, and if her ankle was broken she wasn't going to miss it. Dance she would, though it felt as though someone were hacking at her ankle with a blunt saw.

The hours of the play stretched themselves out into a ghastly eternity. Every second had to be got through by sheer will-power that mustn't show. One had to smile, look lovely and gay and winsome, flutter about like a butterfly . . . and somehow she did it, though at times everything was just a haze of pain. Yet at the end of each of her dance and song solos, there were thunders of applause; she was going over well, making the best of her chance. Perhaps it was because the part she played had a dash of wistfulness and pathos in it, and that wasn't difficult to express with this ghastly pain.

It didn't take Rae long to notice that something was wrong, though no one else did. They had just taken the bow for the first scene, when he whispered to her:

Please turn to Page 48

HOT BOTTLE says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinages. I call it Hot-Bottle. Pure Malt Vinages.***

CERTAIN - TO - SELL SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid \$7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:
"Nocturne," printed by "Smith's" recently, brought me between \$1 and \$2.
"I have had nine stories published since I started your course."
"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."
"I received note for my stories while studying with you that I paid in fees."
"I received \$6/2/8 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal.'"
"The Bulletin" headlined my story "Justice." I received \$4/12/6 for it."
"I have just received a cheque for \$6/12/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story 'Old change.'"
"I received \$3 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships.'"

STOTT'S CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

100 Russell St. Meib., 70 Pitt St., Sydney; 230 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 49 Flinders St., Adelaide; 359 Murray St., Perth.

You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course. Send Coupon for Free Literary Prospectus.

NAME
ADDRESS
A.W.W. 1334



ITCHING

REXONA gives instant relief

Summer brings all kinds of wretched irritations—heat rashes, heat spots, insect bites. Every one of them loses its stinging itchiness immediately you apply Rexona Ointment. Rexona's healing and soothing properties remove all sign of redness or swelling, too.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Chafing, abrasions, ulcers, skin blemishes, dandruff, rashes, piles, eczema, all skin complaints.



Rexona

the rapid healer

OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Help Kidneys

- If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the new discovery, Vincent's (Blue-Box).
- Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.



TIRED NERVES

QUIET your nerves and get safe relief from all nerve pains with Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Avoid Imitations.

12 for 1/6; 24 for 2/6

All Chemists and Stores or Direct from Vincent Chemical Co., Sydney.

Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Leading Shoe Stores ARE NOW SHOWING THESE New SPORT SHOE STYLES



TRIUMPH
Brown trimmings. Heavy crepe sole, wedge heel. Also in all white. Men's



GILLIE
White or brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only.



TENNIS
Sponge heel lift. Black or brown trim. Men's.



VOLLEY
White or brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's.



MARATHON
Black tough-tread sole, flat heel. Men's only.

Dunlop

SPORT & SAND SHOES

PRODUCT OF DUNLOP PERDRIAU

A LOVELY SKIN RADIATES TRUE BEAUTY



Let these creams
give you the youthful
skin men admire

The skin loveliness you have always longed for will become a reality when you start using Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This cream penetrates the deepest pores, removes dirt, grime, and all traces of old make-up, and restores the skin to the freshness of youth. Just as indispensable for your complexion as Vivatone, the exhilarating skin freshener, and Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream, the ideal foundation for your make-up.

Daggett & Ramsdell

Obtainable at all chemists
and leading stores at
REDUCED PRICES
Large tube 1/-, Jar 2/6 and 4/-

TO-DAY In Every City on THE GLOBE



Some are enjoying perfect health—others are in hospitals fighting for life. Millions start off in the morning feeling fit and bright but without the slightest warning there comes an attack of pain in the form of Headaches, Neuralgia, Nerviness, etc. Cold and 'Flu' infection is as sudden as an accident. For these ailments the popular world-wide medicine is 'ASPRO'. Its success is due to relief results that are quickly proved, and the fact that 'ASPRO' is safe, because it does not harm the heart or have any injurious after-effects. Always use 'ASPRO' according to the directions to relieve Pain and Headaches, Colds, 'Flu' and Rheumatism.

'ASPRO'

IS ALWAYS SAFE PROTECTION

ASTHMA SUFFERER GETS RELIEF & SLEEP

Willoughby Road,
Willoughby, N.S.W.

Sirs,

Twelve years ago I was so bad with ASTHMA that I was given only six months to live. I wasn't prepared to give up, and at last tried 'ASPRO'. I got relief very soon, and eventually felt so well that I was able to leave off the medicine. Now, when I get any return of the trouble or feel at all "wheezy," I take 'ASPRO', and always secure relief and sleep. The difference it has made to me as a sufferer is wonderful.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) GEO. KING.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE—

60 Torrens Road,
Yatala, S.A., 25/8/33.

Sirs,

I have used 'ASPRO' Tablets for years for HEADACHES and NERVE PAINS from which I have been a severe sufferer. 'ASPRO' is also used in our home for Colds, 'Flu', aches and pains. It is the only medicine that gives definite relief without after-effects. I asked my Doctor if 'ASPRO' would effect the heart, and he assured me that 'ASPRO' will not harm the heart or have any after-effects. 'ASPRO' is in constant use in our home.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. H. E. SELICK.

BEST RECIPES

Christmas festivities are invariably accompanied by a diligent search for new recipes to vary the holiday menu.

OLD favorites, too, are brought to life and once more pressed into service for the family. So now is the time to enter your tried and trusty recipes for our cooking competition.

Every week a cash prize of £1, six consolation prizes of 2/6, and six of 1/- are awarded for the best recipes entered.

This week's awards are as follow:

APRICOT CARAMEL PUDDING

Quarter of a cup margarine, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 cup apricot juice.

For Caramel: 1 cup margarine, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup almonds, pinch salt, 1 cup dried apricots, 3 cups water. Soak apricots in water overnight and drain. Cream margarine and sugar; add egg and beat until frothy. Add flour, baking powder, salt, and ginger, sifted together. Stir in apricot juice and beat one minute. Make the caramel by melting margarine in an old saucepan, add sugar and stir until melted. Remove from fire. Place a blanched almond in the hollow of each apricot.

Turn caramel into a baking dish, place apricots with round sides up on caramel, pour over the batter, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Turn out while hot and serve with whipped cream.

First Prize of £1 to D. Bell, 74 Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford, W9, Vic.

PRUNE BARS

One cup dried prunes, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped nuts, powdered sugar or chocolate frosting.

Wash prunes and soak for 2 or 3 hours, cut in small pieces. Beat yolks of eggs, add sugar. Beat whites until stiff, and add alternately with flour. Add nuts and prunes and bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven, about 30 minutes. Remove from pan, cut into bars 1 inch by 3 inches, and roll in powdered sugar or frost with chocolate frosting. Will make 30 bars.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. D. McLean, Ruchburn, Kunat, via Lake Boga, N.S.W.

YEAST GINGERBREAD

One pound flour, 1oz. yeast, 1lb. brown sugar, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1lb. lard, 1 gill milk, 3 tablespoons treacle, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda.

First warm milk in pan. Mix a few drops of milk with yeast in a cup, and set aside. To the remainder of milk in pan add lard. Dissolve and add treacle and stir. Then add yeast to pan. Put other ingredients into a basin, add mixture from pan, and stir well.

The mixture will be very wet at first, but keep on stirring until flour absorbs all moisture. Grease a loaf-pan or a baking-pan and put in mixture. Bake in a cool oven for about 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Ginn, Torrens Rd., Kilkenny, S.A.

PLUM PUDDING

Four cups white breadcrumbs, 1 breakfast cup self-raising flour, 6 eggs, 1½ cups sugar, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. currants, 1 teaspoon spice, 1lb. mixed peel, 1 nutmeg (grated), juice and rind of 2 oranges, 1lb. almonds, 1 gill rum, 2 tablespoons caramel, 1 teaspoon salt.

Beat butter and sugar to cream, add eggs (well beaten), then breadcrumbs and sifted flour. Then add fruit and other ingredients, adding lastly orange juice and rum. Put into a buttered mould with three layers of buttered paper at bottom of mould, and steam for six hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Twomey, Bartley St., Wickham Terrace, Brisbane.

CHRISTMAS MINCEMEAT

Half a pound each of currants, sugar, sultanas, stoned raisins, dry beef suet, 1lb. lemon, citron and orange candied peel (mixed), 3oz. lean ham, 1lb. apples, 2oz. Jordan almonds, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 1lb. preserved cherries, juice of 1 lemon and 2 oranges, 1 gill port wine and best brandy mixed, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 5 drops almond essence.

Chop up suet, peel almonds, apples, and ham very fine, cut up cherries and raisins, wash and dry currants well. Mix all together with spices, wine, brandy, and juice of fruit. Put in airtight bottles. This is best made a month before using. At Christmas-time line pastry tin with paste. Put in a heaped teaspoonful; cover with pastry; brush over with milk or water; sprinkle with sugar. Put in oven, and when juice boils they are cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. G. Wisely, Sawtell, North Coast, N.S.W.

FIG PUDDING AND GINGER SAUCE

Half a pound figs, 1lb. suet, 6oz. flour, 6oz. sugar, 6oz. breadcrumbs, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, and a little nutmeg.

Chop figs finely and stew gently in

milk 15 minutes. Mix the dry ingredients together. Let the milk and figs cool, then mix them with eggs (well beaten) and add to the dry ingredients. Place in greased mould and steam two hours.

Ginger Sauce: Melt 1oz. butter in a saucepan. Add 1 cup milk and 2 tablespoons sugar. Bring to the boil, then thicken with 1 tablespoon flour. Add 1 teaspoon ground ginger. Boil up again and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Mounta, S.A.

CABBAGE PUDDING

One pound cooked boiled cabbage, 8oz. stale bread, 1 pint milk, 1lb. sliced cold meat, 1 egg, salt, pepper, white sauce.

Butter a basin; line it with chopped cabbage. Put the meat through a mincer; make milk hot and pour it over the stale bread, leave 7 minutes to soak. Beat well to remove lumps; stir in meat, beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste.

When well mixed, pour into centre of cabbage-lined mould. Cover with more chopped cabbage, top with grease-proof paper. Tie down and steam 1½ hours. Serve with white sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Lillian Gleeson, Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford, Vic.

VEAL AND TONGUE BRAVEN

One knuckle veal, 2 sheep's tongues, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 6 cloves, 1 hard-boiled egg. Cover knuckle and tongues with water; add carrot and onion stuck with cloves whole. Simmer gently till meat leaves bones; remove bones. Chop up meat, place back on fire until all is tender. Place slices of hard-boiled egg in basin and carefully add brown. Turn out when set.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. M. V. Park, 1400, 7 Pembroke St., Kensington Park, S.A.

BUTTER SCOTCH MOULD

Half cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar. Melt these and allow to simmer a few seconds. Make a Spanish cream with pint of milk and 1 heaped desiccated of gelatin, and 2 egg yolks, omitting the sugar. Pour the

Diet Hint

RICE as a cereal is not much used in Australia, although it is the chief food of more than one-half of the human race. It is not a good substitute for wheat, but as an occasional change it is useful. It is easy of digestion, and with milk to supplement its rather poor protein content, it makes, with some added raisins or sultanas, quite a good pudding. The brown rice (so called) is, of course, much richer in minerals than the white so generally used. White rice has lost all its Vitamin B, and this is a reason why it should be used only occasionally, like sage and tapioca. Whole rice—rice which retains its silver skin—is, of course, much better than the polished article.

R. E. FLORES, hon. dietitian New Health Society.

cream into the Spanish cream, and when cool, add the beaten whites of the 2 eggs and set aside to cool. Delicious eaten with steamed fruit or cream.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. N. Bryant, 28 Kilgour Av., Mewvale, N.S.W.

BOMBAY EGGS

Sufficient for 6 people: Boil 6 eggs. Put each egg on a slice of buttered toast and cover with two tablespoons of the following mixture: Melt 2 tablespoons butter. Mix with 1½ tablespoons curry powder, pinch salt. Add 1 cup white stock. Put on fire and stir till boiling point. Boil 2 minutes; remove from fire; add 1 egg yolk slightly beaten, with 2 tablespoons cream.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss C. M. Matheson, 31 Ruth, 157 Park Rd., 5th, Brisbane, Qld.

RICE MUFFINS

One cup softly boiled rice, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1½ cup milk, 1 egg, pinch of salt. Cream butter and sugar; add well-beaten egg, then rice, and beat well; then milk, and lastly flour. Put fat with hand till about ½ inch thick. Cut in rounds or squares. Bake in quick oven for 10 minutes. These are delicious served hot with butter.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. E. U. Doyle, Godfrey St., Tweedmouth, Qld.

CURRY PUFFS

Two cups flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, shake of spice, fat to fry. Mix flour, castor sugar, salt and spice together. Pour over enough water to make into a stiff paste. Stir thoroughly, and set aside to cool. Beat three eggs; add to the paste, working all together with a spoon until it becomes a smooth, thick batter. Drop spoonfuls into boiling fat, turning to brown on both sides. The puffs rise to about 1½ inches in thickness and are served hot with castor sugar and a squeeze of lemon.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss M. White, Kewera P.O., Via Loch, Vic.

SWEET CORN SAVORY

Stir one heaped cup of self-raising flour into a basin; rub through one heaped tablespoon of butter and one of soft cheese. Add a beaten egg, and a little cold water. Take up pieces the size of a walnut. Roll between hands into a smooth ball. Place apart on a greased tray and press a hole in top and fill with a few teaspoons of sweet corn. Sprinkle the top with a little celery salt and cayenne pepper.

Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. When cold, garnish with a small piece of parsley.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss Marion Ford, Merton, 2 Macquarie St., Taren, N.S.W.

MACARONI . . . in Attractive GUISES

Its Protein Content makes it Valuable for Meatless Meals

By . . .
MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor in Cooking
to Leading Hospitals.

THE art of making macaroni was kept a secret in Italy for 400 years. It is an open secret, however, that it is made from a glutinous flour, obtained from a hard variety of wheat. Spaghetti and vermicelli are different forms of this paste.

BECAUSE they contain a larger proportion of protein than most starchy foods they are a valuable adjunct to meatless meals. Also because of the quantity of starch in them, they are better combined with fruits, vegetables, and sauces. Never serve them with potatoes, rice, or sago.

Like all starchy foods, they require thorough cooking to break down the hard, dry grain of starch. They are usually cooked before adding to other foods. To cook, allow three quarts of water to every two cups of macaroni, and one heaped teaspoon of salt. If spaghetti, macaroni, or vermicelli, break the sticks into short lengths and put into rapidly-boiling water; boil rapidly until tender about 20 minutes. Care should be taken, however, not to cook too long. If required for salads, drain and rinse in cold water to remove all traces of stickiness.

SAVORY MACARONI

Four ounces macaroni, 3 eggs, 2 large onions, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon sage, salt and pepper.

Cook the macaroni until tender in as little water as possible; strain. Slice the onion and fry it in melted butter until a light golden brown. Add the macaroni, sage, salt, and pepper. Cool. Add the well-beaten eggs and milk. Turn into a greased baking-dish and bake for one hour.

MACARONI STEW

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water with one whole onion. When soft, strain. Put into a saucepan with two tablespoons butter, four tablespoons grated cheese, salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg. Stir well and lightly. Serve very hot.

OYSTERS AND MACARONI

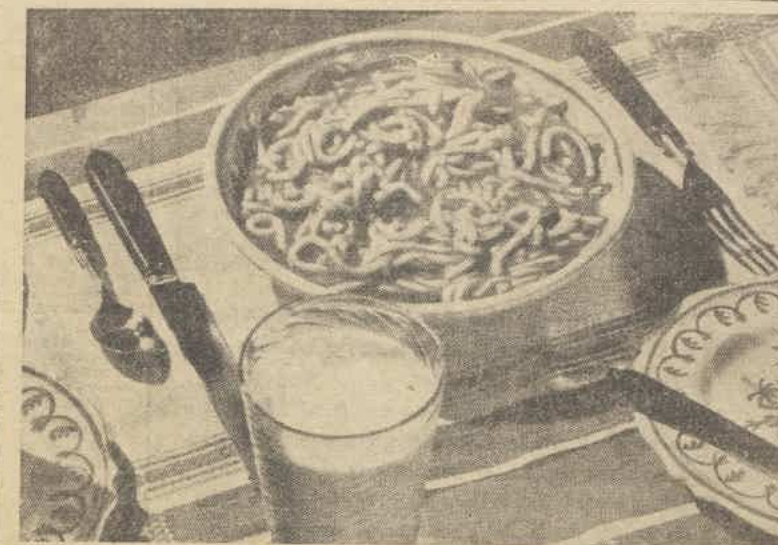
One cup breadcrumbs, 2 doz. oysters, 4 oz. macaroni, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 oz. butter.

Boil and strain the macaroni; chop in pieces. Strain the oysters. Put a layer of macaroni in a greased baking-dish, then a layer of oysters. Season with salt and pepper. Repeat, finishing with a layer of macaroni. Make a thick white sauce, using the oyster-juice and the milk with the butter and flour, adding more milk if the mixture is too thick. Pour it over the macaroni in the dish. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs; dot with butter and bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

SPANISH MACARONI

Half pound macaroni, 1 oz. butter, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 pt. milk, 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 eggs, 1 green pepper, 1 teaspoon parsley, tomato sauce.

Boil and strain the macaroni. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the chopped onion and green pepper. Cook gently until tender; add the parsley. Grease a



ABOVE: Bacon and macaroni makes a delicious variation for the breakfast menu.

LEFT: Macaroni served en casserole looks most appetizing and can be cooked in a number of ways.

fireproof dish. Put a layer of macaroni in the dish, then a layer of onion and cheese. Continue until dish is three parts full. Beat up eggs and milk. Add salt and pepper to taste. Pour over ingredients in the dish. Cover with a layer of breadcrumbs. Dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

MACARONI CHEESE SALAD

One cup cooked macaroni, 1 cup cold cooked peas, 1 cup grated cheese, 3 sweet pickles chopped, 1 cup salad dressing.

Mix the above ingredients well together. Arrange in a pile on watercress arranged on a plate and well chilled.

CHICKEN AND MACARONI SALAD

One cup macaroni, 1 cup cooked chicken cut into dice, 1 large cucumber diced, 1 cup salad dressing, 1 pimento.

Cut match-like strips of pimento, both red and green. Stand aside for garnishing. Dice the remainder of the ingredients; mix together; add the salad dressing. Mix all well together. Arrange on a dish; garnish. Serve chilled with sandwiches of brown bread.

MACARONI HAM SALAD

One cup cooked macaroni, 1 lb. cooked ham or tongue, 1 cup young shredded cabbage or lettuce, 1 cup cooked salad dressing, 2 pimentos.

Put the first four ingredients together in a large basin. Mix together, lightly, with two forks. Cut some of the pimentos into fancy shapes for garnishing. Slice the remainder; add to the salad when well combined. Pile in a dish lined with cabbage or lettuce leaves. Decorate with the pimentos cut in fancy shapes. Chill before serving.

MACARONI CHEESE DE LUXE

Quarter pound macaroni, 1 lb. grated cheese, 2 cups milk, 2 cups water, 2 oz. soft breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons made mustard, 1 cup cream, 1 oz. butter, salt, pepper, cayenne. Boil the macaroni in the milk and water until tender. Grease a pie-dish; put a layer of macaroni in the dish; sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs

mixed together. Add salt and pepper; repeat until all is used. Mix the mustard with the cream. Pour over the mixture; place dab of butter on top. Sprinkle with cayenne. Bake in a hot oven for three-quarters of an hour. If browning too fast cover the top of macaroni.

MACARONI OR SPAGHETTI PUDDING

One ounce macaroni or spaghetti, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. sugar, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 lemon, pinch salt.

Break the macaroni into half-inch lengths; put into boiling milk and boil until tender. Add sugar, butter, lemon rind, and well-beaten egg-yolks. Stir on a warm part of the stove for a few minutes, taking care not to allow it to boil. Lastly, add the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Turn the mixture into a buttered fireproof dish and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

BACON AND MACARONI

Four ounces macaroni, 4 oz. streaky bacon, 1 cup stock, 1 tablespoon butter, nutmeg, salt, and pepper.

Break the macaroni into small pieces. Put them into rapidly boiling salted water and boil for five minutes; strain. Have the stock boiling on the stove; add the macaroni and simmer until tender.

WHEN Baking CAKES

MRS. RUTH FURST, cooking expert at the Australian Gas Light Company, offers the following points as being of particular importance in baking cakes.

INGREDIENTS of cakes and pastry should always be measured by weight rather than volume. Measuring by cups is too uncertain owing to the variation in the size and shape of cups; but when a cup is mentioned in a recipe, 6 oz. is meant in the case of sugar or 4 oz. in that of flour. Always have your scales handy and you cannot make a mistake.

The reason why cake mixtures often curdle is because the beaten eggs are added too quickly. They should be added very gradually, drop by drop, so that the liquid will mix evenly with the butter.

Don't beat the mixture too much after the flour has been added; too vigorous beating is liable to make the cakes tough and heavy.

The following recipe, compiled by Mrs. Furst, will prove a useful addition to readers' recipe books:

CHOCOLATE CONA CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon chocolate, 3 oz. coconut, 1/2 cup plain flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then milk and chocolate, then flour and baking powder, lastly coconut. Place in greased baking tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold, ice with following—Cream well together 2 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons icing sugar, then add 2 tablespoons coconut and 1 dessertspoon blended chocolate. Spread over the cake when cold and sprinkle with coconut.

A cool, refreshing glass of delicious 'Ovaltine' makes even the lightest Summer meal complete in health-giving and energy-creating nourishment.



TRIAL SAMPLE

"Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing.

PRICES:

1/9, 2/10, 5/-
At all Chemists and Stores

OCX-18-34

"Plum Pudding HOT"



Try also Date and Sultana Puddings

Rosella Plum Puddings

Ready to Serve

Why make your own? Rosella Plum Puddings are served by discriminating housewives during the Festive Season.

A. WANDER LTD., 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY

Eating is a game FOR THEM



Children have fun when they have Rice Bubbles. For they love to hear those toasted bubbles of rice crackle in cold milk or cream.

And Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are good for children because they are nourishing and easy to digest. Splendid for breakfast. Particularly good for the evening meal because they invite restful sleep. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles by name.



Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

Made in Australia by
KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

ADVENTURE serials, funny comics, stories for boys and girls, competitions carrying marvellous prizes. . . . children will find all these in Fatty Finn's Weekly.

Too Good at GAMES

Continued from
Page 5

GEORGE called for her bright and early, but she had been up; been up and out walking in the grass, wet, sparkling, gossamer with dew. In fact, she hadn't slept much. She told herself it was silly to lie awake and churn her mind about in circles just over an innocuous next-morning game of golf with George Maynard. George, from the look of him, wasn't a golfer. She could imagine George adjusting his glasses, wagging his driver, topping the ball and muttering things.

If, before George had straightened his glasses, wagged his driver, topped the ball and muttered things, she had made, with clean and practised skill, a long, deadly drive—what then? Of course, George would say, "Splendid! You're some golfer, Sheila." For that is what men said to Sheila. Then, if George pattered about in bunkers, lost his ball in the rough, overshot the green, missed his putt—and she didn't, wouldn't George's "Splendid" become sort of feeble and ghostly and wouldn't he feel like crowning her with a niblick?

He might. Men, Alec Drummond said, were like that. Sheila thought of Val Monat, who had left her, and Ivan Baker, who had married a girl who enjoyed golf best from the clubhouse verandah. She was thinking of that when she and George walked out on the first tee, thinking of it as she saw George straightening his glasses, thinking of it when she selected her driver, teed up her ball and took her stance.

And deliberately, cold-bloodedly, Sheila Craymer, who, eyes shut, could have socked that ball straight on the nose, looked it into the rough not twenty yards away.

"Too bad!" said George. That was what he said, but did he say it as if he really thought it was too bad, or as if he felt it was just what a girl should do? He took plenty of time, fiddled around a bit, then sliced his shot, hit a birch tree and found his ball not very far from where it had

started. He just grinned at Sheila. At least he wasn't in the rough.

Thus began for Sheila Craymer that nightmare of a game with George—the game that, some inner voice told her, was more than a game; was a determining factor in the shaping of her life's course and by its outcome might make or mar her happiness. So she played terribly, she murdered shots deliberately, she got into ponds, bunkers, rock-piles, and even managed to land one into the tool shed on the seventh fairway. But she made George beat her—yes, though she came limp and haggard from the last green—she overshot it, by the way—George Maynard had beaten her by missing two bunkers and striking a rock in the centre of a water-hazard which made his ball bounce on to the green.

George had won. He looked at her from behind his glasses, looked complacently, she thought. Yes, she had done the right thing. If she had trimmed him badly or even at all, he wouldn't look at her like that. He wouldn't say, as he now did:

"Great fun, Sheila. How about to-morrow morning?"

Sheila smiled brightly and said, "Rather!" But her shrieking spirit raised its hands aloft and cried, "Holy Moses!"

DANCING Through LIFE

Continued from Page 45

"Is anything the matter? It's not nerves? Tessa herself couldn't do better than this. What is it?"

She tried to smile and answer carefully:

"It's nothing. I gave my ankle the tiniest bit of a turn before I came on and it's feeling rather groggy. It'll wear off in a moment or two."

"Good heavens!" he said anxiously. "Is it hurting badly? Ought you to be dancing to-night on it?"

"I don't know and I don't care," she flung at him, her lips set tightly. "This is my great chance, and nothing is going to hold it up—nothing! Anyway, it's nothing!"

But he knew by the look in her eyes, a rather blank, glazed look, that it was something very much indeed, and that she was in acute pain.

"Lean all your weight on me," he said firmly. "Don't worry about the show. You're doing marvellously anyhow."

She snatched a few moments' rest in the dressing-room between scenes, rubbed rouge into her steadily-whitening face, swallowed a minute tot of brandy and hung on somehow. Rae's arm was round her pretty nearly the whole time, holding her, steadying her . . . and sometimes she hardly knew where she was. Only from the audience she looked tiny, fragile, wistful and childish and she went straight to everyone's heart, with her small, sweet singing voice and speaking voice that had a funny little husky catch in it.

The final curtain fell . . . deafening applause . . . shouts for "Jeanette . . . Jeanette!" Lights coming on . . . a roll of drums in the orchestra, taking her fourth curtain alone on the huge stage. They wanted a fifth, but as the velvet folds swept down over her, blackness engulfed her and she dropped down in a dead faint.

Ten minutes later she came round, opened her eyes and found herself lying on the dressing-room couch with Rae bending over her, rubbing one of her chilly hands in his warm ones.

"Jeanette, you mad thing!" he said. "You must have been in agony the whole time—it's a terribly bad sprain. How you got through a whole show I can't imagine."

"Neither can I." Worn out, Jeanette closed her eyes and felt two big tears well out and trickle down her face. "It was my only chance—and it was my fault that Tessa wasn't there to play . . . I sent her that wire—I must have been mad. But I don't know that it was worth it . . . now it's over."

She buried her face in the pillow. There was a little silence and then she felt a hand brush gently over her hair. "You funny, pathetic little thing! Darling, I do love you so. And you've been so proud and haughty and disdainful of me that I've felt a perfect worm and haven't summoned up the courage to tell you how much I love you!"

"Love me?" Jeanette lifted wet, dazed eyes to his. "Rae—are you being funny? There's Tessa . . . you're going to marry her to-morrow . . ."

"Marry Tessa? Rae's face was absolutely blank until light dawned on it. "Oh, my sweet, you've got everything wrong! Tessa is getting married to-morrow, but not to me. She's having a secret wedding, against her family's wishes, with my greatest friend. I'm in the secret and have had to do all the arranging, that's all. Jeanette,

George took her home and departed for his daily browse among his fish-stories. Sheila strolled in the garden after he had gone. She walked down by the lily pond and gazed pensively at the frog islands and the yellow and white lilies. She wasn't happy. She had pleased George, she had let him win; made him think he was a golfer. Her love of George was great enough to keep on doing it for a while—but, was it playing the game? She meditated. Well, it was playing the game of getting a husband. It certainly wasn't playing golf. Was it the decent thing to do?

She became more unhappy, thinking of it. But she loved George. She couldn't risk losing George. This, she knew, was the great love of her life, and she was taking it under false pretences. Some day George would have to know how she had fooled him. Even if, as she gladly would, she gave up golf, he would hear about her prowess, see her cups and medals. She ran her hands wearily through the thick brown hair.

"What's the matter, child?" Aunt Christine, wheeled hither by Mott, her solemn-faced manservant, looked at Sheila with twinkling concern. "You may go, Mott!"

Please turn to Page 50

".... AFTER THAT SKIN
TREATMENT WITH OLIVE
OIL, NURSE, KEEP TO
PALMOLIVE FOR SAFETY"



MEDICAL men advise to-day, as for many years they have advised, that Olive Oil alone is safe to use upon the sensitive skin of new-born babies.

Olive Oil, so safe for babies, fulfils the two most important functions of all modern beauty treatment. It cleanses—gently, safely. It nourishes—and so helps to prevent dryness and resist the coming of wrinkles.

Remember, into each can of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of Olive Oil. Nature's greatest beauty aid.



Famous beauty specialists all over the world, therefore, advise regular use of Palmolive Soap—because of its rich content of pure olive oil.

There is nothing so beneficial to complexions as the gentle lather of Palmolive. No matter how sensitive your skin, no matter what the climatic conditions may be, you can use this bland and lovely soap with safety at all times.

★ "ONLY Olive Oil is safe for Baby's delicate skin. That is why Palmolive is so safe for yours."

PALMOLIVE

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Beauty Sleep—EVERY NIGHT

The secret way to retain the set and beauty of your waves is to wear "Ladye Jayne" every night—thereby economizing in visits to the hairdresser. The "Ladye Jayne" is a fantastically cut in a registered design. It fits perfectly and keeps the waves gently but firmly in position. IT MUST BE A "LADYE JAYNE". Many charming designs in—

WEAR A
Ladye Jayne
SLUMBER HELMET

IN TWO GRADES

RED LABEL
The well established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.



GOLD LABEL
A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.

Insist on Ally Brand

In 1/4, 1/2 and 1 lb. tins
ALLY SALMON

HOT HOLBROOK says: For picking or tadding use Holbrosky Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality.

Our FASHION Service ... and FREE Pattern



WW 800 WW 801

MATRON'S FROCK
WW800.—A smart design for the matron with a pleated jabot arranged under a crossover fastening. Skirt is fashioned with pleated godets. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 34 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WITH MAGYAR SLEEVES
WW801.—A striking model for the new summer fabrics. Blouse has a magyar top trimmed with frilling round the neck and sleeves. Skirt is cut with a front and back panel. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART ENSEMBLE
WW802.—The smartly-dressed woman will appreciate this ensemble. The popular pleated frilling is used as a trimming. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 22 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DAINTY FLORAL FROCK
WW803.—A suggestion for a cheap little frock in floral voile. The skirt is slightly flared and has a panel back and front. A triple collar trims the neck. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state the age of the child.



WW 802 WW 803 WW 804

SHIRTWAIST DESIGN
WW804.—One of the most popular styles of the moment is the shirtwaist frock, fashioned in striped material. Blouse has front fastening and short sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

A TINY MODEL
WW805.—A child's frock which fastens in front under the collar, which is bordered with a narrow edging. Smocking plays an important part. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

HIP-LENGTH SWAGGER
WW807.—Hip-length swagger coats are quite the latest vogue. This model fastens at the neck, where it is encircled with a round collar. Sleeves are in three-quarter length. Material for 36-inch bust: 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

PLASTRON FRONTS
WW808.—Renovate your last season's frocks with one of these smart plastron fronts. They may be of self-colored material or contrast and tie at the back with a bow. PAPER PATTERN OF THESE TWO MODELS FOR 1/1.

SMART RANGER SUIT
WW806.—Dress the man of the house in a suit like this. Back yoke extends over the shoulder and the front is smocked. Pants button on to the shirt. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



WW 807



WW 808

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSURE. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old—
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 100X, G.P.O., Sydney.
BREMEN.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 100F, G.P.O., Bremen.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 100, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADELPHI.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 100A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 100, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please turn to the top right-hand corner of the front page to obtain the address.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 24/11/34.



Free Pattern

Free Pattern

A VERY effective blouse is offered as our free pattern this week. It is designed with raglan sleeves, which can be either short or three-quarter length. It affords a further choice in that it may be worn outside the skirt in the new jumper effect or as a tuck-in blouse. A distinctive feature is the shaping of the lower front, which could be enhanced by the use of a piping or a colored bias trim. Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material required: 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting.



POWDERS, 2/3 AND 3/3. TALC AND ROUGE, 3/3 EACH.

In the last 10 years Coty has sold 600 million boxes of powder—60 million a year—a record no other manufacturer has ever attained. Coty users number over 100 millions every year. You can have no better guarantee.

USE
COTY

Don't spoil good fruit with inferior CUSTARD



When you serve Foster Clark's Custard with fruit, the smooth delicate flavour of the custard enhances the rich yet piquant qualities of the fruit, making a delicious and appetising dish.

It is better not to serve custard at all than to spoil good fruit with inferior quality powders.

Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is made from only the most wholesome ingredients. It is obtainable everywhere and is easily prepared. Write for Elizabeth Craig's Cookery Book with nearly 100 custard recipes. (Enclose 1d stamp).

Be sure your grocer gives you Foster Clark's.

"Do you make the most of Custard Powder?"

When the weather is cold you can transform it into baked milk puddings, sauce for steamed puddings, cake fillings, mayonnaise, salad cream, etc.

Elizabeth Craig

Britain's Foremost Cookery Expert.

Foster Clark's creamy CUSTARD

17 THURLOW STREET, REDFERN, N.S.W.

£120 MUST BE WON

POPULAR COMPETITIONS PRESENT
No. 2 POPULAR LINES CONTEST

£60 For FOUR LINES CORRECT
£40 For ANY THREE LINES CORRECT
25 HANDSOME HANDBAGS will be awarded to the first 25 entries received that have any two lines right. Each entry is numbered consecutively.

SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH ON PLAIN PAPER (Each entry consists of 4 lines for 6d.)

CAN YOU CORRECT THE FOLLOWING LINES?

Each
6d.
Entry
(4 lines)

1. The Soldiers of King the
2. I may question but ask you
3. Our town awaits you in peace
4. Art, indeed, my, thou, mother, now.

The last Three (3) Lines can read more than One (1) Way, but only One (1) Correct Way. THE SOLDIERS OF KING THE, as printed above, is wrong—it should read: THE SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

The other Three (3) Lines have also their words mixed up—you have to put them in their Author's correct order. If you do this, we will award you SIXTY POUNDS (£60). (ALL THIS DIVIDED.) YOU ARE YOUR OWN JUDGE—if we receive the correct entry from you—YOU MUST WIN A PRIZE.

EACH LINE IS BY AN AUTHOR OF REPUTE.

Look carefully at the Four (4) Lines above; in some cases only one word has been misplaced. Place the words correctly, send them to us with Sixpence (6d.) for each attempt of Four (4) Lines, and you may win £60, or Second Prize, £40 (ALL THIS DIVIDED).

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS—Place the words in each line as you think corresponds with the way the Author placed them.

REMEMBER!—In the event of no one succeeding in solving all the lines NINETY POUNDS (£90) would be divided among readers having the FIRST THREE LINES CORRECT.

The Solution of this Competition is not known in its entirety to any one person. The correct solution of each of the last Three (3) Lines is held under seal in three separate parts, one line being chosen and held by the Promoters; one being chosen and held by Mr. A. V. Smith, Proprietor of "The Guide" Newspaper, Queen Street, Melbourne; and the other being chosen and held by Alfred Douglas Burgess, L.C.A., A.L.C.A., of Casey and Burgess, Public Accountants, of 40 Swanston Street, Melbourne, Auditor in Popular Lines Competition. At the completion of the Competition, each respective correct solution shall, under seal, be handed to Mr. A. D. Burgess, Public Accountant, L.C.A., A.L.C.A., 40 Swanston Street, Melbourne, who will conduct the judging of the Competition and be responsible for the distribution of the prize money. All entries are accepted on the condition that his decision will be final and legally binding on all Competitors.

Author, Book and Lines Published.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES TUES. DECEMBER 4th

Entries arriving by first post on Wednesday, December 5, acceptable. RESULTS will appear in "THE SUN PICTORIAL," Saturday, December 8, 1934.

Prize Money held in trust account for prize winners by A. D. Burgess, L.C.A., L.C.A. POST OR DELIVER ENTRIES TO

POPULAR COMPETITIONS

3rd FLOOR, 80 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE

Victorian Competitors are invited to write entries at our Lounge.

Too GOOD at GAMES

Continued from Page 48

SHELLA, when Mott had gone, sat down on the stone bench close to the wheel-chair, and gave her hand into those tiny white angel-fingers. "I have to tell you or I'll bust, Aunt Chris. It's—"

"It's George Maynard, of course."

"Yes, and a life of lies."

"Sheila! What in the world—!"

"It's this way, darling: all my life, since I could toddle on to a golf course, I've been trimming men at golf. So men have fought shy of me—going didn't give much thought to why I was so regularly unmanly, until the day of Chloe's wedding. I felt low. Doro and Chloe both married; Sheila left. I went to play golf, and old Aleck Drummond, who is our pro, and a philosopher to boot, told me I was too good at games, that men may admire women who beat them at their own sports, but they don't marry them. I came here with that idea—then I met George, and he—and I—"

"I know," Aunt Christine's fingers pressed Sheila's. "And so you let him beat you at golf. What of it?"

"Well, it's a lie, you see. George is a grim, ungainly, ghostly golfer, and I

like a thing of lead. She did not look at George. She couldn't. She pretended to be fumbling for a packet of cigarettes in the pocket of her golf-bag.

Whip! Swift, straight and low, with just a little more power and distance, a trifle degree of perfection. Sheila gasped. Luck. He must have had his eyes shut. It wouldn't last.

"We both seem to be better to-day," grinned George. "It's in the air. I guess. Come on, Sheila."

Again, a midiron shot to the green. She placed her ball right on the edge of the fine green carpet. George looked at her with a queer expression. He said no word. He swung.

"Whoops!" He laughed. "I'm right with you."

Sheila could not believe. It was all a fluke, a crazy, lucky fluke. So she thought, and continued to think, until about the third hole, when George was two up on her. She looked at him darkly then, sat down on the bench by the fourth tee, continuing to look at him darkly, and patted the place beside her.

George, looking sheepish, sat down.

"Tell me, George Maynard, is this the kind of game you play regularly?" He nodded. His face was red under its tan. "Yes, I—well, is this the kind of game you play?"

MOON Magic

Verse and Illustration by
PIXIE O'HARRIS.

ONE night a moon maid tired of the sky
shook all her tresses free of little stars
and softly dropt to earth.

She scattered jewels on the sands
that lie
and fringe the ocean's robe, then made
the waves dance with her mirth.

The stars that fell sank to the depths
of the sea
and lay there drowned—poor little ghosts of stars
so palely gleaming gold.

Then crept the moon maid—ah! a wanton she,
with silence and with silver to my bed,
her breast was silver cold.



So I am chained and caught with spells of light
and sleep the virtuous will not lie with me.

The little drowned stars . . . beg pity from their caverns in the night.

The moon maid doth not pity them . . . nor me,
wakened from behind the window bars.

had a terrible, terrible time losing to him. And I'm afraid that I can't stand it. I love him, but will any love stand the strain of a life of bunkers and rock-piles and ponds?"

"So George is that bad!" Aunt Christine smiled. "I do see your point, Sheila. I think the golf-pro, is quite sound in his psychology of the male. Still, a fib is a fib, and what you are doing is a great big lie."

"Then you—you think I'd better do the decent thing and—lick him so badly he'll never want to see me again?"

"But if he really loves you, dear," Sheila shook her head. "There were other men who seemed to really care—until we turned in our cards. Don't men all run true to form?"

"Yes, maybe they do. But you want a man to take you as you really are. You can't have a skeleton tucked away in the cupboard."

"No; especially if the skeleton is a lot of silver mugs that might fall down on him and brain him when he opened the cupboard door. Well, I'll go out with him in the morning and—and I think I know what will happen."

"One never knows, dear child," Aunt Christine patted the brown hand that lay so warm in her own. "You have to play fair, in love and in golf."

"And another dream, the loveliest yet, will be shattered by a golf-ball. However, I'll play the game, Aunt Chris."

IT was a bright, still morning; the sunlight seemed to hang suspended over the rolling green of the links. All the way there, sitting beside George in his two-seater, Sheila was very quiet. This was one of her golf-days. She called them that. Days when golf was just an inspiration, when the ball sat up and begged to be swatted, when the club-head never wavered from the perfect arc, when holes-in-one were common as mosquitoes. If only she had been feeling off her game, if only she might twist her wrist or something.

No use. She knew when she addressed the ball the green smooth meadow stretching invitingly before her to the distant flag, just what was going to happen.

Whip! Swift, straight and low, power and distance, perfection. What a drive! Her heart dropped, dropped,

"It is," Sheila looked at the ground. "except when I—when I—"

"Then—" He put his arm about her shoulder and kissed her lips long and hard and pressed his cheek against hers. "Will you marry me?"

She looked at him through a summer haze all blue and green and very bright. She said, "Any time, George."

A long period of just being still. "I thought, you see," he said, "that you were a dud, and I didn't want to make you fed up by beating you too badly. But, goah, you played so terribly yesterday I couldn't lose. Then I lay awake half the night thinking of how you'd feel when you found out."

"So did I, George—he awake and weary about how you'd feel and if you'd love me if I beat you?"

"I love you so much, Sheila, it wouldn't matter how you played. I could go on beating you like this—"

"Be all right if I go through?" A stout, red-faced gentleman in plush poked his head up over the tree.

"Er?" George looked above and around him like one coming out of a long trance. So did Sheila. "Oh! Oh! absolutely!" And he relapsed into the long trance. So did Sheila. For golf, after all, is only a game, but love is blue dusk by a lily pond and stardust and dreams. (Copyright)



MONKEY BRAND makes hard jobs easy

Just a few quick rubs and Monkey Brand cleans smoothly, thoroughly...no scratched enamel or paintwork. Let the kiddies have the animal pictures—there's a splendid series to be collected.

MONKEY BRAND

for Pots, Pans, Porcelain
and Paintwork

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
379/83

DO YOU remember the reading you used to love when you were young? Present-day children will find it all there in the NEW colored Fatty Finn's Weekly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House,
North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House,
361 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age"
Chambers, 235 Collins Street,
Melbourne, C.I.

SYDNEY: 331 Pitt Street,
Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane,
Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1311E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, crossed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which it was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State. Unsolicited contributions will only be returned if a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION. Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS. Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS. See special notice on the pattern page.

BEGGARS' Horses

Continued from Page 11

WELL, it had cost him a bit to get rid of her, and it had been a narrow escape.

John and Richard had never thought as much of Henry after that. . . . Nob-but a damned fule of a gawk of a brass-wasting Jezebel-chaser.

Their vast wealth had made the brothers suspicious and distrustful of all men; more suspicious and distrustful of all women—especially since Henry's shocking lapse—with the sole exception of their sister Julia. Her it was impossible to suspect and distrust.

John, the oldest brother, regarded her as a half-wit; Richard, the second, thought this an exaggeration, and regarded her as not-nearly-a-half-wit; while Henry, the youngest, regarded her not at all; but, like each of the others, made her an annual allowance of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds, six shillings and eight pence.

On this ten thousand pounds a year, Miss Julia Askroyd lived in a small Baywater flat, with a cat, a Pekinese dog, a canary, and another companion, to whom she paid annually the sum of one hundred pounds.

To anyone eavesdropping at their dinner-table in the dining-room of John Askroyd's blue and silver suite (in which, as John said, every garden-damned thing was either a dad-blamed blue or a dog-gasted silver, if it weren't a god-darned silvery-blue or a doggoned blue-silver), the conversation would have been disappointing.

They only discussed cigars, and took John's word for it that the only cigar worth smoking was an Havana cigar smoked in Havana. None of them smoked much.

They talked of wines, and Henry spoke of an Imperial Tokay Essence of which he had drunk at a banquet given in his honor in Berlin. The wine had come from the private vineyard and cellars of the Emperor of Austria, a gift to the Emperor of Germany.

"Eh, but 'twas a champion wine, you."

None of the brothers drank much, save Henry, who was a secret drinker of weak China tea.

They talked of ships and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings.

At least, they certainly talked of Kings, not to mention three Emperors. Nor, curiously enough, of the financial affairs of Kings, but of their "goings on," their tastes, their peculiar habits and customs, their strange way of life, and the amazing, the prominent, part that women played therein.

Yes, they let women mock oop their lives for them proper!

They agreed that, on the whole, and with notable exceptions, Kings were a poverish lot, but that, in extenuation, it was to be borne in mind that theirs was a rotten job.

Cabbage was mentioned, as John demanded some, with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; an order which the maitre d'hôtel received without any amazement.

And they talked of ships, deciding finally that they would cross the Atlantic in the Colossus on Friday, this giving them time to see the Prime Minister, who was nobbut a fool; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was a champion twister; the Governor of the Bank of England, who was a grand man; and Julia—who was a daff odd lass.

And, in due course, on the Colossus they sailed, each installed in a magnificent, grand super-de-luxe, royal, private suite, consisting of a large bedroom, a fairly spacious dining-room, a cosy sitting-room of adequate proportions, and a beautifully-appointed tiled bathroom.

But, as all the world knows, the Colossus tearing at high speed through dense fog, was sunk in collision with a wretched oil-tanker, with the loss of over a thousand lives. Nor could the united wealth of John, Richard, and Henry Askroyd, some forty-five million pounds, purchase them a little boat in which to save their lives, nor even a seat each in the little boat in which the few survivors escaped.

So Julia, that daff lass, next-of-kin, and, indeed, sole relation, inherited, after the payment of death duties and other iniquitous charges upon the respective estates of her poor brothers, more than twenty million pounds.

She gave the cat, Jasper, a new collar and bell, which he disliked intensely. She gave Maudie, the Pekinese, a winter garment which was viewed with cold contempt. Maudie's expression saying as plainly as words that she would fain in the fire of spring this winter garment in repugnance fling.

Mildred, the canary, did better out of the twenty millions, for Julia bought her a bigger and a finer cage. To the manifest annoyance and despair of Maudie, Mildred thoroughly approved of her mistress's gift, and was happy.

Minella, Mildred regarded the two sweet little breeding-boxes, neatly provided with homelike nests, thoughtfully and with puzzled eye, speculatively, concerned, not to say shocked. Possibly she considered horsehair furniture a bit Victorian and vieux jeu.

The fourth companion, one Mary Hazelrigg, also benefited from the twenty millions—to the extent of a new hat. But as Julia herself chose the hat, Mary Hazelrigg's satisfaction approximated less to Mildred's than to that of Jasper and Maudie.

But on the whole, Julia found, her brothers' bequests a great nuisance. Ten thousand a year had been more than ample—indeed about nine thousand and a year more than ample—for her needs in the little Baywater flat, even including what she gave to poor Minna Minelli whom Henry had treated so abominably, leading her on, getting her into trouble, and then jilting her!

Yes, a great nuisance. Mr. Hanstey, of Hanstey and Ichlin, her solicitors, was always coming in, nowadays, with papers for her to sign, and wanting her authority to appoint trustees, agents, secretaries, managers, controllers, all sorts of things. Nor was he satisfied even when she said:

"My good man, do whatever you think best. Do what you like—only don't bother me."

And when he had said that he thought the best thing his firm could do would be to drop all other business and devote themselves wholly and solely to the management of her estate, she had fully agreed and approved. Anything they liked. Besides, she hadn't got an estate. Hadn't one anywhere and didn't want one. All she'd got was a flat—and a terrible lot of money, and it was a great nuisance.

Probably she'd lose it all—and then



THIS beautiful dinner frock, worn by Evelyn Venable, Paramount player, of tapestry rust crepe is cut on the bias. Ten or twelve chic little bows outline the back of the frock, with one or two placed at the nape of the neck. A novel jacket cut to a V at the back may be worn with this gown.

where would she be—and poor Jasper, Maudie, and Mildred?

And she wasn't going to give any more to that Minelli either, for Mr. Hanstey had told her that poor Henry hadn't really jilted her at all—hadn't even proposed to her; and that if Henry had got her into trouble she had also given Henry a lot of trouble.

She wasn't deserving—and anyhow, she'd leave Julia with nothing at all if Julia gave her the hundred pounds she always asked for at Christmas and on her birthday—and sometimes when it wasn't her birthday, either. A million or two wouldn't last long at that rate. Why, one way and another, Minna Minelli must have had hundreds of pounds out of her!

CHAPTER 2.

"WHAT sort of a man is Colonel Harrington-Spense, Barty?" asked Mary Hazelrigg of her brother, Major Bartholomew Hazelrigg, as they sat at breakfast in the Devonshire cottage which the latter had bought for his use when on furlough.

"Oh, one of the best," he replied. "Doubtless, naturally, of course, and oela va sans dire, my good Barty. . . . What sort of a man is this Colonel Harrington-Spense?"

"I've told you, haven't I? Thundering good sort."

"Splendid description. That gives me the clearest impression of him. I feel that I know him inside out. Along what particular line does he thunder?"

Major Hazelrigg lowered his newspaper and gazed across the breakfast-table at his young sister.

"Barty," said he, "What's the girl talking about? What? Who thunders along lines?"

"Trains do and—er—have you never heard trains thunder along the ringing grooves of change? Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

"The girl's mad," murmured Major Hazelrigg, taking up the paper. "Don't wonder. I expect Mildred the canary was, too. And Jasper the cat. And the Pekinese."

"Do Chinese girls have Pekin knees?" asked Mary.

Ganesh Hazelrigg again lowered his newspaper and stared at his flighty and flippant sister who, to his secret joy, had bubbled with high spirits since coming to keep house for him, on the day of her release from the companionship of Julia.

"The girl's very mad," he murmured. "Don't you bite anybody. What do I know about Chinese girls' knees?"

"And what do I know about Colonel Harrington-Spense, beyond the fact that he is one of the best and a thundering good sort?"

"What more do you want to know? You'll see him to-morrow."

"Well, there are one or two little details omitted. Is he old, young, fat, thin, handsome, ugly, married, single; is he chatty like you—three remarks per day—or does he sometimes utter? Put that paper down. Your coffee is cold and your bacon congealed."

"What d'you want to know about him? I've told you, haven't I, that he's one of the very best? My oldest friend."

"Is he a woman-hater, like you?"

"W-e-l-l, he's a sensible chap," replied her brother, a serious, considering look upon his strong, sagacious face as slowly he nodded his big head.

"I see. He won't mind my being here? He won't object to your having a housekeeper—as she is your sister?"

"No. He won't mind."

"Awfully good of him."

Silence.

"Er—Barty, what sort of a man is Colonel Marcus Harrington-Spense, D.S.O., C.M.G., Indian Army, Political Department?"

Again Major Hazelrigg lowered his paper and looked at his sister Mary. "Oh, one of the best," he replied. "Thundering good chap."

Mary Hazelrigg rose to her feet, threw her napkin on to the table, and departed to hold her morning interview in the kitchen with the village lady who, in her own parlance, obliged, and came to do for them; and, in Major Hazelrigg's parlance, damn nearly did for them, too.

At the door Mary Hazelrigg paused and eyed her annoying, aggravating, maddening, adored brother.

"I'm glad I know all about him before he comes," she said. "He sounds nice. But there's one thing about him I do hope . . ."

"Eh?"

"That he's not dumb—that he's nothing like you, Barty."

"Good Lord, no!" replied Ganesh Hazelrigg. "Nothing like me. Taller than I. Thin, dark chap."

AT Wolvercombe station next morning, Mary Hazelrigg paced the little platform awaiting the train that should bring her brother's guest; paced the dusty gravel as though she trod on air, her face alight and alive with sheer jole de vivre.

How good life was!

Glorious Devon, after years of beautiful Baywater.

Life in a lovely cottage, after existence in a stuffy flat.

Fresh air, after flat air; fresh life, after flat life; everything joyous, lovely, glorious, after being flat, flat, flat.

Dear old Barty. Wise old Ganesh. What a dear he was.

As good as he was modest and as modest as he was brave. . . . Brave! When the truth of the Gilt business came to light, all the papers had spoken of his amazing courage. One big London paper had headed a leader about him with the caption, "The Bravest of the Brave." And Ganesh had flushed deep red, growled angrily, and been quite upset and annoyed.

Ganesh and his grunts, his pipes, his deep rumbling laughter; his marvellous stories of India when, late at night, a story could be wrung from him; his cleverness, knowledge, wisdom, and understanding; his fundamental goodness, charity, kindness.

Ganesh—after years of Julia alone with Julia except when that queer, sophisticated, and rather frightening Minna Minelli came and stayed in the flat—rather like a hawk in a hen-coop. How uncomfortable she had made one feel; how ignorant of the world; how dull, stupid, narrow, inexperienced and—virtuous.

Here came the train.

The short train idled into the little station with an air of not really having stopped to pick wild flowers but only to watch some hilarious cows swiftly gobbling their Lucullan repast. One munch per minute; and the same food always; and always eating it. Anyway, here was a station and it would puff and puff and pretend it had been running.

"Colonel Harrington-Spense?"

"Miss Hazelrigg?"

Please turn to Page 53

The most welcome gift of all . . . a tin of PEEK FREAN'S CELEBRATED BISCUITS

BO-PEEP . . . its shape, and the dainty Dresden Shepherd design of this tin, make it very suitable for use as a glove box afterwards. And the contents! The most tempting biscuits that ever went to a tea party!

TALLY-HO . . . Scarlet-coated huntmen riding to hounds make a brilliant and dashing design for this new Peek Frean tin. It holds a tempting assortment of "Special" biscuits—including those rich, creamy ones that women like so much.

COACHING DAYS . . . The stage coach halting before the inn . . . the host coming out with refreshments . . . this scene captures the atmosphere of Ye Old England. Here's a Gift Box more than worthy of its contents!

Give PEEK FREAN'S BISCUITS THIS XMAS

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores

TWO NEW CHAIRS for 1/3d

That's all it costs to refinish them with QUICK ENAMEL

A quarter-pint tin is the size to buy—and in return you get not only two new chairs, but the thrill and satisfaction of doing a perfect job yourself. "QUICK" enamel flows out evenly without brush marks; dries in a few hours and gives a lasting glossy surface. Made in 33 fascinating shades—all intermixable.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Also "QUICK" Stain, "QUICK" Clear and "QUICK" Silver

TERRY and TEDDY TERRIBLE TWINS



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

SPEEDY was the name of a very old goat. Nobody at Mushroom Grove could remember him as being anything else but old and slow. Still, it was apparent that he must have been young and nimble at some time or other to get the name of Speedy.

Now, as Speedy was well known for the various kinds of articles he could consume, suspicious glances were thrown in his direction when quite a new velvet coat belonging to Fred disappeared off the line.

Fred was naturally upset and went down to the paddock to find him, and to give him a talking to. This he did, but it had no effect for Speedy just went on eating and strolled right away, quite unconcerned.

This, of course, annoyed Fred, and he went back to Mushroom Grove not in the best of moods.

"Not feeling too good?" inquired Wunderlust as he saw Fred approaching. "Quite all right," answered Fred abruptly.

Wunderlust knew why Fred was upset, and soon persuaded him to go down the town with him.

IMAGINE their surprise when they had just turned into Abbots St. to see a small boy wearing Fred's velvet coat. "There's my coat," whispered Fred to Wunderlust, "how did that boy get hold of it?"

"I don't know," answered Wunderlust, "don't you say anything, I'll attend to this matter."

Wunderlust strolled over to the small boy and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?" he said, smiling broadly.

"Nope," said the little boy loudly. "Well, where did you get such a pretty coat?"

The boy glanced quickly at Wunderlust and then prepared to run, but finding Wunderlust's hand hard upon him, burst into tears.

"I wanted a coat a terrible lot. I was so cold," he sobbed.

The poor little boy's clothing, with the exception of the stolen coat, was very torn and ragged, and Wunderlust's heart softened.

"Never mind," he said soothingly, "you promise never to steal anything more, and I'll give you that coat and a lot of other things."

The little boy's face lit up and, of course, he promised never to steal again, and happily went off to Mushroom Grove with Fred and Wunderlust.

Next morning Fred got another new coat and with it on, went down to Speedy to apologise for his suspicions; but, like the previous day, it had no effect—Speedy just could not understand!



Speedy

Jill's Letter

DEAR Jacks and Jills,—

I was at a birthday party last Saturday, and such a funny game was played. "Mother MacGee" was the name of it, and here is how it is played.

All the Jacks and Jills playing sit in a ring and the leader says to the one next to him, "Mother MacGee is dead." "How did she die?" asks the next one. Then comes the answer, "With her mouth wide open."

As soon as this is said, the second person must open his mouth and keep it so to the end of the game. Now it is his turn. He says to the next player, "Mother MacGee is dead." Now player No. 4 speaks and tells player No. 4 about Mother MacGee. No. 4 must continue the story, with mouth open, to No. 5.

The leader begins again, when all the players have their mouths open, but this time the story is slightly altered—"She died with one hand to her ear," or "With one eye shut," and so on. The players have to go through these contortions and retain the old ones as well as the new. The game ceases when only one person is left.

Thank you very much for all your nice letters and contributions. Good-bye until next week.

Cheerily Yours,
JILL.



A Difference

By PAT EGAN

A GAY young parrot sat on a tree and screamed, "The world I'm going to see."

"I'll learn why folk do not have wings, And learn and other bird-like things. Why violet aren't like marigolds."

(His voice here rose to a hoarse, loud shout.)

"I'll know what everything's about," But a who did not sit on a tree, And winked his eye in ecstasy. Thought he: "A lesson Joe will learn Before the end of his sojourn."

Prize of 5/- to Pat Egan (13), 33 King St., North Sydney, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

Mother: If you wished to go to the cricket match, why didn't you ask me first.
Baby: Because I wished to go to the cricket match.

Prize Card to Betty Farrell, Castle St., Binalong.

BEST PAINTINGS

PRIZE OF 5/- for the best painting of the picture entitled "Flowers With Faces" goes to Ernest Crabbin, Bowen St., Camperdown, Vic.

PRIZE CARDS are awarded for the three best in Margaret Shaw, 29 Mundy St., Goulburn, N.S.W.; Dulcie Ashdown, Bayville, 63 Ray Rd., Epping, N.S.W.; and Dorothy Jenkins, 26 Henry St., Tisbury Hill, N.S.W.

Prize Card to Mollie Robinson, Merriwa St., Katoomba, N.S.W., for this clever sketch.

TWO Prize Cards to Mollie Robinson, Merriwa St., Katoomba, N.S.W., for this clever sketch.



ABOUT OURSELVES

ALLAN BRUCE, of Marwillsbah (N.S.W.), lives not far from a big lift bridge; Janet Gibbs, of Rockhampton (Qld.), is fourteen next month; Brice

Brandon, of Puncow (N.S.W.), has a little pup and six baby ducks; Don Rhodes, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a new bicycle; Beryl Fenwick, of Manly (N.S.W.), recently

motored to Wellington; Angus Reynolds, of Parkville (Vic.), has a big Alsatian dog; Linda Knaut, of Glen Innes (N.S.W.), does clever paintings;

Monica Hussin, of Richmond (S.A.), has a little sister called Catherine; Desmond Tigh, of Cairns (Qld.), goes for long hikes on Saturdays and Sundays.

Alma Gavenlock, of Narara (N.S.W.), never misses reading our page; Joan Hishop, of Mordialloc (Vic.), has a cat, a rabbit, and 16 bantams for her pets;

Dorothy Weiman, of Ennawille (N.S.W.), is fond of arithmetic, history, algebra, geometry, and English; John Tracy, of Brisbane (Qld.), has two dogs and a cat for his pets; Gloria Blanch, of Anna Bay, via Newcastle (N.S.W.), likes playing tennis; Mary Worthington, of Bendigo (Vic.), is 14 years old.

GWEN LENOX, of Baan Baan (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; John Cummins, of Cairns (Qld.), is going to Tweraville for Christmas;

Lella Robinson, of Big Swamp, via Pt. Lincoln (S.A.), is a great lover of beautiful flowers; Marjorie Reid, of Mildura (Vic.), has three sisters and two brothers; Pearl Frances, of Henly (N.S.W.), is one of our newest members;

Lella Graham, of Umarra (N.S.W.), has a cat, three kittens, and a mare for her pets.

Prize Card to Lella Robinson, Big Swamp, via Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

"George," said a pompous snore to an old farm laborer, "you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand up straight like me?"

"Well, sir," answered George, "I've seen you field of corn?"

"I do," said the snore. "Then you'll notice that the full heads hang down, while the empty heads stand up?"

Prize Card to Muriel Hopper, Box Plain, Berrihan, N.S.W.



BRUCE MACDOUGALL of Neutral Bay, PALE.

FOR FUN & FANCY

I am a thing that's often read; Now if you lean my head, In turn I'll be a small black bird, A pirate chief of whom you've heard, A copy writer, too, I'll be.

Answer: Book, rock, hook, nook.

When is a shoemaker like a doctor?—When he is healing.

What has a coat, and no buttons?—A coat of paint.

What is the best way to cover a cushion?—To sit on it.

Why are good soldiers like good material?—Because they never shrink.

Prize Card to Bode Keating, Rockwood Cemetery, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

JANE: Now do you like your new house, Mary?

Mary: Oh, very well; we have a whos-it, Jane? And what's a whos-it, Mary?

Mary: One of those things you put in your mouth and someone says, "Whos-it," and you say, "Whos-it!"

Prize Card to Jean West, Mangalore Rd., The Rock, N.S.W.

C & A February March?—No, but April May.

What is the first thing you do when you fall into the sea?

—Get wet.

What are the most unbecoming things in the world?

—Stains, you never see two together.

Prize Card to Lella Robinson, Big Swamp, via Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

QUEER NOTICES

For Sale—A dog by a man with curly hair and big floppy ears.

A rose was grown by a man with beautiful golden petals.

Lost—A book by a girl with scribbling on it.

For Sale—A chair by a lady with the yellow pattern on the back.

On show—A doll's house by a man full of furniture.

Lost—A market bag by a lady stuffed full with papers.

Prize Card to C. Grierson, 62 Waratah St., Benelli, S.A.



COLOR IN THIS PICTURE nicely with points of chalk and sand, entry along to Jill, Box 1551, G.P.O., Sydney. Prize of 5/- will be given for the prettiest effort received before November 30.

Mabel Harrison, Kewwick Fifth St., Waverley, N.S.W., wins a 5/- prize for this clever sketch.

Amber: How are you getting on with that trumpet I gave you, Tommy?

Tommy: Oh, it's the best present I've ever had.

Amber: How is that?

Tommy: Every time I play it Daddy gives me a surprise to stop.

Prize Card to Jean Wriggles, Cr. Maunss and Mudgee Rds., Benders, Brisbane.

BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from

Page 51

MARY Hazelrigg saw a tall, square-shouldered, lean man with brown, leathery face, clipped moustache, and cropped hair, now going grey; eyes that (she told herself, whimsical ever) had always been grey; a grim, straight mouth that unbent, softened, and relaxed into a charming smile, displaying strong and regular teeth; a firm chin, jutting but not heavy.

As he raised his hat, she noted a deeply-lined forehead, and corner-crowded eyes that had been screwed up against the glare of the sun, the wrinkles possibly increased by laughter.

No, she didn't think he would laugh very much, but his smile was charming. One of those smiles that literally light a face up.

Being somewhat romantic as well as whimsical, Mary Hazelrigg thought of a rather grim and forbidding scene that she had beheld from a hotel balcony in Switzerland, a scene whose grimness had been suddenly, almost magically, changed to friendliness, warmth, and beauty, as the sun came from behind a cloud.

No, this man wouldn't smile much, but . . .

What a fool she was!

Nice and warm and brown and hard, his hand was, as it took hers. Strong. Not one of those silly hand-clasps that crush your knuckles, dislocate your bones, and bend your ring if you have one, any more than it was one of those cold, dead-fish-in-your-hand efforts that some rotten people give you.

And such a nice voice. Not a growl and not a squeak. Of course, any lifetime friend of Barty's would be "one of the best and a thundering good sort." That she had expected; but this man was handsome into the bargain. Thoroughly attractive in appearance, figure and speech; nice face, nice voice, nice hand-shake.

A strong man, a gentleman, and . . . And a nice sort of fool was silly Mary Hazelrigg. What on earth?

"My brother is so sorry he couldn't come to meet you, Colonel Harrington-Spens. He particularly asked me to apologise for my presence—if not for his absence."

Colonel Harrington-Spens smiled again. Delightful. He smiled at you and not at what he was thinking about you, as Minna Minelli always did. Nothing contemptuous, superior, or faintly derisive about this smile as there was about Minna's. Warm and friendly and kind.

"I don't think the apology really necessary, Miss Hazelrigg," he said, his eyes smiling into hers. Not that beastly stare-in-the-eyes that she had so often incurred from Minna in Miss Julia Askroyd's flat and from unpleasant men in London omnibuses, tubes, and streets, but the direct look that any honest person likes to receive.

She was going to like this man, and she was going to make him talk. Make him talk.

Heaven knew she'd had practice enough in that art, otherwise Barty would never have told her a thing; neither would that rather charming Major Moresby Wallingford, when he spent a week of his leave with them; nor that very attractive young subaltern, Aubrey Elsterwood, when he, too, had come to stay with them.

Yes, she'd make this Colonel Harrington-Spens talk; and he'd be worth listening to, if ever a man was. As interesting as any man alive; if he'd talk about India and Afghanistan and Persia and all the wonderful places and people—that she'd never see. He had been to Bokhara, Khiva, Thassa,

Samarkand. . . The Golden Road to Samarkand.

And they shouldn't send her to bed, either, when they got down to it, late at night, with their pipes alight and the whisky decanter between them. She'd just curl up in an armchair in the corner where they wouldn't notice her—and listen.

The things these aggravating men had seen and heard and done—and would not talk about!

And before he'd released her hand, the foolish young woman, impulsive, warm-hearted, eager, romantic, knew that she was going to like Colonel Harrington-Spens tremendously, and enjoy his visit enormously.

Thus, Mary Hazelrigg.

As he stepped down from the cursed meandering rattle-trap of an alleged train, so different from those to which he had been accustomed in India, the Colonel's irritation evaporated as a girl stepped forward, extended a tiny gauntleted hand, and said:

"Colonel Harrington-Spens?"

"Yes, Miss Hazelrigg? You are not a bit like your brother."

"You must tell Barty that," smiled Mary Hazelrigg. "It will please him."

The Colonel's hard and leathery face appeared to crack in numerous places ere it broke—into the smile that Mary Hazelrigg found so charming.

Nice girl this. Extraordinarily

pretty. Neat. Good style. Humorous.

Ganesh had never told him. What a singularly attractive face.

Thus, Colonel Harrington-Spens.

For a week, Mary Hazelrigg

listened with silent delight to the talk between her brother and

his visitor; and, night after night, blandly and firmly ignored her brother's pointed suggestions that it was time she went to bed.

When the two men went for their day-long tramps across the moor, she repressed her longing to suggest accompanying them. She had no intention of being an inescapable burden and bore. But when they were in the house they were fair game, her lawful prey.

On one occasion when her brother was obliged to go into Tavistock, she herself went for a long walk with Colonel Harrington-Spens, an exasperating, delightful, disturbing experience.

Did it hurt the man to speak? What would he think if she said to him:

"You remind me of my Cairn Mac Intelligit. He's so intelligent he can do anything but talk."

Not that the Colonel was poorish, fatuous, heavy-in-hand; not that he was monosyllabic, snubbing, disagreeable. He would answer promptly and pleasantly, but oh, so briefly, turning what should have been a feast into a tabloid.

And his face—so grim and grey; so shut and guarded. A closed door of a face, banged, barred, and bolted.

What a reward and a joy when she could make it soften, open, light up—with the most delightful smile she had ever seen. Why couldn't he wear a smiling face? Would one get tired of a smiling face?

Anyhow, she'd made him smile several times. Could many people make him smile? Was he smiling at her as Minna Minelli always did, or with her as Minna never did? Did he think she was a fool? Was he really interested at times; or was that just

his good manners, concealment of boredom? For, with all his grim coldness, reticence and reserve, he had charming manners.

Would he remember her face, or so much as her name a few days after he had gone?

On the last night of his visit, Colonel Harrington-Spens and Major Hazelrigg sat late; very late.

About midnight Hazelrigg rose to his feet.

"Good night, my dear," he said to Mary. "Sleep well."

"Going to bed?" replied Mary. "Why, I thought you'd be sitting up ever so late to-night."

"I daresay we shall," replied Hazelrigg. "The Colonel and I still have a lot to talk about. Good night."

And, with more than brotherly politeness, he opened the door.

"Oh Barty, I thought . . ."

"Never mind child. That's all right. No need for you to sit up for us."

And there was nothing for it but to go.

She hoped that her face was as non-committal, blank and impassive as that of Colonel Harrington-Spens.

"Good night," she said shortly.

"Er—good night, Miss Hazelrigg. I shall see you at breakfast, I hope," said the Colonel.

"Probably. If you look hard enough," said Mary rudely, and shut the door.

At about two o'clock Major Hazelrigg ended a silence with a long loud yawn.

"Well, well," said he. "What about a last one. Mark, and then a spot of bed?"

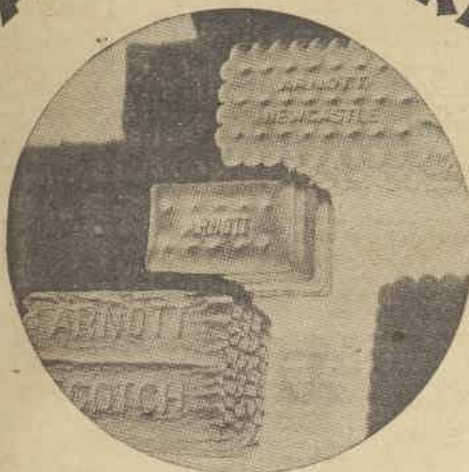
"Wouldn't do us any harm," agreed Colonel Harrington-Spens, yawning also.

"By the way, I suppose you've never thought of getting married, Ganesh?" he asked.

"Good God, no! Marry? Why should I? What should I want to marry anybody for?"

Please turn to Page 54

ARNOTT'S BRING YOU 3 NEW RECIPES



Arnott's Scotch Finger.

Break in half down centre. Place dots of whipped cream and pineapple chunks alternately, sprinkle with nuts. Or spread with Strawberry or Blackberry jam and rosettes of cream round edge or criss-cross fashion.

Sweetened fresh strawberries crushed and dotted with whipped cream.

Beef Olives.

3 cup Arnott's Lawn Tennis Soda
3 lb. steak (thinly cut)
1 dessertspoon flour
Seasoning
Stuffing
2 ozs. suet

2 teaspoon mixed herbs
Little chopped parsley
Water
1 onion
Dripping
1 egg
Prepare stuffing by mixing all dry ingredients, moistened with beaten egg. Wipe meat and cut into small oblong pieces. Place a little stuffing on each and roll up. Tie with string. Put dripping in saucepan and fry beef olives until brown. Lift out and fry onion, then add flour, water and salt. Allow to boil, then skim. Return meat to pan and simmer 1½ hours.

Using Arnott's Coffee Biscuits.

Mock cream filling between two biscuits. Cover with chocolate icing, decorate with chopped walnuts and cut into long fingers.

Orange filling between Coffee or Arrowroot Biscuits. Finish with lemon icing and chopped ginger or fruit.

Biscuits will not remain crisp in paper bags or open packets, so, as a wise precaution, place them in an air-tight caddy immediately they are unpacked. Arnott's new caddy, "My Biscuit Caddy," is to preserve the crispness and oven bloom of the biscuits.

Your grocer will supply this filled with savoury or plain biscuits in a most delicious assortment; also one of Arnott's latest Recipe Books.



ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM

SAVE BABY'S SKIN from SORENESS . . . IRRITATION . . . BLEMISHES . . .



USE THE

NEW REXONA MEDICATED SOAP (Containing Cadyl)

—its soothing, protective medications make it The IDEAL BABY SOAP.

9d. PER
TABLET
IN CITY AND
SUBURBS



REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Lady Jayne CURL-CLIP

Made neat curls at home quickly and easily with this new 72d clip from Lady Jayne. TWO CLIPS ON A CARD. In difficulty write Hainford, 48 York St., Sydney.

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

who says she was "quite sceptical" when her doctor told her what to do

PEOPLE seem to have to go through a lot of suffering before they learn the simple secrets of good health. Here's a letter that tells its own story, from a woman who learned by experience.

"After the birth of my daughter, who is now nine, I suffered terribly from constipation, and tried all sorts of remedies, but got little relief.

"Believe me, I was very sceptical when my physician prescribed Nujol. However, I took it faithfully, and although it was several weeks before I became regular and normal, my physician and I were both very much pleased with my recovery.

"Well, I have been an almost constant user of Nujol ever since. With all due fairness to many other well-known remedies, I can sincerely say that although they may be excellent, none of them has given me the relief, and helped to overcome my intestinal paralysis, like Nujol. Although other remedies may sell for less, I think it is much cheaper to use Nujol. Of course I give Nujol to the children, too."

Nothing we could add to this letter would make it any more convincing. Follow this mother's example. See what Nujol will do for you—bring your children up on it and they will be as regular as clockwork.

Nujol can now be obtained in a flavoured form—Cream of Nujol. Cream of Nujol has a delicious taste and your children are sure to like it. Grown-ups also enjoy its palatable flavour. Cream of Nujol contains no cathartic drugs and its beneficial action is entirely due to the Nujol content. Both Nujol and Cream of Nujol are obtainable at all chemists.

STAMMERING CURED

by modern scientific methods. Write for particulars. L. W. Doherty, M.F.S., Ph.D. (Ed.), 110, M.O.O.A., 318 Burwood Rd., Belmont, N.S.W. Laid off D.P.A. and R.A. Honorary. Recommended by Doctors. Results, and course. Low fee. 0/00

BEGGARS' Horses

"PEOPLE do, you know," smiled Colonel Harrington-Spence.

"They do. I've often wondered why." "Well, there are extenuating circumstances at times, of course," mused the Colonel. "Peasants and people who want an heir to carry on a great name."

"Yes, they have to, of course," nodded Ganesh Hazlerigg. "And there are Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governors and such, who must have a 'hostess' at Government House. They are practically driven to it."

"Though I did know of one," he continued, "who brought a lady out from home—and didn't marry her. . . . Said she was his sister. . . . till the General wanted to marry her. Then he said 'she wasn't exactly his sister—but let sisterly love continue, without the General butting in.' . . . Shocking scandal."

He yawned again. "Then, of course, some of those old businesses that have been handed on, from father to son, for generations. Those people have to marry. . . . And working-men have to have someone to cook and mend and clean for them. They need wives and a home. One wife, anyhow. . . . Otherwise, it seems to me an extraordinarily damn silly thing to do. Look at the youngsters who can't afford to keep themselves, and start trying to keep a wife as well."

"Is there any more pitiable object than a stone-broke subaltern with a wife? Ruined, governed, snubbed and squashed flat by the 'Colonel's lady,'" he added.

"Unless it's the Colonel," he added. "Often, Colonel commands the regiment, and wife commands the Colonel. Pitiful."

"Absolutely," agreed Colonel Harrington-Spence. "You know, speaking generally and taking it by and large, precious few people ought to marry—and of all the people who ought not, soldiers and sailors come first. What's a wife to a sailor, except a living expense whom he occasionally encounters in the flesh? What's a wife to a soldier but a tie and a nuisance and a bother, who bubbles when he's going on active service and who takes his mind off his job?"

"Or at any rate," he added, "whom he's got at the back of his mind when he should have nothing in his mind at all, except his business. Why, many a good man has funk'd a thing, or evaded it, because it wasn't fair to his wife and kiddies that he should take a hundred per cent. risk when he needn't."

"True," agreed Colonel Harrington-Spence, and went back in his chair with closed eyes.

"Yes, 'the curse of a soldier,'" said Major Hazlerigg, and murmured a quotation:

"Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er; that's Hell for them both, An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier."

Colonel Harrington-Spence smiled. "Yes," he said. "The bachelor 'e fights for one As joyful as can be; But the married man don't call it fun, Because 'e fights for three. . . ."

as Mr. Kipling also says.

"OF course a man inevitably goes to the front happier in his mind," he continued, "freer, so to speak, if he is not cursed with a wife and children. Naturally a wife is a tie and a burden, particularly to a man in the Secret Service. . . . How can he push off on a dangerous job that may last for years, and take him a long way past the Back o' Beyond, with his life in his hand, and the hand slippery, through sweating with fear, if he's got a wife whom he adores?"

Ganesh Hazlerigg yawned again, rose to his feet, and emptied his glass.

"Just what I say. Why are we worrying about it?" he smiled.

"Because I want to marry your sister, if you don't mind, Ganesh?"

Major Hazlerigg collapsed into his chair.

"What?" he asked.

"I want to marry Mary, if she'll have me."

"What? . . . Whatever for? . . . What for?"

"Because I'm in love with her."

"You're what?"

"In love. In love with your sister Mary."

"Why?"

"Because she's the dearest, sweetest, loveliest, most attractive, charming, wonderful. . . ."

"Who? Mary?"

"Yes. D'you think I'm too old? Do you think she'll turn me down?"

"She'd better not! Good Lord! My

dear Mark. Well, I'm damned! Have you said anything to her?"

"No."

"Well, I shouldn't, if I were you, old man. You don't want to go about marrying people at your time of life."

"That's what worries me," said Colonel Harrington-Spence, stroking his greying hair. "At my time of life. I must be twenty years older than Mary."

"Well, what of it? That's twenty years wiser. Twenty years more experienced, twenty years more. . . . you wouldn't have her marry some damn boy would you?"

"No, I wouldn't have her marry some damn boy," replied the Colonel. "Do you mind Ganesh?"

Major Hazlerigg extended his hand. "Mark," he said, "if you must be such a silly old fool, damn it, Mark, there's not a man in this world I'd sooner see married to Mary than you. My God, Marky, old man. . . ."

"Probably won't have me," replied Colonel Harrington-Spence in his sad and quiet voice. "That clock right?"

"AND how does one set up housekeeping in India, darling?" asked Mary Hazlerigg, some three months later, as she sat snuggled as close as she could get to her fiancé in a healthy room beneath a very grey granite tor—Fox Tor. "Now suppose we've got off the ship at Bombay. . . . and she pressed his knee with her thumb."

"Got into the train at Bombay. . . . and changed the pressure of the thumb for that of a forefinger."

"Got out of the train at What-is-it? . . . and changed the pressure of the forefinger for that of the second."

"And driven into the cantonments. . . . and the second finger was changed for the third."

"Oh, isn't it a lovely ring?" she broke off.

"Like it? I wish I could have afforded a worthier one," said Colonel Harrington-Spence.

"I love it, I adore it."

And Mary Hazlerigg kissed it impulsively.

"What happens then? How do we start housekeeping?" she continued.

"Well," smiled Colonel Harrington-Spence, "we go to my friend's bungalow—chap named Bursstone. Captain Stacey Bursstone. He'll put us up until we can get into a bungalow of our own. You'll like him. Very good sort. Bachelor, but he knows how to run a bungalow comfortably."

"What's an Indian bungalow like?"

"Oh, pretty blagish house, all on one floor. Built of bricks and mud; white-washed and thatched; big wide verandahs enclosed with lattice-work; rooms large and lofty; very thick walls."

"Papered?"

"No, whitewashed. If your Parsi or Hindu landlord is a bit of a nut, he may chuck a blue-glass into the white-wash—and that makes it distemper."

"And the floors?"

"Mud. Beaten mud."

"Tidy?"

"Oh, you don't notice that. Cover it all up with carpets and rugs."

"What sort of carpets and rugs?"

"Oh, awful rubbish called churries, made in the nearest gal; and Persian rugs if you're wealthy, worth a hundred pounds per square yard. Wish to heaven I were wealthy!"

"And the furniture? What sort of furniture does one have, and how does one get it?"

"Well, we take a drive down to a shop-fronted shed in the bazaar, kept by Mr. Coconutwallah, or Mr. Ibrahim Currumbhoy. He knows how, hopes that all the children are well, says that he has heard I shall be gazetted General next week, and leads the way into what looks like a railway goods-shed, stacked from floor to corrugated-iron roof with furniture, varying from egg-cups to vast early-Victorian four-poster beds with canopy complete. Out of that howling wilderness of furniture you, my poor dear, select a drawing-room, a dining-room, a few bedrooms a sort of morning-room for yourself, a sort of office-room for me, and a lot of verandah stuff."

"All second-hand?"

"A hundred-and-second-hand. 'Battered and bruised and battle-scarred,' but amenable to treatment. Cover it all up with chintz. When you've made your selection, Mr. Ibrahim Currumbhoy reminds you of all the things you've forgotten and they will by far outnumber the things that you've remembered. Then he'll pretend to do lightning calculations and tell me that that'll be one hundred and fifty rupees, eight annas, a month; but that he'll take off the eight annas for the sake of the love he bears me and the fact that I'm the Protector of the Poor and his father and his mother. And I

shall thank him. Also point out to him that I'm not buying the stuff, but only want to know the price of its monthly hire. He will then inform me that that is the monthly hire—a hundred and fifty rupees a month. And I shall laugh hilariously."

"I can hear you doing it," smiled Mary. "It'll be worth going to India for that alone."

" . . . and shall offer him a quarter of that amount. And by and by we shall strike a bargain that makes us both happy—he much happier than I—and the home will then be furnished. On the hire-and-no-purchase system."

"Of course, I shall have to go over the house first," mused Mary.

"Oh, I shouldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Big rats, little mosquitoes, huge spiders, stout cobwebs, Cockroach on his back in every cupboard and on every shelf and ledge. Big nail-holes in the walls, damp-stains, ceiling-cloth hanging down, ragged punkahs very filthy, half an inch of dust everywhere. One tarantula, two scorpions. Can't guarantee a snake, but I will guarantee you can't see through the glass of the windows, if any. . . . Hadn't you better give up this marriage idea?"

"No, Mark. We've done it now—nearly. What's a ceiling-cloth?"

"A cloth that looks like a ceiling. Canvas. White, once. When other pursuists fall, you can sit and watch rats and things running about on the other side of it. That is to say, you can trace their progress—as they progress. If there's a hole they fall through. Before you've been there long you'll be able to tell the movements of a snake from those of a rat at a glance. . . . The snake's progress."

"That'll do for the moment, Mark. Hadn't I better take out a lot of stuff?"

"Yes. I take a lot every time. Saddlery, clothes, quinine, calomel, favorite tobacco."

"Stuff, I said. For curtains, hangings, loose covers, cushions, linen."

"Oh, stuff! Stuff, you mean. Yes, anyhow. Some people go in for making the interior of the bungalow absolutely English. Not a single Oriental thing in it. Once inside, you might be in Devonshire."

"Would you like that, Mark?"

"Love it."

"Oh, Mark, I shall die. I shall positively die of joy and excitement and happiness."

"Don't talk about dying, Mary; even in jest."

"Oh, Mark. . . . you. . . . and India. . . . and travel. . . . and the glorious, glamorous. . . . Mark, I'm too happy. The loveliest man and the most wonderful, marvellous country. . . ."

"Well, it's wonderfully hot and marvellously dirty, dusty, and disappointing. And I think you're the person who ever called me lovely."

And the happy-eyed, grim face again creased and cracked into a smile that to Mary Hazlerigg, literally was lovely.

"Oh, Mark, you're a pig. Isn't it a romantic land of glow and of glamour—the shining East?"

"In fact," murmured Harrington-Spence, "talking of which, my dear, my fees don't amount to much. We shall be poor, you know. It'll run to an annual trip to Simla in the hot weather; but we shall be poor. Enough to eat, y'know. Respectable clothing; a horse or two; fairly adequate house and grounds, dry grounds—dust, in fact; a baker's dozen of servants; a car that will—er—go."

"In fact, all that heart can desire, Mark," interrupted the girl. "Do you think I shall want anything else while I've got you?"

"Do you think anything in the whole wide world matters anything at all, or is worth anything at all, while I've got you, Mary? Only I don't want to get you under false pretences; or let you think you are going out to an India that doesn't exist. It will be Heaven for me. Absolute Heaven on earth, but. . . . Gad—if only I weren't so poor."

And the unwonted warmth and fervor of his voice changed to its normal cool quietness.

"To avoid disappointment, Madam, please examine the goods before leaving the shop—and count your change. There won't be much change to count, and the goods include terrifying heat; drought; dust; troublesome servants; malaria; insects; boring monotony, especially with regard to food; catty women, whom you meet daily and nightly and eternally; at times, weariness unutterable; illness; and constant danger—even in the water you drink; and. . . ."

"And Colonel Marcus Harrington-Spence," added Mary Hazlerigg, taking his brown hand in hers.

To be continued

TO WAKE UP A LAZY LIVER.

For "liverishness," biliousness, head-ache, drowsiness, bad complexion, etc., try taking before breakfast a little "Alikia Sal-trates."

When you sleep the heart immediately slows down and then the sluggish-moving blood deposits throughout the system any toxins and impurities which may be present. That results in a clogged liver, "the beginning of all disease." It says the body's only reserves against disease. You have headache, and often ache all over. The toxins reach the brain, hence that tired, languorous don't-care feeling. Blemished and yellow complexion, indigestion, furred tongue, feverishness and drowsiness and other symptoms. Heart depressants, pain-reducing drugs and pills afford only temporary relief.

A pure blood supply is the only solid foundation upon which to build good health. Then your body acts better, same as a fire burns better with soot cleared from the chimney. Drink before breakfast a level teaspoonful of "Alikia Sal-trates" in a half-tumbler of water. This promptly washes out all impurities, leaving the way clear to receive and properly digest food. The "Sal-trates" water also reaches the liver by absorption, thus stimulating that organ and removing any congestion or sluggishness. All chemists can supply "Alikia Sal-trates." It is harmless as sugar and probably the greatest solvent and eliminant known to science. Its amazing curative properties will make you a crank on the subject of internal cleanliness.—C.N.H.***

Four "VAREX"

Applications...

Heal Bad Leg

W.B.H. states that as ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of VAREX. A simple, soothing, home treatment for various ulcers at any stage of development. No rest required. Permanent results. Write today for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, VAREX Ltd., 2nd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424/5 George Street, Sydney.***

A NERVE ELEMENT MISSING

WHAT IS GOOD FOR THE NERVES

"I think I must have been born without an element essential for my nerves," said a harassed-looking, tired-out man the other day. He was, however, overlooking the fact that he always overworked, worried, and gave himself no proper rest or recreation. The essential element for a strong nervous system is rich, red blood. Overwork, worry, or anxiety saps the strength of the strongest, and causes the blood to become thin, weak, and devitalized. Then the nerves get overwrought for the want of nourishment, appetite is poor, vague pains and headaches appear, with depression and weariness. A complete breakdown is not far away.

If you are over-tired and nervy, don't hesitate to build up your blood at once with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have been tested at a hospital clinic and proved to increase the haemoglobin and red blood corpuscles in a remarkable speedy way. When your system becomes refreshed, strengthened, and revitalized by the new, rich blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help to create, you lose your nervousness, headaches, backaches; life seems renewed and brighter, energy returns, and you gain confidence and strength. Begin to get well with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; 3/- bottle at chemists and stores. Say "Dr. Williams'!"—and take no other.***



HE CUTS HIS TEETH SO EASILY...

The fever and restlessness is always allayed by Steedman's Powders. They keep baby's habits regular and his system cool. Give them regularly during teething, and up to the age of fourteen years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., 400, 402A, G.P.O. Sydney. Also 251 E, G.P.O. Melbourne.

The 20 MINUTE WAVE-SETTER IN USE AT HOME

6d. PER CLIP

IT'S EASY!

2 CLIPS ON A CARD

Larger Clips 10d & 1/- each

IT'S SPEEDY!

Lady Jayne WAVE-CLIP AND RE-SETTER

IT'S SURE!

GIRL CRICKETERS Will Have a THRILLING TIME!

Arrival of English Team will Encourage Game in Australia

By RUTH PREDDEY

THIS week fifteen young women begin a three months' tour of Australia. They have come the 12,000 odd miles from England to show us that they can play cricket better than our girls — a belief, of course, that Miss Australia is quite convinced is absolutely wrong.

So, in the friendliest fashion, Australian and English women will meet on the playing fields to carry on the battle that their menfolk started in 1876, when the first England-Australia cricket Test was played.

reside. Australia, therefore, should endeavor to provide these tourists with entertainments that will give them a knowledge of every phase of life, as we in this country know it.

And while we must not lose sight of the fact that this touring team is here to play cricket, and must not let anything else interfere with this project, we can with proper administration link up their entertainments so that they are of the constructive as well as of an interesting variety.

Western Australia, where the English team will first play, has arranged a variety of entertainments during the four or five days they will spend in that State. As the visitors will only spend a few hours in Adelaide, the South Australian Women's Cricket Association has arranged a bush tea party for them. The entertainments in Melbourne embrace receptions, inspections of factories, and visits to the Botanical Gardens.

Country tours will mark the highlights of the entertainments in New South Wales, where the players will stay on sheep stations at Deniliquin; visit Jones, and the fruit-growing district of Leeton; the Federal Capital city, Canberra; Goulburn, Wollongong, and probably the world-famous coal district of Newcastle.

Queensland, the last State which the English cricketers will visit, has not yet arranged their itinerary, but it is expected that the visit there will be quite as interesting as the programmes arranged in the other States. The tour will last nearly three months, when the team will depart for home via New Zealand, where a series of matches will also take place.

Planned Ahead

ARRANGEMENTS of this kind are not accomplished hurriedly. For months the Australian Council and the various State associations have been planning and constructing programmes acceptable to everyone.

Delegates of the Australian Cricket Council have already met in Sydney and Brisbane and the next meeting is set down to take place in Melbourne early in December. At this meeting the Australian selectors will be announced.

The office of Australian selectors first



MRS. WALDRON, hon. secretary Australian Women's Cricket Council.

Their task will be an exceedingly difficult one, as the English team, although carrying a reputation of being strong in all departments of the game, is as yet an unknown quantity.

The Australian selectors will not see them in action until they play their match against Victoria on December 7-8. During the next fourteen days the selectors will have watched the State versus England matches in Sydney and Brisbane, and at the conclusion of the match against Queensland on Christmas Day the selection of the first Australian Test team will be finalised. This gives the Test players but three days in which to prepare for this match at Brisbane commencing on December 28. This is the only way in which this selection could be arranged, without involving considerable expense in having Trial matches arranged in each State, and also in paying the selectors' expenses.

The English team leaves for New Zealand at the end of January.

BIG cricket and big tennis will hold the public attention this season.

Ruth Preddey, who conducts this page, is a recognised Australian authority on all women's sports.

Her comments and reviews of the big international tennis and cricket matches will appear in The Australian Women's Weekly each week.



THE ENGLISH captain, Miss Betty Archdale.

PLAYING for their country! What a thrill the girls will get out of the games. For the visiting team especially it will be a glorious three months' adventure. Even Prince Henry couldn't derive greater pleasure from his visit than they will.

To twenty-two young women the first Test match—to be played in Brisbane on December 28—will be just as exciting as it was for those men who took part in that other first Test match 58 years ago.

The English women's cricket team will have traversed almost the world before they return again to their homeland. The tour, which embraces a stay of nearly three months in Australia, is made possible by the enterprise of women cricketers in both countries.

Fifteen players comprise the English team. They are mostly drawn from the ranks of sportsmistresses, but include players from commercial activities.

Miss Betty Archdale, the captain, is a solicitor. Miss E. Snowball, vice-captain, and Miss H. E. Green, the manager, are sportsmistresses.

The rest of the team include M. Fidge, M. McLagan, J. Partridge, C. Valentine, M. Taylor, G. Morgan, M. Richards, M.

Spear, M. Child, M. Turner, J. Leibert, and M. Hollister. To the Australian players this tour also means a great deal, for to them comes an opportunity of being the foremost players in Australia during these series of games. To occupy the leading pages in the newspapers, to be photographed, and to know that their names are being broadcast throughout the Commonwealth and England adds glamour to the scene.

To be the captain, and to lead the first Australian team on to the field in an international match, is a position that every cricket enthusiast and player will covet with envy. It will be an honor of which the captain can be justly proud.

No more than twelve players will play in the first Test match, but before these series of State and Test matches are finished it is possible that 30 or more girls will have a chance of representing Australia or their State against England.

Educational, Too!

JUST what this visit from England means to Australia it is hard to define until after all the matches have been played, but the fact remains that as the majority of the English players are sportsmistresses in the leading English schools, their impressions of Australia are sure to be broadcast throughout the towns or counties in which they

G & B BIFOCAL

Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the sight of the wearer and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 6 HUNTER STREET (10 Doors from George Street), SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 PITT STREET (opposite Anthony Bonaventura), SYDNEY.

NERVE DEAFNESS

Persons suffering with Nerve Deafness can now receive wonderful relief. Menor, P. O. Reins and Sons' patent "Aureole" Hearing Aids are specially built for this purpose. They are non-electrical, require no wires or batteries, and give the actual voice magnified and reproduced. The actual voice is increased without any distortion. The aid is made in the same way as a highly efficient hand instrument—the individual effort of a craftsman, combined with the scientist's design and ideas.

Reins-Aureole Non-electrical Hearing Aids for Nerve Deafness.
Reins-Aureole Electrical Hearing Aids for Middle Ear Deafness.
Reins Whistling Tubes are graded in powers for Extreme Deafness.
Reins Invisible Silver Tubes for opening the Canals of the Ears.
Reins Trumpets and Resonators (hand model) are for special cases.
Reins' Renowned Church Installations for Six Users.
Bone Conduction and Valve Hearing Aids supplied after special tests.
Used Instruments (any make) accepted as part payment. All makes of Hearing Aids repaired and overhauled.

Consult Mr. R. A. Noddy, Deaf Aid Specialist, Suite 008, T. & G. Bldg., Park Street, Sydney. Phone MA3774. Also at T. & G. Bldg., Melbourne, and Rongitikei Street, Christchurch, North, N.Z.

Sole Agent in Australia and New Zealand for
REIN'S HEARING AIDS

(As supplied to H.M. Admiralty, H.M. War Office, H.M. Air Ministry, and National Institute for the Deaf)

Who's the Woman?

£200 Grand Christmas
Competition

Identify clearly the photos
on page 2.

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....
- 5.....
- 6.....

Fill in this coupon, BUT DO NOT SEND IT IN till you have filled in the other two coupons which will appear on this page next week and the week after. For full details of conditions see page 2 of this issue.

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macmillan House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Dance TO THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

£25-10-0
Terms Available.

IN a moment feet are twinkling to a quick step. The lilting living music of the orchestra brings all the thrill of dancing. Surely this is no ordinary receiver, for it transports the masters of music into your home, to play for you—such is the radioplayer with its uncopyable realism—truly living reproduction.

These features—

- Ultra modern golden valves—giving glorious natural tone and clarity.
- Micrometric station selector—a scientific tuning device giving absolute accuracy.
- Finger tip controls for both volume and tone, giving maximum flexibility.
- Balanced chassis—a 5-valve superheterodyne engineer designed to give trouble-free performance.
- Piano finish cabinet—an exclusive design, both practical and beautiful.

PHILIPS
radioplayer

Advertisement of Philips Lamps (Australia) Ltd. (Radio Dept.), Head Office and Showrooms, corner Clarence and Margaret Streets, Sydney.

THE AMERICAN SALADS

served daily in the Great Restaurant are the most delicious and refreshing fare you could possibly imagine for luncheon! No ordinary salads these... every one an unusual American recipe that you won't be able to taste anywhere else in Sydney!

David Jones en Fete

The Season's favourites in White Doeskin

An exciting new group.... Slip-ons to wear with your Suit, new six-button length for three-quarter sleeves, over-popular Sac style, others with the smart Flare Gaunlets! All of them in soft, pliable English or French Doeskins! These are typical!

24 different styles to choose from!

8" All smart hands have a leaning towards these classic English Doeskins. Elastic at wrist style. Washable in white or Chamois. Pr. 8/11

12" This popular Flare Cuff Gauntlet is worn where the best-dressed women foregather! Elastic at wrist style. White or Chamois. Price, pr. 10/11

10" A pair of these Gloves are a happy thought for inclusion in any wardrobe. A smart Sac style. Soft, washable skins in Chamois and white. Pr. 12/11

15" Two flared godets inset at each side of the cuffs give this Doeskin Glove its elegant look. Slip-on style in white or Chamois. Price, pr. 15/11

19" Their charm lies in the beautiful French Skin's their tailored simplicity. They come in Slip-on style - white or Chamois. Price, pr. 19/11

25/9 A more desirable pair of Gloves would be hard to find! Perfect fine French Doeskins in white or Chamois hand-sewn with black. Flare Gaunlets. 25/9

12" **15"**

TWO VERY NEW GLOVE STYLES!

Australian Made From Best English SKINS

Cut and Fit Guaranteed! At left: Australian-made English Doeskin Gloves with extremely smart flared Gaunlets. White or Chamois. Pair 12/11

At right: These are a refreshing style - Vandyke Tucks trim the wide Cuffs. Wrist Strap. Chamois or White, pair at 15/11

GLOVES - GROUND FLOOR



Our special November celebrations are still in full swing... exciting bargain offers still prevail... the Restaurant is gay with new "Mayfair" decorations!

ATTENTION!

David Jones' introduce

"Princess Marina"

6" **PAIR** **Hose**

This should cause as much excitement amongst modern women, as the other announcement a few months ago! Exquisitely fine Stockings made especially for David Jones. Everything about them is modern and desirable from the sheer pure silk with the "high-twist" to make them dull to the reinforced feet to make them wear. Slender French Heels. All shades and sizes. Sensationally priced at, pair, 6/11

Thousands acclaim DELTA

We can confidently say... thousands of women agree... that for hard wear the "Delta" are unexcelled. We say "thousands of women agree" for by buying them they prove it. Every thread is pure silk with full fashioning, double side welt, cradle feet, panel heel. The season's shades. Pair

3"

Wonder value! MADGE

Ask to see this Stocking when next you're in the store. Country customers can order it with confidence. It's a pleasing sheer... pure silk from top to toe with picot edging welt. Slender French Heel, fully fashioned. All the lovely summer shades. A splendid value at, pair

5"

OR THE GROUND FLOOR



23/6

AND YOU WON'T FIND THEIR EQUAL IN SHOES OF SUCH QUALITY—ANYWHERE

Search all Sydney's Shoe Stores and you'll find it hard to secure such cool, fresh-looking Shoes as these Perforated Instep Ties at 23/6. In white, Nubuck, 23/6 black or brown kid. Pair

LADIES' SHOE SALON - FIRST FLOOR

Another smart style that's hard to beat at 23/6. White Windswept Stitched Court with slim, elegant Heels - snug-fitting Vamps. In Black, Blue, or Brown Kid, also at, pair... 23/6

PHONE M4404.

MAIL YOUR ORDERS

Hundreds of orders reach us by mail every day, not only from all over New South Wales, but from the furthest corners of Australia, and from the East! It's safe to order by mail from David Jones—the attention given to every order guarantees a satisfaction as complete as if you were shopping personally!

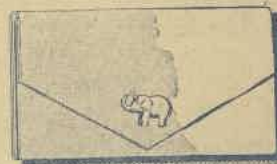
OUT GO 4,000

Money Purses

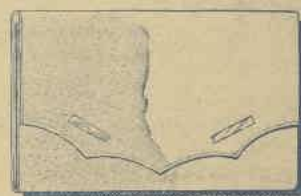


7½d

Gay Oriental Silk Money Purse and Note-case combined offering simply astounding value at 7½d and 1/- each. Buy for Xmas.



Choose one of these as the fitting accessory for your Cottons. White Panama Envelope Handbags with or without inside "Zipp" Fasteners. Novel Elephant ornament. At each... 3/11



Imagine securing such a pleasing Bag as this for only 4/9. Washable, too! White Envelope Style with assorted grainings. Nickel trim. Special, priced at each... 4/9

15/6 Pouch Bags, 10/6

Very attractive Dice-grained Pouch Bags with modern nickel mounts. In black, navy or brown also three different grainings of white washable leather. Priced at 10/6.

HANDBAGS - GROUND FLOOR

POST YOUR ORDERS TO BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST
NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Isn't *Life* Queer?

By EDNA ROUGHLEY

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

23 NOV 1934

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

CHAPTER 1



RUNNING wildly, dodging this way and that, Julianne Manners sped along Manly Corso with ringing pain in her side, lips moving as she ran. With a desperate burst of speed she leapt a kerbstone into the roadway. Followed a shout, an on-looker's scream, screech of violently applied brakes. Jill felt the mudguard of a car brush her frock, and wide-eyed looked over her shoulder straight into the infuriated face of the driver whose skilful handling of the car had averted an accident; miraculously averted it.

Her lips framed involuntary acknowledgement of his skill, then she ran on, only dimly aware of danger escaped.

Too late. Gangways were down, the ferry had begun to move, slipping out over mirror-smooth waters of the harbor. A fisherman, watching, grinned sympathetically.

"Tough luck, Miss. You put up a great run."

She gulped and walked to the end of the wharf without trusting herself to speak. It certainly was tough luck. Tougher luck than the fisherman could guess. She felt glad when he disappeared, and she was alone on the wharf.

Tremblingly she leaned against a post and stared through misty eyes at the receding ferry. Over the sparkling brightness of the harbour dark shadows were relentlessly creeping, closing about her. She ought not to be standing so close to the edge of the wharf; Jill tried to move back, but unsteady limbs refused to obey the logic of her mind.

She struggled for control. The absurdity of cracking up after a sharp run along the Corso. It was absurd. Humiliating! Reaction, beyond all doubt. Reaction, and the keen disappointment of missing the ferry.

To-day of all days in the year, when after repeated answering of likely advertisements in the Positions Vacant column, she had received an appointment for eleven-thirty, her watch was four minutes slow.

What chance of the position would she have now? Eleven-thirty sharp! She would be late—very late. What excuse could she make? A missed boat would reveal carelessness; better not to make excuses at all.

If she lost the position another girl would be lucky. She had been given a chance, and had failed to take full advantage of it; she ought to have known better than to rely solely upon a wrist watch however reliable it had been in the past.

Her knees gave way suddenly, sinking from beneath her. She clutched frantically at the post, unaware of a sharp cry. For an instant she swayed toward the

water, then a hand clutched, jerking her unceremoniously to safety.

"You little fool! You utter little fool!" Jill blinked. It was such an astonishing outburst—so unexpected. There was no little to say in answer, if anything. He appeared so obviously angry that she delayed thanking him. So awkward to thank a person immediately after being called a fool, an utter fool. He might misunderstand. He would think her sarcastic and unpleasant. Anyhow, why was he so angry? And, when she came to consider it, how dared he address her in that manner?

She straightened her shoulders and gave him a look that held all the hauteur of which she was capable, not a particularly credible effort, for unexpectedly her lips quivered with inward laughter, and her shoulders shook.

He was rather splendid. Long and lean, with unmistakable breeding. A strong face tanned berry brown, hair inclined to show sun bleach. He was angry, furiously angry. Jill's eyes studied him appraisingly, then her glance fell.

"Thank you," she murmured demurely. "I seem to be causing you quite a little trouble this morning."

"Sorry?" he growled. "I should think you would be sorry. Ashamed, too!"

"Oh?" Jill's ejaculation held query.

"Decidedly ashamed! I had my suspicions when you tried to fling yourself under my car. Now I'm certain."

An astonishing young man. She quite believed he was certain about something, but what? The near accident perhaps, still uncertain of her ground, still demure.

"It was careless of me," she ventured.

"Careless? It was infernally criminal. Why pick on my car?"

"It happened to be the only one passing!"

"Ye gods! I don't suppose you thought of the consequences? You didn't care a hang about the rotten mess you'd have landed me into. Whatever made you do it?"

She was aware of a sudden softening; his expression changed, the very tones of his deep voice altered, grew kinder.

"You must have been pretty desperate?"

She nodded briefly. "Yes."

"Poor kid. Life can be rotten."

"Pretty rotten," she agreed, mystified.

"But, hang it all," he protested, "surely you have something, someone, to live for."

She blinked with dazed incredulity, finally understood, and, with tightly compressed lips, held back an irresistible rush of laughter. He saw her quivering lips, her obvious distress, and continued:

"I guessed you were all in when you tried to kill yourself—that way. So I parked the car and followed you on to the wharf. Then when I saw you staring into the water, hesitating—"

Jill shook. What a predicament. How could she disillusion him without reducing the situation to bathos? Impossible. He

was very much in earnest, very sympathetic.

"Buck up! You must, you know," he continued encouragingly. "I'd hate like the very dickens to dish up any kind of a sermon, but if you stick things out a bit something'll turn up. Always does."

She smiled at him. "How kind you are."

"I feel like a sky-pilot."

"Your advice is quite sound, and encouraging. You have given me new heart," she concluded wickedly.

"Good. You'll stick it out?"

"Yes, indeed. You've helped more than you know, and in a way you don't understand."

"I understand all right. Sure you feel better? No more desperate notions left?"

"Not one."

He nodded approval in quite a fatherly manner that unsettled Jill's gravity.

"Great!"

The personable young man was visibly relieved, as visibly anxious to end the conversation and be on his way. Jill held out her hand.

"Thanks for saving me a—ducking."

"I'm glad you can joke about it." He warmly shook her extended hand. "Sense of humor is a great thing."

She had difficulty again with her lips.

"Yes, isn't it?"

"Sure you're all right?"

"Quite."

"Then—good-luck."

They moved toward the gangway, the man's hand just touching Jill's arm. She had gained control of laughter, was sweetly grave, a little ashamed. It was not too late to inform the young man of his mistake, but somehow she couldn't bring herself to do it. He had jumped to the wrong conclusion, but what did it matter? They were strangers, not likely to meet again. Better to say nothing than reveal the truth and embarrass him.

"Up or down?" he asked.

"Oh—up. I like the breeze in my face."

"I like the sound of that."

"And I, the feel of it."

Their glances met and held. Again Jill decided to confess, again decided against it, this time definitely. She murmured her thanks, turned and walked up the gangway without looking back.

During the trip across the harbour Jill alternately thought of her resumer (she liked the word) and of the eleven-thirty appointment. Once she forgot both, and from her handbag took a letter. Three precious seconds had been wasted while she snatched it out of the letter-box. From Barbara.

She opened it and drew out four pages of her sister's characteristically upright handwriting. Barbara had quite evidently penned the letter in a hurry—words were blurred, at times illegible.

"You mentioned," wrote Barbara, "coming to visit Mudge and myself for your holidays—"

"That was before I lost my job," Jill murmured.

"We would both love to see you, Jill dear, but Len has two of his friends staying with us just now, and there isn't an inch of room to spare. Not an inch. Sorry to disappoint you, Julianne, but—"

The letter rambled on, filled with trivial excuses that did not convince. Jill felt disappointed, a little perturbed. Altogether a most unsatisfactory letter. Barbara making excuses! It was unbelievable.

Well, a holiday was out of the question, anyhow, so Babs need not have upset herself about having to cancel a long-standing invitation.

It was six years since her sisters had married brothers and gone to live at Scorne. Jill had refused to accompany them, refused emphatically.

She had carried her point mainly because Madge sided with her against Barbara, and Babs had been forced to yield—reluctantly, almost unhappily.

"I don't like it, Jill. You will be so very much alone."

"I'm sensible."

"That's consolation. You'll write?"

"Every week."

"Especially if you need help."

"I'll have to need it urgently. You and Madge will be happier without having a younger sister tacked on to your apron strings."

Six years. During that time she had carried on successfully. But now? There was Jo Everard to consider. Jo, on whom the expenses had fallen of late.

The Quay at last. The journey had seemed endless. Jill hurried along the wharf, through the turnstile. Her mind held but one thought now. The roar of George Street traffic sounded in her ears. Eleven-thirty sharp, and the Martin Place clock was chiming twelve. Would she explain, or say nothing? Would her application be considered further, or not?

In less than ten minutes Jill knew the answer, and surprise was at an end. The position had been filled. By an applicant, she was curtly informed, who had observed punctuality.

JILL lunched at a cafeteria. She had intended buying sandwiches and taking them to the Botanic Gardens, but clouds gathered and a grey mist of rain swept the city.

At the red-topped table where she carried tea and sandwiches Jill sat looking through the rain-teared window-pane. She refused to be miserable. Rain was bad enough, but rain and self-commiseration were a combination not to be considered. There was at least one thing she could do—follow the young stranger's advice and stick to things a bit longer. The memory of his earnestness brought a quirk to her lips.

Jill felt a twinge of regret that she had not revealed the truth; then remembering the improbability of a second meeting, regrets vanished. It would not have been sporting to embarrass him further. A fine-looking young chap. Not handsome, but—

The thin drizzle cleared, a yellow stream of weak sunlight spilled over the glittering streets. Jill ate her last sandwich, drank her tea, and went out slowly. Despite determination not to feel miserable, her spirits refused to lift with usual buoyancy. She stood irresolute a moment on the footpath, then with a little gasp caught at the arm of a girl hurrying past.

"Jo!"

Josephine Everard's smile was a radiant thing that lighted the whole of her face, and lent distinction to nondescript features. "Hello! Did you get it?"

Jill grimaced. "I didn't. Missed the boat."

"Of all the rotten luck."

"Over-confidence in my watch. It was four minutes slow, and four minutes made all the difference."

"Where are you going now?"

"Back to the flat. Cheerio. See you later."

"Cheerio," said Jo. "I must hurry back to—to the office."

Jill walked to the Quay, walked slowly with frequent pauses to stare into shop windows; yet there were times when she found her footsteps automatically quickening with the leaping of her thoughts. First Barbara's inexplicable letter, her almost pitiful effort to prevent Jill coming to Scorne; now Jo's un-Jo-like behaviour. Which exactly described it. That hurried glance at her wrist watch, the suppressed air of excitement, restless hands. All foreign to Jo, all indicative of an objective more important than returning to the office where she worked under a lenient chief.

Jo's business was her own. Jill impressed that upon herself; and even if Jo's confidences of late had cooled and almost ceased to be, that also was Jo's own affair.

Jill entered the flat with a feeling of strangeness, of dismay. The bedroom was untidy; clothes spilled from drawers were strewn over the bed—evidence of discovering her watch four minutes slow. She tidied mechanically, closing drawers, then paused a moment before the dressing table where there stood a framed photograph of Barbara.

Jill lifted it, looked into the pictured eyes. Beautiful eyes, a mouth that curved humorously, delightfully.

"Ah, Bab," she murmured, "you don't want me to come to Avelon; but why? Why?"

She replaced the photograph and picked up a book that had slipped to the floor from the table beside Jo's bed. A single sheet of writing paper lay face upwards beside the novel; as Jill lifted it a sentence caught her eye.

"Why must Jill come first?"

She stared with wide eyes at the clerical handwriting, breath coming faster. Astonishing sentence. Who could be writing to Jo, and demanding that? Why must Jill come first? A reasonable enough question, surely; but what did it mean? She folded the single sheet of paper and saw the signature. Dick.

Jo, of course, must know someone named Dick. Why must Jill come first? A peculiar sentence that burned through her brain, roused curiosity. It could mean so much, but probably meant so little. Another secret of Jo's; yet Jo possessed a confiding nature, apt to be over-confiding.

With increasing restlessness Jill roamed the flat. She wanted to read Jo's letter; wanted it badly. It might reveal several things that had worried and perturbed her of late. But she did not go into the bedroom again.

When Josephine came in the grey cloud of depression vanished from the flat. She appeared to be her breezy self, slender, brim full of vitality; and she came in singing, a certain sign that all was well.

"Tea ready? I'm famished."

Jill placed a pot of tea on a cork mat and crossed to the stove.

"Everything's ready. Had a good day?"

"Oh, fair," said Jo, and continued humming.

"Did you have lunch at the 'Blue Bird'?"

Jo studied her right stocking with a frown. "I believe the wretched thing is going to ladder again. What did you say? Oh, the 'Blue Bird'? Yes, I went there to-day, but think I'll change in future. Their menu—"

"Why lie about it?" Jill interrupted quietly.

"What a beastly expression."

"Why, Jo?" Jill remained insistent.

Jo shrugged her shoulders and laughed. Bowled out! I lied, as you so strongly put it, because I knew I would be subjected to a series of whys and wherefores if I didn't. I suppose you saw my very obvious bag of sandwiches?"

Jill nodded without speaking, puzzled still. Jo's wage was good, but could not be expected to perform miracles. For some

reason, Jo, who was a careless spender, had decided to economise. Saving, perhaps, for the double burden facing her. She studied her reflectively, vague suspicions that had been slowly crystallising grew to a certainty. Jo, after all, was very transparent.

She said: "Who is Dick?"

"Dick?" Jo's fine brows came together in a frown of concentration.

"The letter-writer," Jill murmured as an aid to memory.

Jo's head went back with a surprised jerk that betrayed her, but she regained composure with a light laugh, and the eyes that met Jill's were unnaturally dark, burning with strange light.

"Did I leave a letter around?"

"It fell from your novel."

"Careless of me."

"You have never mentioned him."

"No." Jo leaned her elbows on the table, rested her chin in cupped hands. "No, I've never mentioned Dick. He is an accountant. Dick Gayne."

Jill sat back, the meal forgotten. The clock on the kitchen dresser ticked loudly, arrogantly it seemed to Jill. She trembled without knowing why. Something had happened to Jo; something so powerful that it had broken down composure, robbed her of complacent self-control that was a characteristic. Something that reached Jo's soul, twisted her face to agony.

"Jo," she whispered, and Jo rose. Her face was pitiful; Jo's face, yet not Jo's face. Some other woman stood in her place, and that other woman suffered as Jo could never have suffered. Jo the calm, the practical, the unemotional. No, thought Jill desperately, this could not be Jo.

She was more shaken than she realised, more shocked. And she was afraid. She went after Jo and found her lying face downwards on the bed crying with terrible intensity. For six years Jill had lived with Josephine Everard, and never before had Jo cried. She stood uncertainly by the bed, but did not speak; nothing she could say would stem the flow of those tears, or lessen Jo's low moaning. Very deliberately she took the letter from the book and read through it; read with steady eyes.

Its purport was crystal clear. Dick Gayne was leaving for Melbourne to take over a more responsible position; he had asked Jo to marry and accompany him, and she had refused.

"Why must Jill come first?" he had written. "Why, Jo? We love each other. You, and this Melbourne offer, are the biggest things that have come into my life; and now you are refusing to come with me because of your friend. In a few years she will marry and leave you. What then? Think it over, Jo, darling. Think it over and I'll meet you on Tuesday. . . ."

Tuesday! This was Tuesday. Something caught at Jill's throat. She sat on the edge of the bed, letter in hand.

"Jo, dear— You love him; yet you sent him away?"

Jo's lips curled into the travesty of a smile. "Disgusting exhibition of a maiden in distress. Never made such an ass of myself before. Forget it."

"When does Dick leave?"

"Saturday."

"This is Tuesday. Time to be married."

"You're crazy!"

"I've never been more sane. Oh, I know why you sent Dick away—because you think I will be stranded if you marry and go to Melbourne. But I won't! I had a letter from Barbara this morning; she wants me to go and see her, and stay for a month or two." Jill ended without a tremor. She lied to Jo as easily as Jo had lied to her; but Jo suspected.

"You are just saying that," she said sharply.

For an hour they argued. Jo held out stubbornly, Jill pleaded. Words were tossed backwards and forwards; both spoke softly,

CHAPTER 2.

scarcely above a loud whisper. Before Jill's eloquence Jo's resolution weakened, hope dawned in the darkness of her eyes, her reserve slipped away, and she spoke of Dick Gayne. Spoke proudly, with love in her eyes, in the very cadences of her voice; and Jill listened without comment.

Jo was going away—for, of course, she would go, now. Their six-year friendship would be broken, but not ended.

It was midnight before they ceased to talk. Jo had promised to bring Dick Gayne to the flat the following night; her face had a radiance, not even concern for Jill could dim anticipation of the morrow. She slipped into bed, arms outflung, slender body relaxing.

Jill felt too wide awake for sleep. She went to the open window and stood looking out over water silvered by the moon.

"Jo," she said, but did not turn from the window. "Did you intend giving Dick up completely?"

"No. I—were going to separate for a year. After that—"

"And afterwards?" Jill prompted, as Jo paused.

"If we were still in love I would have told you. Then left you."

Again silence, unbroken even by the murmur of waves. Jill stirred restlessly, walked away from the window, returned. It was impossible to think of the flat without Jo's gay presence; yet Jo in a few days' time would be gone, and she would be left to her own resources. From the bed Jo spoke, "You'll catch cold."

Jill turned to her. "It's not cold. The night is so perfect."

"What are you thinking about?"

"A thousand things."

"Tell me one of the thousand."

"Your happiness, Jo. Are you sure of your lover?"

She switched out the light and sat on the edge of Jo's bed.

"Are you?" she repeated.

"Yes, quite sure."

"Aren't you just a little afraid of going so far away from everyone you know?"

"I'd rather have it that way, and I love—Dick."

"Does that explain everything?"

"Yes—everything."

Jill sighed. "And it is a guarantee of future happiness?"

"Not it!" laughed Jo; "we already row like the devil."

"Oh, Jo; don't!"

"It's true enough," Jo said, and laughed again. "Married life would be pretty tame without an occasional brawl or two. Marriage isn't the haven of rest and contentment you believe it to be, my angel."

"Not all marriages perhaps," said Jill.

"But Barbara is perfectly happy; so is Madge. I want to be as happy as Bab. Is that my ideal. Her letters are the most marvellous things in the world. Bab. is a great advertisement for marriage."

Jo did not answer, did not even hear. She had been willing to risk her own happiness to stand by Jill; but the secret so carefully guarded had been unexpectedly revealed four days before Dick Gayne left for Melbourne. Kismet! Jo was a great believer in destiny. Jill, contrary to her beliefs, seemed eager to return to her sisters; miraculously, Dick had been restored to her, and the splendid gesture had been unnecessary. All was right with Jo's world, her agony of a few days ago already forgotten. She lay visualising her future as Mrs. Richard Gayne, and did not even hear when Jill spoke. Not until Jill said good-night in an oddly far away voice did she realise just how long her silence had been.

She thrust out warm hands, and Jill, unresisting, slipped toward her.

"Bless you," whispered Jo, with unaccustomed warmth. Her lips touched Jill's lightly.

Neither spoke again. Jill lay wide awake, face turned to the wide open window through which moonlight streamed in a silver band across the bed.

ALTHOUGH Jo and Dick Gayne were not expected for three hours yet, Jill had completed the task of making the flat appear its best. She looked about her with satisfaction; everything had become dear over night, she felt love for every square inch of the flat, for all their joint possessions.

She wandered to the tiny verandah, leaned her arms on the railing. Three more days, then Jo would be gone. She had not yet realised that Jo was going so completely out of her life—Jo who had been so much a part of her life. Jill had avoided definite promises about the time of her return to Scone.

From the flat below came a thin, plaintive wail that penetrated the depths of Jill's thoughts and brought her into the present. Mrs. Hardy's baby. The poor little mite did nothing but cry these days, and Mrs. Hardy's store of patience was fast running out. Jill liked Mrs. Hardy; a woman of tremendous proportions with a heart as large as her body.

The walls increased. Poor kid, thought Jill, cooped up all day. Mrs. Hardy could never spare a moment to take the baby for an outing. Three hours to wait, and the baby crying pitifully!

She acted impulsively and went downstairs. Her knock brought Mrs. Hardy to the door, a large, untidy figure with shining face and work-grimed hands.

"I'll take baby out for an hour," Jill said. "Perhaps the fresh air—"

"Now, that's real good of you," Mrs. Hardy said with booming heartiness. "I'll have her ready in a brace of shakes. What with the ironing to do, and Danny down with the mumps—"

She shook an untidy head of hair expressively and hurried away with the child tucked beneath one arm. Jill waited, tapping her foot up and down; this was by no means the first time she had taken one of the young Hardys for an outing.

"Thanks, again," Mrs. Hardy said when she returned with the baby, "I get that tired I could scream. Sure she won't be any trouble, now?"

"None at all," Jill assured her, and set out cuddling the tiny form in her arms.

She walked slowly, gazing out to sea where a boat travelling north was rapidly disappearing into a grey mist along the horizon, and fishing craft, with sails spread out like white bird wings, lifted gently to the swell.

The baby lay asleep against her breast, a tiny hand caught in the neck of her frock. The unaccustomed weight was commencing to drag at her shoulders, so she made her way down to the beach and sat on the sand.

A cool salt wind touched her cheeks, but the sun shone warmly. She leaned back against stone walling and closed her eyes, hearing the eternal break of surf, the shouts of children at play. Through sleepily drooping eyes she watched a surfer immediately in front; tall and straight he was, with a surf-board that towered above his sun-bleached hair. Twice he rode the board to the beach, then plunged into the surf again and swam out through tumbling water pushing the board before him.

Jill's head nodded; she felt delightfully lax. Time had no significance, her thoughts drifted into pleasant medley. It was good to be alive, good to idle away an hour or two in the sun with the sea crooning a song, and the pine trees whispering. Her eyes closed, her cheek rested lightly against the silken mesh of the baby's bonnet.

She started into wakefulness with a feeling of being watched, blinked at the strong light, discovered the tall young man with the surf board propped by his side like a towering shield.

He smiled good naturedly. "So we meet again."

Jill smiled sleepily back. "I saw you shooting breakers."

"It's a great surf for 'shoots.' May I sit down?"

"Why not? Go ahead."

He sprawled at her feet, gazing into her face with critical eyes.

"You're looking much better."

"I'm certainly feeling calmer," she returned mischievously.

The baby stirred and awakened, regarded Jill solemnly, then smiled; a wide, fleeting smile that illuminated the tiny face.

"I say! What a jolly kid," said the man. "Yes, isn't she?"

"You must be proud of her."

For a moment Jill looked blank, then realisation dawned, and she broke into a gale of laughter; laughter so infectious that the man joined in without knowing why.

"This is my neighbor's youngest daughter—Bonnie Hardy."

He stroked the baby's cheek with gentle forefinger.

"Pleased to make Miss Hardy's acquaintance!"

"You thought she was mine, didn't you?"

He admitted it with a boyish grin. "As a matter of fact, I did."

"My own fault for letting you go away with a false impression yesterday."

"Ye gods," he said comically, "don't tell me I jumped to the wrong conclusion yesterday."

"Fraid so. I wanted to catch that ferry more than anything on earth. I simply bolted across the road without watching where I was going; and on the wharf my knees gave way as a result of that mad run. I honestly hadn't a single notion of ending my quite happy life."

He whistled, rolling on his back and staring up at the sky.

"What sort of a prize was did you take me for?"

"I appreciated your advice."

"You're not getting at a fellow, are you?"

"Indeed not! You told me to stick to things. I need that advice more to-day than I did yesterday."

"Missing the ferry brought you bad luck then?"

"It helped toward the bad luck."

"My name, by the way, is Garry Travis."

Garry Travis. Jill repeated it to herself. The name had a familiar sound. She had come across it only recently, but where? In a newspaper? In a letter?

Jill remembered. Barbara had written and told her about Garry Travis; written in her breezy style, drawing a clear picture of the young gradier from the property opposite her own home, Avelon.

"I've seen very little of him," Barbara had written, "but he's a nice kid, and he's thinking of going to Sydney in a month or two. If he does—I'll recommend Manly, in the hope you might run across him."

And it had happened. Garry Travis had come to Manly, and here they were talking together on the sand, mutually interested and attracted.

"You are from Scone," she told him, and laughed with complete enjoyment at his expression of comical surprise.

"Are you a witch? Or thought-reader?" he demanded.

"Neither. My sister mentioned you in her last letter, or in the one before; I forget which."

"Your sister? Mrs. Burton?"

"Yes."

"Well, if this doesn't beat all. Then you are Julianne Manners? This makes us established friends."

She laughingly agreed.

"Tell me," he said, "which of your sisters wrote? There are two of them. One is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"Madge. She is Dale Burton's wife. It was the other sister who wrote, Barbara."

"Yes," he agreed thoughtfully, "it would be the other one who wrote."

"How are they both?"

"Couldn't say. I see very little of them; but I've spoken to Mrs. Len Burton once or twice."

"Isn't she a darling?" Jill demanded. "And isn't she just too radiantly happy for words?"

He rolled over on his side and aimlessly scooped sand into a mound; he seemed absorbed; forgot to answer. He must have forgotten, Jill argued to herself, for he commenced to whistle, a monotonous tune that grated oddly on her nerves. Jill did not repeat her remark. The baby tired of crawling on the sand and emitted a thin cry that increased in volume.

"I'll have to take her back. I think she must be hungry."

She commenced to walk along the sand, and the baby's lamentations instantly ceased.

They strolled along together; the man with a rough towel dressing gown about his waist, the surf board beneath his arm. He talked incessantly, and Jill found herself content to listen; she did not know which held her interest most, quietly related incidents, or the depths of his voice. Of one thing she was quite certain; no other man had ever interested her as this young grader did.

"Look here"—he characteristically broke off in the middle of a sentence and turned to her with his boyish grin—"that kid must be a weight. Think I could manage to tuck it under my other arm?"

"This is a baby, not a surf board," Jill said with mock indignation, "and we have arrived. See that flat up in the air?"

"Third up, green blind?"

"That's it. I'm home."

"Tolly place."

"Yes," she murmured with an involuntary sigh, "we have made it friendly, Jo and I."

"Joe?" he uttered, with would-be carelessness.

"Josephine Everard, a friend. She is being married on Friday."

"Oh—Jo! Married, eh?"

Jill nodded. "I'm continuing on at the flat. An adventure, an experiment. You see I—"

She paused with indrawn breath of dismay. Oh, fool, fool! Her secret was out, and before Garry Travis of all people. She grew angry with herself; illogically, Jill's anger flamed against Garry. He knew her secret; would carry it back with him to Scone. She ought to have been more careful, but the damage was done now.

"You're angry," the man said quietly. "Why? Your little experiment will be quite safe with me."

She was still angry, but the flame of red that had stained her cheeks gradually faded and left her pale by contrast.

"If my sister ever found out—"

Deliberately he interrupted, "If your sister ever finds out, it will be because you've told her."

Jill's eyes glowed. "Thanks. She wouldn't approve."

"I'll see you again?"

She remained non-committal. "Perhaps."

"I'll see you again," said Garry Travis with conviction; this time he did not ask a question, but stated a fact emphatically.

JULIANNE MANNERS took an instant liking to Dick Gayne. He was long and lean, and reminded her of Garry. His eyes twinkled in the same way, his voice sounded as deep. When Jo introduced her fiancé, Jill looked steadily into his face, and found herself more than pleased with the scrutiny.

The marriage had been arranged; seats on the Melbourne Express were booked. Jo and Dick Gayne discussed their plans animatedly, drawing Jill, against her will, into conversation. They asked her advice and expressed approval when she gave it.

Jo was sparklingly vivacious; she made no attempt to suppress excitement. Jill and Dick approved of each other; it would not have mattered particularly if they hadn't, but it increased her happiness when Jill entered into their discussions and made suggestions with her accustomed warmth

and interest. She was too engrossed with her own plans to give Jill's a thought. Jill had said she would return to Scone. Jo accepted the statement on its face value, and was content.

After momentary hesitation Jill's animation equalled Jo's; it had occurred to her that while Jo talked Melbourne and marriage she would not think to question Jill about the date of her journey to Scone. This was the all sufficient present; the future could take care of itself.

Hours later Jill sat up in bed with a pad of writing paper resting against hunched knees, a glow of gold from Jo's reading lamp illuminating it.

"I have already met him—the young grader you wrote about," she scribbled to Barbara. "He did not seek me out, we met by accident on both occasions, and he insists that we will see one another again. He is rather delightfully persistent, isn't he? I love his name—Garry Travis."

"Jo's fiancé came to the flat to-night, Dick Gayne. Have I mentioned him before? He is a likeable sort of person, and Jo is very much in love. Jo says, to use her own expression, that they row like the devil; but Jo loves her joke, and doesn't like to be considered emotional. She will be happy; just as glorious happy as you are, Babe. You need not worry about Let's friends taking up too much room—it will be weeks, months perhaps, before I come to see you. I'd just love to visit Madge and yourself, but it can't be managed for quite a while, so just forget you ever asked me to Avelon."

"And now I'll let you into a secret. Your young sister Julianne has definitely grown up! She has grown up, but would far, far rather have remained a child with the eternal youth of Peter Pan."

She ended the letter and laid the pad on the table beside Jo's reading lamp. Jo lay sleeping, a smile lingering about the corners of her mouth as though she dreamed pleasantly. Jill switched out the light, slid between cool sheets, and stared into the darkness, thoughts busy. Would she mind the loneliness when Jo had gone? Would Garry Travis keep her secret? Would Jo be happy? Most of all she wondered whether Jo would be happy, but there was no doubt in her heart, not even a small, grey shadow of doubt.

She fell asleep, but sleep was broken and fitful. She dreamed of Jo, of Barbara, even of Garry Travis. Most vivid of all was her dream of Garry Travis. They were riding together, she and he; riding across a paddock rich with Liverpool Plains grass where Herefords and Polled Angus grazed, and sun shone bright over green herbage. The red roof of a house showed in the distance; they were riding toward it.

"Julianne," said the man, and uttered her name with proud possessiveness, "we are home."

Jill woke, turned over with a sigh, and slept again.

"I've been dreaming all night," she said to Jo when dressing, but did not relate the dream of Garry Travis and the red-roofed house he had called home.

"Let's go shopping," Jo suggested, "I need a pile of things and Old Martin said I needn't go back to the office this week. He's a lamb, Jill. I spoke to him about you, but his niece is getting the job."

Jo shopped with joyous extravagance. "I'd rather have a few things that are good than a heap of indifferent quality stuff," she remarked to Jill in explanation of high prices paid. "Just look at this creation. Green is Dick's favorite color, too."

The green gown, provocatively displayed, was a shimmering creation of fine material and delicate lace. Jo eyed it longingly, caressed it with her fingers, moved resolutely away, then came back.

Jo bought the green gown and slippers and a dressing gown to match.

"Now I'm busted! We'll economise on a

penny savoy for lunch," she said. "Jill, darling, it's worth being married, to buy a green gown the fairies must have made. I'll try it on to-night."

Jo not only tried the green gown on, but everything else she had bought. She paraded before Jill, who sat curled on the bed, hugging her knees. One by one the lovely things were displayed, then folded and packed away. Last of all Jo slipped on the green gown, and wove a thin strip of green ribbon into the black of her hair.

"Green ought to be the conventional bridal color, not white," she remarked, and lifted her arms with a little sigh of ecstasy.

Slender and lissom she stood, with the white of her young body showing through the material, with laughing lips and glowing eyes. She was youth in love, and Jill caught in her breath at Jo's loveliness, her radiance.

While Jo chattered, Jill helped to pack the last of Jo's belongings. Upon the label attached to an outside in travelling cases, Jo had printed in large letters MRS. RICHARD GAYNE. Jill stared at the name through a mist, with lips that suddenly trembled. Mrs. Richard Gayne.

She struggled with the clasp, bruising her fingers, unmindful of hurt; she pictured the flat without Jo, and her plan to stay on alone no longer seemed high adventure.

She closed and locked the case. Immediately Jo seated herself upon it and cupped Jill's face between her hands.

"Darlin', will you miss me?" she questioned with hint of wistfulness.

"You know I will."

"You won't feel lonely with Barbara and Madge?"

"No," Jill said steadily.

"You'll write?"

"Of course. Often."

"Can you realise," Jo queried with change of subject, "that I will be Mrs. Richard Gayne on Friday?"

Not until she stood by Jo's side and heard the words of the ceremony did Julianne Manners actually realise that Jo was marrying Dick Gayne. She struggled with unreality, hearing the minister's voice echo hollowly in the almost empty church, watching the slender column of Jo's throat, the steadiness of Jo's hands. Her thoughts wandered, but she forced herself to listen.

Jill moved mechanically forward still with that sense of unreality dimming her mind, taking away her power to think clearly. Her throat ached, she wanted to be alone now the ceremony was over and Jo was Mrs. Richard Gayne.

She watched Jo sign her name firmly—Josephine Everard for the last time; then Dick took up the pen and smiled at Jo before he wrote.

They went out into sunshine that seemed brighter, Jill walking as though dazed. She heard Jo say:

"What's the matter?" and Jo's voice was concerned.

Jill fell back upon woman's unfailing excuse.

"Headache," she said briefly; "I'll go back to the flat and rest."

Jo frowned. "I hate you going back to the flat alone, even though it is only for one night."

Jill smiled. "I'll be all right. Good luck, Jo; and good-bye."

"Not good-bye," Jo said swiftly; "we expect you to come and stay with us when we are settled, don't we, Dick?"

He grinned cheerfully at Jill.

"Sure! If Jo misses you too much and sends an urgent S.O.S. come flying!"

"I'll come flying," Jill laughingly promised.

Months later she remembered the promise, and the amused laugh that had accompanied it!

The flat was haunted—just as Jill had known it would be; haunted by the grey ghost of Jo. Jo, reading with one leg dangling over the low arm of her chair; Jo running her hands in exasperation through sleek, black hair; Jo, straight and

lovely in the green nightgown, with a green ribbon in her hair. Jo-Jo—

Without her the flat grew intolerable; Jill had long ago realised her mistake in staying on alone, but doggedly refused to admit defeat. Her tiny bank account was fast diminishing; she had grown tired of the high adventure which had turned out to be a very tame affair indeed. She wanted companionship.

Every morning she went for a swim, emerging from the water with every nerve tingling; she ate well, slept well, and kept away from the flat as much as possible.

Barbara had written again, a glowing letter.

"I'm so glad you met Garry Travis, Jill dear. I like him immensely—always have done."

"No, you have never mentioned Jo's fiancé. Dick Gayne was quite a surprise to me. When is Jo being married? And what will you do, Jill, when she does marry? I suppose the wedding has not even been thought about, yet."

On and on rambled the letter, pages of it. Barbara ended: "I have enclosed a letter, addressed to you, that arrived yesterday from Melbourne. I can't imagine who would be writing to you from Melbourne and sending the letter care of myself."

The enclosed letter was from Jo; Jo in her lightest and brightest mood. Jo very happy and content, and fully convinced that Jill was enjoying life at Scene.

Jill read Barbara's seven pages and Jo's three down on the sand. Dear Barbara! The longing to see her was increasing, but she could not go to Scene yet. Barbara had stated so emphatically there was no room; there was nothing for it but to remain at the flat. She did not dare think of what would happen when the last of her money was spent.

Late one afternoon Jill answered a forceful knock on the door and found Garry Travis standing, hat in hand, on the landing. He grinned at her, and said, "Hello, boyishly."

She gave a little gasp at the sight of him, clutched at his arm in case he disappeared.

"Are you real?" she demanded, "or will I wake in a moment and find you gone?"

"You poor kid!"

She laughed, and the laugh trailed into a sound suspiciously like a sob. She dragged at his arm.

"Won't you come in? Oh, please come in!"

"Here, I say—"

"Do! Do!" She was as excited as a child, as incoherent.

He was amused by her reception, but did not show it. Amused, and sympathetic.

"Poor kid," he said again. "Has the adventure fallen flat?"

"It isn't adventure to be alone after six years of company," she said, soberly.

"Will you come to a show to-night? There's an exceptionally good programme at the Royal."

"Oh, oh," she breathed; "oh, Garry Travis!"

His grin widened. "Not going to fall on my neck by any chance, are you?"

She stood motionless in the doorway long after he had gone, leaning her head against the doorpost. Garry Travis again, and he had asked her to go with him to a show—to Palm Beach on the morrow! He had been out of Sydney for the past two weeks he told her. Business had called him south, which accounted for his long silence.

Jill knew her welcome had been over-enthusiastic, that she had revealed the state of her mind by the excited warmth of her greeting; but somehow it didn't seem to matter. Nothing mattered now that Garry Travis had called and was coming again.

"Poor kid," he had said, pityingly.

Then he had asked her to a show, and to Palm Beach! Had he called with the intention of asking her out? Or were his

invitations an impulsive effort to lessen her loneliness? Jill could not quite determine.

She closed the door and curled up on the lounge.

Garry Travis came for her in his car, and Jill leaned back against grey upholstery with a faint sigh of ecstasy. She had made up her mind to talk incessantly for the sheer pleasure of hearing Garry answer; but when the car sped forward she was content to sit and revel in her happiness, to wonder at the feeling of elation surging through her.

Once he said: "Comfortable?" and she nodded.

He did not speak again until the car had crossed the harbor bridge, then remarked casually: "I'm going back to Scene next week."

She murmured an answer without being aware of words spoken, Garry going back! He would see Barbara, speak with her. Holidays came to an end, return was inevitable; but somehow she had overlooked the fact that Garry Travis would be going back to his property at Scene.

The show turned out to be exceptional, as Garry had claimed. Garry was an ideal companion; and Jill's almost audible exclamation of dismay when the entertainment came to an end was proof of her enjoyment.

Back to the flat again; back to the bed touched with a silver finger of moonlight, but not back to sleep. For the first time since she had been alone the memory ghosts of Jo did not intrude and shatter Jill's peace. She did not even think of Jo as she lay pleasantly awake, but of Garry Travis and his cheerful smile.

Toward morning she slept heavily, a dreamless sleep, from which she awoke only half an hour before Garry Travis arrived, and the drive to Palm Beach commenced.

It was an ideal day for driving; warm sunshine tempered by a vagabond breeze that did intimate things with Jill's hat, and tossed her hair into complete disorder. She was still excited, but revealed no trace of excitement in her manner. The long day lay before Garry and herself, and she intended to make the most of it, to enjoy every moment of Garry's company.

The car flashed through Narrabeen, on to Newport, on—on. Garry drove swiftly, but not so swiftly that he couldn't turn sideways to look at her with a quizzical twist to his mouth. It was sheer pleasure to look at Jill with her clear-cut features, eyes that reminded him of Barbara Burton's eyes, and a mouth that held the ghost of a smile even in repose.

He said: "Will it be long before you visit your sisters?"

"Ages," Jill said lightly, but the man was not deceived by her lightness. "It will probably be months before I see Babs and Madge. It is six years since I saw either of them."

Six years! He saw Jill's far-away smile and knew she had travelled in imagination to her sisters' home. He knew she pictured the favorite sister—Barbara Burton—singing happily as she moved about her work loving and being loved. A vision of Mrs. Burton as he had last seen her rose before his own mind. He recalled her tragic mouth, her air of weariness and gallant smile. Obviously Jill did not know the truth; she did not know what everyone who came in contact with the Burtons could not help knowing.

Looking back afterwards, the day spent with Garry Travis at Palm Beach stood out in Jill's mind from all other days. She and Garry behaved like two children at a picnic; raced hand-in-hand over sand and collapsed in a heap at the end of the run, laughing helplessly at themselves; climbed over Broken Bay, the broad waterways of the Hawkesbury entrance. They sat together in the shade of the car, talking when they felt like talking, remaining quiet when they didn't. Nothing spoiled the day,

not even the rain that fell heavily and incessantly during the late afternoon and saturated them both.

The air turned cooler, wind strengthened. Jill shivered continuously during the drive back to the flat, but was not conscious of cold.

"I'll be out of town for the next three or four days," Garry told her on the landing outside the flat, "but when I get back I'll come to see you. I have," he ended solemnly, "something important to say to you, Julianne."

CHAPTER 2.

LEN BURTON lashed at the dog with his whip, lashed savagely.

"You devil, you!"

The blue cattle dog crouched motionless at his feet, head against the ground, eyes pitiful when the whip sang through the air and descended.

"That'll teach you, Sammy. Damn you!"

With smouldering eyes the man walked into the house and tossed the whip aside. He looked round the room, jerked open a second door and thrust his head into the passage-way.

"Hey, Barbara!"

In the kitchen Barbara Burton continued mixing the contents of an enameled basin, oblivious to the harsh sound of her husband's voice. He came in swinging his arms.

"Didn't you hear me yelling for you?"

She turned quietly. "I heard you yelling, Len. That's exactly why I didn't answer! You can yell at your dogs and cattle; but I'm not an animal."

"Where's my gum boots?"

"At the end of the verandah where you left them."

He went out and Barbara heard him stamping along the verandah, still roaring with laughter.

She poured the contents of the basin into a saucepan; her hands trembled and the mixture ran down on the stove with a sharp hiss, a cloud of blue smoke arose.

Gradually her expression softened, bitterness died. Barbara Burton possessed a priceless gift—a developed sense of humor. It made life easier when Len became intolerable, when the last thread of her patience and control threatened to snap.

She walked to the kitchen doorway and watched her husband striding across the paddock. Once he paused and slashed at the ground with his riding whip, lashed out savagely, striking again and again. Barbara involuntarily shuddered. She was still afraid of snakes—always would be. She heard her husband's voice, loud and harsh.

"Come here, Sammy, damn you!"

Barbara smiled, but the smile held bitterness, and her thoughts slid relentlessly into the past—to the halcyon days before her marriage. She saw Len as he had been then—clear-eyed, ardent; Len who had changed with something of a Jekyll-Hyde transformation to a mere shadow of his former self. Mind and body had grown coarse; even his thoughts had altered. Daily Barbara was hurt and humiliated; yet Madge, who lived beneath the same roof and ate at the same table, never suspected Barbara's humiliation.

"What an awful beast Len is," she had once said heatedly to Barbara, beautiful head tilted at a disdainful angle, "and you are growing like him, my dear. Len terrifies me. Dale is so different—thankfully."

Yes, Barbara reflected with a cynical twist of her lips, Dale Burton was very different. Never were two brothers so unlike.

Dale's love for Madge was like a powerful light that illuminated his good-natured face; but Madge took his love very much for granted, accepted it, carelessly as her right. She did not see, as Barbara saw, the boyish wistfulness of Dale's expression. It had never occurred to Madge that she was other than the perfect wife. Dale's easy-going nature suited her, the depth of

his love both flattered and amused her. She was happy because Dale strove daily, almost hourly, to make her happy; and she pitied Barbara. Len was such a beast—such a coarse, impossible beast!

Barbara could see Dale Burton as she leaned against the kitchen doorway and revelled in an unaccustomed moment of idleness. He was leaning against the fence looking up at the windmill revolving in a high wind.

Madge walked daintily toward him. All Madge's movements were slow and dainty. She was dressed in blue, with a blue and black sunshade held over her bare head.

Barbara sighed. Madge looked younger than her twenty-six years, her beauty was without a flaw. Dale turned, and Barbara saw his quick, flashing smile when he caught sight of Madge. She heard his welcome, the depths of his voice.

"Hello, Midge."

His arms encircled Madge's shoulders, but she drew away with a little gesture of impatience.

"Don't, Dale! You'll crush my frock."

"Haven't you an old frock that won't spoil with crushing?" Dale demanded, and laughed.

Madge's answer came clearly to Barbara. "Don't grow coarse, Dale. You remind me of Len when you roar out loud like that. And why an old frock? Surely you don't want me to be as dowdy and uninteresting as Bab. Why, she is a positive freak these days."

"Barbara will never be that," Dale said, and Barbara, hearing, smiled slightly, still with a touch of bitterness.

For two days now a cloud had depressed her; she was inexplicably convinced that something had happened to Jill. Jill was in trouble and needed help.

She rose impulsively and went to her room. From a drawer which she unlocked and instantly relocked, Barbara took a bundle of letters and opened the first.

"How ideally happy you are," Jill had written. "Such perfect love and happiness must be like a dream. I often picture the four of you living in a dream world of your own. Jo laughs because I rave so about your happiness. She's always telling me that I'll come to earth some day. I don't think I could stand the shock of disillusionment—so I'll remain in the clouds and refuse, most emphatically, to come to earth."

Barbara did not read further. Her right hand clenched over the letter and crushed it; her throat felt uncomfortably dry, and when she tried to swallow the effort hurt. She raised her head and found herself gazing in the dressing-table mirror at her own reflection. With parted lips Barbara stared. Dark eyes in a white face, burning eyes.

A rap on the door startled her. With swift movement she thrust the bundle of letters beneath her pillow.

"Bab —" Madge called impatiently, rattling the handle of the door, "Bab!"

"Come in."

Madge came in gracefully, the blue and black sunshade swinging from her arm. She stood at the foot of the bed and looked down at Barbara with widening eyes.

"Whatever is the matter?" she demanded bluntly.

Barbara laughed shakily. "I was reading through letters from Jill. When you rapped I thought it was Len—"

"I can't imagine why you thought it was Len," Madge interrupted. "Since when has Len taken to knocking on the door before he comes into a room? Anyhow, why should he object to you keeping and reading Jill's old letters?"

"I don't know why he should—but he does," Barbara said. "I'm worried, Midge."

"Jill?"

"Yes—Jill. She hasn't written for over a week."

"You'll probably hear from her in a day or two."

But a week went by—then another week,

and Barbara's letters remained unanswered; so did an urgent telegram that Dale Burton despatched for Barbara early one morning.

All day she waited anxiously, with deepening fear, for the answer, but none came. When Dale returned late in the afternoon with the mail and informed her that no word had been received at the post-office, Barbara went straight to Madge.

Madge was lying full length on a low divan when Barbara came hurriedly into the studio; her head rested against the gaily-colored cushions, a magazine lay beside her. She moved her lovely head when the door opened, and frowned when Barbara entered.

"What do you want?" she demanded ungraciously. "You know I hate to be interrupted when I'm in the studio."

"I won't stay long enough to corrupt the trend of your inspiration," Barbara retorted dryly. "Midge, I sent an urgent wire to Jill this morning."

Madge yawned. "What did she say?"

"Nothing. She didn't answer."

"Short of cash, perhaps."

"The reply was pre-paid."

Madge elevated her eyebrows. "She has probably gone away."

"But where? Why?"

"What's the good of asking me?" demanded Madge irritably. "You know how hopeless I am at riddles."

Barbara sat on the edge of the divan and looked steadily into her sister's faintly flushed face, into the eyes that refused to meet her own.

"We must find out why Jill doesn't write. You know how utterly impossible it is for me to leave Len and the children. Midge, will you go to Sydney?"

"What? To interfere in Jill's business? Hardy!"

Barbara bit back the retort that came hotly to her lips. She remained silent a moment, then spoke evenly:

"I'm not asking you to interfere in anyone's business. I want you to find out what's happened to Jill."

"I'm not going, Bab; so you might as well save your breath. I never answer a letter under three months, and quite fail to see why Jill is expected to write every week."

Dale looked in at the open doorway, his gaze travelling from his wife to his sister-in-law; back again to Madge, who appeared at her loveliest against a background of vividly colored cushions.

"Is this a private conference? Or may I butt in?"

"Oh, come in," said Madge, and laughed. "Barbara wants me to go and find out why Jill ignores pre-paid wires."

"Why don't you go?" Dale questioned. "The trip would do you good."

Madge sat bolt upright among the yellow and black cushions; the flush deepened in her cheeks, her eyes glinted angrily.

"Don't be such a fool, Dale. You know a long rail journey always upsets me."

"Don't get rattled, my dear," he said quizzically.

Barbara did not remain in the studio; she knew from experience that Madge was losing control of her temper and went blindly to the door, unaware that Dale Burton opened it for her, and followed her into the passageway.

"Worried, Bab?"

She turned to him with a sudden, radiant smile.

"Horribly worried, Dale. And badly in need of someone who will be convinced that Jill is in trouble."

"She is very capable."

"Very. But there must be something wrong."

Dale saw the gleam of tears in Barbara's eyes and for the first time realised the depths of Barbara's worry.

"I'm leaving for Sydney in the morning," he said, obeying an impulse that supplied the words he spoke hesitatingly. "I'll take a run over to Manly and—"

"Oh, Dale!" she interrupted. "Would you? Would you?" He patted her arm reassuringly and nodded.

JILL MANNERS opened her eyes and stared at the door. Had someone knocked? She had been dreaming, perhaps, and in the dream heard the sound of knocking upon a door. She made an effort to raise her head, but the room swam and she sank back with a groan.

"I believe I've caught a chill," she murmured drowsily, and lapsed again into heavy sleep.

The long afternoon wore away and night came. Jill tossed restlessly with a body that seemed on fire, a mind too active for sleep. Her thoughts wandered and grew confused. She imagined that Jo had come back to the flat and lay in the bed opposite. Jo who said:

"My body is burning, yet the night air is cold."

She drank a glass full of water, left overnight beside the bed, and lay still. Once she made an effort to sit up and dress, but her head throbbed alarmingly and she could not see clearly.

She wondered whether Mrs. Hardy would miss her and send up one of the children. Perhaps Bonnie would come. But no! Bonnie was the baby and could not walk. Silly of her to forget that Bonnie was a baby.

The doorbell tinkled. Jill heard it, a far away sound that had no significance. A voice called. She thought Jo had come back, but the voice was deeper than Jo's and more cultured than Mrs. Hardy's. She tried to call out, but when her lips moved no sound came; and when after repeated effort she did manage a hoarse croak, the tinkling of the doorbell had died away and a fierce drumming sounded upon the panels, or was the noise in her head?

It might have been an hour later, a day, two days before Jill again became conscious of sound, of voices. The voices seemed very near—just outside the window or beside her bed. She opened her eyes with an effort and this time distinctly saw Mrs. Hardy standing at the foot of the bed with Bonnie tucked beneath her arm. Beside the bed was a stranger who asked a question Jill could not answer.

"I must have forgotten to lock the door," she thought. "How careless of me. Anyone might come in."

She stared solemnly at the stranger who asked questions, then at Mrs. Hardy and Bonnie, who whimpered.

"You're ever so much better, Miss Manners," said Mrs. Hardy in her throaty voice, and nodded her head of untidy hair so constantly that Jill closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the big red face and wispy hair.

The next time she opened her eyes Garry Travis stood beside the bed where the stranger had stood. She smiled at him without wondering where he had come from, or why? She remembered that her hair must be untidy after so much tossing, and automatically raised a hand to straighten it.

"She's better," said Mrs. Hardy's booming voice. "She's beginning to think about her looks."

So Mrs. Hardy, as well as Garry, was in the room. Jill turned her head. There she stood, a mountain of a woman with the little bundle that was Bonnie characteristically tucked beneath her arm.

At the end of a week she had recovered sufficiently to be told that her illness had lasted over a fortnight; that three days after the trip to Palm Beach, Mrs. Hardy had become worried, gone to the landlord, obtained a duplicate key to Jill's flat and discovered Jill too ill to be moved. Garry Travis, without knowing of her illness, had gone away and had returned only an hour before she spoke rationally.

Daily Jill grew stronger, Garry Travis

delayed his return to Scobe and came every afternoon to see her. Mrs. Hardy, who had nursed Jill through pneumonia, divided her time between her own untidy flat and Jill's—which she somehow managed to keep in a semblance of order.

It was Mrs. Hardy who discovered the telegram. She stared at the envelope in stupefaction then gingerly handed it to Jill.

"The delivery boy must have pushed it beneath the linoleum," she explained. "I hope it isn't bad news."

Jill split the envelope and read the wire. "No," she said to Mrs. Hardy, hovering expectantly around the bed. "It isn't bad news. My sister is anxious to know why I didn't write."

Mrs. Hardy gave vent to a gusty sigh of relief.

"I thought it might have been something bad that would send up your temperature again."

When Garry came to see her that afternoon Jill showed him the wire.

"From Barbara. She will be frantic. Would you please send an answer for me? Say that her wire was delayed; that I am well."

"Convoluted," he corrected.

"No," said Jill quickly, "don't wire convoluted. I'll write and explain to-night."

Garry Travis paused on his way to the door, and turned.

"Why not write and tell your sister you need a good long holiday?"

Jill did not answer. Her eyes shadowed when Garry closed the door behind him.

"There's a gentleman for you," Mrs. Hardy said approvingly. "I took to him from the minute I clapped eyes on him. Lives at Scobe, does he?"

"Opposite my sister's."

"Well, now, isn't that nice?"

Jill did not hear. Her money was gone; she owed rent for the flat, for the meals Mrs. Hardy had provided and could ill afford. There was nothing for it but to write and explain the position to Barbara; to ask if she could visit Avelon until her strength had returned. Len's visitors would not be there now.

"There's that draught door-bell again," said Mrs. Hardy, and crowded the room to open the door, sweeping Bonnie from beneath a chair as she advanced.

For an instant, Jill stared uncomprehendingly at the man who entered, then her cheeks flamed with color and she held out both hands with a low cry of delight.

"Dale! Is it really you?"

He took her hands and held them, surveying her critically.

"I'm tempted to repeat the question. Is it really you? What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Pneumonia."

He whistled expressively. "So Barbara was right. She insisted that something pretty serious had happened."

"How is she?" Jill queried eagerly. "And Madge?"

"Fine. Madge grows prettier every day."

Jill laughed. "She must be a ravishing beauty by now."

"Madge has always been beautiful," Dale said simply, and added: "I'm going to take you back with me, Jill. You'll need a holiday."

Her hesitation passed unnoticed. "Have Len's friends gone?" she questioned.

"Where did you get the idea that Len has friends staying at Avelon? There hasn't been a visitor within coo-ee of the place for years."

Jill stirred uneasily. "I probably mistook what Barbara wrote," she murmured.

"When will you be strong enough to stand the journey?" Dale asked, and Jill forced herself to forget Barbara's apparently meaningless deception.

"Early next week."

"Good!" Dale nodded approval. "I'll send word that you're coming. In the meantime, I'll blow along and see your boss. He—"

"I have no boss," Jill said quietly, and

told him her story from the beginning. She told him of her determination to remain at the flat after Jo's marriage and departure for Melbourne; of the high adventure that nearly ended in tragedy. She wondered what Dale was thinking as he sat forward, listening intently; his face was expressionless, he made no comment. As she concluded the account of her lonely weeks alone in the flat, Garry Travis returned from dispatching a wire to Barbara.

The greeting between the two men was restrained. Garry appeared ill at ease and uncomfortable. It was obvious to Jill that Garry and her brother-in-law were embarrassed by the unexpected meeting; she sensed the tension between them, although Dale quickly recovered from his surprise and Garry from his momentarily unconcealed displeasure.

Jill pondered over Dale's surprise at the appearance of Garry. She had written and told Barbara of her meeting with the young grazier, yet Barbara had kept the information to herself. Why? Jill shook her head in perplexity, then smiled at Garry as he came to her side.

"Sorry I have to leave you, Jill. I'll be along to-morrow."

"But, Garry," she protested, "you never leave quite so early as this. I've seen nothing of you."

"Business," he said unconvincingly, nodded to Dale Burton, and went out.

Jill heard his footsteps receding down the stairs, and did not speak until the sound of his deliberate tread had died away. Then she turned to Dale.

"Don't you like Garry Travis, Dale?"

"He's a fine young chap," Dale answered evasively. "Where the dickens did you run across him? You could throw a stone from Avelon on to his property."

"Barbara recommended Manly in the hope we might meet—and we did," Jill explained.

Again Dale Burton said: "Ah—Barbara," as though there was nothing more to be said, but Jill's curiosity was roused.

She felt irritable and exasperated.

"If you think Garry a fine young chap," she persisted, "and Garry likes you—he told me so—why did the pair of you look so horribly uncomfortable?"

"If you must have it, young Travis was kicked out of Avelon the last time he came over," said Dale bluntly. "Kicked out, literally."

"Kicked out?" Jill's repetition of the words held incredulous astonishment. "Who on earth did the kicking?"

"Len."

"But why, Dale, why?"

"Hanged if I know. Never did get the proper hang of the business. Len won't have Travis at Avelon; that much is clear. Better not mention what I've just told you to Travis."

"No," Jill said thoughtfully, "I won't mention it. There must be some mistake, of course; Len isn't a bully."

A remark which Dale Burton neither confirmed nor denied, but Jill saw the unconscious flicker of his eyes, and the first of her doubts were conceived.

That night she wrote a long letter of explanation to Barbara.

She tried to write in the semi-humorous vein Barbara loved, but her thoughts refused to come freely, and she crushed three pages before penning an opening that satisfied. Barbara would expect a letter brimming with excitement and anticipation, but when she analysed her feelings, Jill found that she vaguely dreaded her impending visit to Avelon.

It did seem queer, Jill could not understand her reluctance to leave the flat and go to Avelon. She felt that only harm and discord would result, and the vague presentiment of trouble to come angered her. Why should her arrival upset the smooth working of Barbara's and Madge's joint household?

Garry Travis was jubilant when Jill told

him of her decision to return with Dale Burton to Scobe.

"Fine!" he said enthusiastically. "You'll have the time of your life."

She smiled wryly. Already she regretted the decision. The necessity for having to accept the invitation hurt Jill's pride.

She felt that her spirit of independence was shaken.

She did not speak of her vague fears to Garry. He would not understand, and more than probably her presentiment of a turbulent future would melt away when she actually met her sisters. She was worrying needlessly, the result of disordered imagination.

"I'm real sorry you're going, that I am!" Mrs. Hardy told Jill emotionally. "We'll all miss you—especially Bonnie. Won't you, my love?"

Bonnie, who had been straining toward the flowers on Jill's table, touched the bright petals of a rose and crowded.

"There's cuteness for you," said Mrs. Hardy, and beamed delightedly at her offspring. "She meant 'yes'."

The day before she and Dale were due to leave for Scobe, Jill met Kent Colbert. They collided on the wharf, and Kent, in the middle of apologising for his carelessness, broke off and ejaculated:

"Jill. By all that's marvellous!"

She held out her hand.

"I'm not a scrap flattered that you recognised me, Kent. I was an alarmingly long-legged schoolgirl when you saw me last."

"You have Barbara's eyes," he said in explanation. "Her eyes and her smile. How is she?"

"I haven't seen her for six years, Kent; but she is well thanks."

"And happy, of course," he said carelessly—too carelessly.

"Quite happy."

He did not immediately reply. Jill saw the pain in his eyes and wondered, as she had so often wondered, why Barbara had preferred Len Burton to Kent Colbert. Kent had loved her devotedly, and she had returned his love until Len's whirlwind courtship had carried her off her feet. Kent had never forgotten Barbara. Nor had his love died.

"We'll probably meet again," Kent said lightly. "I'm flying to Scobe myself at the end of the week. Would you risk flying into the clouds with me, Jill?"

"I certainly would," Kent Colbert, Jill answered, and her lightness matched his. "If you can risk your own neck flying from England to Australia, and snatching the record, I'd fly with you to the rainbow."

CHAPTER 4

JILL tossed the magazine, which had failed to interest her, aside. It was dull. She was not in the mood for reading.

She leaned comfortably against the padded seat and gazed at the flying landscape. When the train sped through a cutting she thrust hands over her eyes and smiled at Dale Burton, who emerged with a sympathetic grin from behind his newspaper.

"Beastly row!"

"Awful! Are we nearly there?"

"Very nearly."

With a sudden screeching of brakes the train slowed, ran its length, then jarred to a standstill.

Jill pitched forward. She saw Dale leap from his seat and heard him shout: "Look out!"

Instinctively aware of danger she threw her arms above her head, but the heavy suitcase that overbalanced from the luggage rack struck her shoulder with a force that knocked her heavily against Dale.

Jill heard a babel of sound, excited voices asking questions no one could answer, a child's terrified cry. Dale's arms

ISN'T LIFE QUEER?

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

steadied her; the confusion of sound in her head lessened.

"What happened?"

"Obstruction on the line probably. The case hit you, didn't it?"

"My shoulder. Nothing much."

"You are trembling."

"Shock. It will pass."

"Anything I can do?" Dale questioned with concerned glance into her face.

"Would you like a glass of water?"

"No, thanks. Do you think we'll be delayed long?"

"Couldn't say." He thrust his head through the carriage window and immediately withdrew it. "The line's clear. We're off now."

Jill sighed her relief. "I've never felt so hopelessly tired; I'm not as strong as I thought."

She leaned back against the seat as the train gathered speed, but the pain in her shoulder sickened her. Slowly, color drained from her face, then slowly returned. The blow had been heavier than she realised.

The journey ended unexpected for Jill. The train pulled into a station, and she turned to Dale.

"Where are we?"

He was collecting the luggage. "Soon. Madge and Barbara are waiting on the platform. I saw them as the train drew in."

Jill stepped dazedly on to the platform. She saw Madge first; Madge lovelier than ever, exquisitely dressed. Then she caught sight of Barbara.

Neither spoke. Jill tried to but couldn't. She found it hard to believe it was Barbara who smiled at her; six years had wrought a startling change in this favorite sister, and Jill's thoughts broke in fragmentary confusion.

Barbara looked shabby, had lost the lithe slenderness of youth. Her frock hung badly and dragged too tightly across her deep breasts. Her laughing eyes were the same, but her mouth—Barbara's mouth fascinated Jill; it held secrets behind whimsicality.

She sat beside Barbara in the back of the car, which Dale drove. Madge had refused to take the wheel.

"I had enough of driving coming in," she said. "I stare at the road and strain my eyes."

Jill studied her critically. Madge, too, had altered. She was more beautiful, but there was a restlessness about her; a dissatisfaction that pulled down the corners of her mouth and marred its perfect beauty.

Jill was conscious of shock. If something tangible had struck her she could not have been more shocked or disappointed. She caught in her breath and clenched her hands. It was unbelievable—absurd. She drove with strangers; Barbara with enigmatic eyes and mouth; Madge fretting over trivialities. Strangers. There had been restraint in their greeting; reserve in their welcoming kiss. Had Barbara forgotten the letters exchanged? They had seemed so close and intimate in letters.

"Jill, you've altered," Barbara Burton said slowly.

"Naturally." Jill spoke with slight huskiness, trying desperately to banish her feeling of strangeness and desolation. "I left you a girl." Barbara continued; "now you are a woman. Your eyes see things—"

Barbara smiled, and knowing that Jill understood, did not explain.

"There's Avelon," she said.

Jill caught a glimpse of red roof among the clustering green of peppercorn trees. As the car swung in through the gates and drew up before the wide verandah, her heart quickened its beating. She experienced a momentary feeling of panic; desire to leap out and run away from these aloof strangers.

The modern brick house would have delighted Jill under ordinary circumstances; a pretty place hemmed in by peppercorn

trees. She followed Barbara into a cool, dim room, fragrant with the scent of flowers, and the lavish beauty of the flower-rouers caused the first spark of Jill's enthusiasm.

"What a lovely home, Bab."

"It's quite splendidly built," Barbara returned dryly. "Here is your room, Jill."

An attractive room daintily furnished. The windows opened above a garden of flowering marigolds; beyond, stretched paddocks of grazing land. Wind, cool and sweet with the smell of rain and of the earth, billowed out the curtains.

Barbara went out to search for Blair, and Madge came in.

"How do you like your room, Jill?"

"It's very pretty," Jill answered, and suppressed, with an effort, a wild desire to laugh outright.

Madge yawned, a look of intense boredom on her pretty face.

"I couldn't sleep last night. The mosquitoes were bad. Let me give you a word of advice, Jill. If you want to enjoy yourself at Avelon, don't tread on Len's corns."

"Is he touchy?"

"He's a complete and absolute beast," said Madge, yawned again, and walked carelessly out of the room.

Jill sat on the edge of the bed, a smile lifting the corners of her mouth. Her good humor was returning; she could smile, which was better than crying. For six years she had dreamed dreams of life at Avelon, and now, within one hour, her dreams were shattered. She understood why Barbara had tried to prevent her coming to Avelon; gallant Barbara who had written a sheaf of gallant lies for six years.

A light footstep broke the trend of her thoughts, and she raised her head. Barbara stood in the doorway, eyes alight with an expression Jill could not fathom. She rose to her feet and stood facing her eldest sister; suddenly, unaccountably, her lips trembled.

Barbara came into the room, closed the door behind her, and with swift steps crossed the room to Jill's side.

"Don't, Jill."

Barbara's arms were around her, Barbara's deep voice murmured a confused jumble of words into her ear.

"You poor kid! Don't, Jill."

"I'm a fool," Jill said. "Why should I cry?"

"Reaction—and disappointment. You were disappointed."

"Horribly. I had dreamed of such a different welcome. You have altered, Bab."

"How?"

"Your expression—I can't explain. Are you—happy?"

"Happy with the children, Jill."

"But—Len?"

Barbara remained silent, and Jill said impulsively,

"You're unhappy. What has Len done to you?"

"Nothing. Don't think about it, Jill. You will have to shut your eyes to lots of things. Little things—"

"Is that why you wrote—a lie?"

"Yes, my dear. You are young; I didn't want you to know of the mess I've made of my life."

Jill's lips twisted. So this was the sister she had thought of as lucky Barbara, jolly Barbara! She looked steadily into the tranquil face, the whimsical eyes. There was something wonderful about Barbara, something mystical. She laughed at her troubles and rose above them; but Madge, whose life was smooth and untroubled, who was deeply loved, had grown fretful and complaining.

"There's Len calling; I'll have to leave you for a while, Jill."

Jill unpacked leisurely, wondering where Garry Travis was as she worked. He had left Sydney two days ago, and had gone without telling her of the "something important" he had mentioned on their return from Palm Beach. Perhaps her illness was responsible for his forgetfulness;

perhaps the "something" was not so very important after all, and Garry, on second thoughts, had decided to forget it.

Her unpacking completed, Jill decided to wander out and explore. Barbara was busy and Madge had forgotten her.

She opened the door, stepped into the hall, and collided with Len Burton.

"Sorry," she gasped, and winced as the jar sent a stab of pain through her injured shoulder.

Len thrust out an arm to steady her, then broke into a shout of laughter that rang with trumpet-like intensity through the house. He threw back his huge head to laugh and opened his mouth wide.

"If it isn't little Jill grown up. A beauty, too! Not like Barbara. Let's look at you."

He tilted her head back and, before Jill could divine his intention, pressed his large, firm mouth on hers.

"Permissible between relatives, eh?" he demanded, and shook with laughter.

Jill drew disgustedly away from him, her eyes angry.

He seemed to have grown more huge—a giant of a man with curiously small eyes; Jill had never noticed how small and hard Len Burton's eyes were. They disappeared altogether when he laughed. He oozed egotism and complacency; he had the air of a man supremely pleased with himself.

"A beauty," he repeated admiringly. "You have more color in your little finger than Bab has in her whole body."

"Don't!" she said sharply.

Len Burton's laughter died abruptly. "Don't you know a compliment when you hear one?"

"I'd rather you didn't compliment me at Barbara's expense."

"Plenty of spirit, too," he said. "Haven't entirely lost your independence."

That hurt. Len saw the anger in Jill's eyes, the flush that swept her cheeks and left them flaming.

"So that hit home? Thought it would, sister Jill." He chuckled again. "We are going to be great pals, girl. I know it."

He gave her a hearty resounding slap on the shoulder, and Jill, sick with the unexpected pain, cried out. A low cry smothered almost as soon as she uttered it, but Barbara heard and came running, a nameless fear dawning in her eyes when she saw her husband and sister together.

"Jill."

"It's nothing," Len growled, with a fierce scowl at Jill. She saw the hatred in the glance he gave her, a threat, and knew that the cry which brought Barbara hurrying to her side had made Len Burton her enemy. She wanted to explain, but a mist swam before her eyes, and noises drummed in her ears.

"It's nothing," she managed to falter, "I'm sorry—"

"A friendly kiss," said Len furiously. His voice shook.

Jill made an effort to explain, but words would not come. She saw the piteous trembling of Barbara's lips, and hated herself for the weakness that took away the power to stand upright.

She knew that Barbara helped her into the bedroom, that Madge came in and closed the door. Her eyes shut, then opened again.

Madge was sitting beside her on the bed. Barbara stood gazing out through the open window. She stood rigidly, a tenseness in her attitude.

"Better?" said Madge.

Jill sat slowly upright. "I feel—queer, Bab."

Barbara turned.

"Bab, I must tell you. Bab, don't look like that. In the train a case fell and hit my shoulder. Dale broke the force of the fall, but the case struck me fairly heavily. Len patted my shoulder. Just a friendly pat, but the pain. Look."

She slipped a loose-fitting frock over her head and revealed the bruise—deep purple,

as though some potent dye had stained her skin.

Barbara's expression lightened. "Jill, dear, I thought—"

"It would be like Len to be beastly!" Madge interrupted. "He hasn't a particle of Dale's refinement."

Barbara flushed, and said angrily: "That's rotten."

"But truthful—unfortunately. Surely one may be critical of one's own brother-in-law. You know it is truth."

"There are some things better left unsaid," Jill said, resenting Madge's remark because it hurt Barbara.

Her resentment died quickly as it had risen.

"I'm afraid my advent hasn't been very distinguished," she murmured, with a flash of her old humor.

Barbara walked to the window without replying, and Madge shrugged her shoulders.

But later as she swung herself on to the horse Barbara had saddled, Jill forgot Avelon and everyone who lived in the house of discord.

A week had gone by since her arrival at Seone; a week during which she gained strength physically but not mentally. In desperation she had said to Barbara: "I'm stifling! Isn't there a horse I can ride?"

"Remus—a fiery brute!"

"I'll take a chance on Remus, fire and all. I want to get out—away from here."

"You're not contented?"

"No. I feel so horribly dependent. The week's rest has made me morbid, and I refuse to continue the corruption of my soul by resting any longer. I'll ride the brute of fire in pursuit of adventure."

"What is adventure?" questioned Barbara, and smiled.

Jill sat the horse with a straight back, her eyes sparkling. For the first time since her arrival she felt thoroughly happy. A perfect morning, a road that wound into hazy blue distances, a horse whose name was Remus, whose reputation had long ago been torn to shreds. She could wish for nothing more at present.

Down the road that wound into the beckoning distance: between trees, blue-gum, stringy-bark, and others. On—on. The slow canter merged into a fast canter, the fast canter to a gallop.

Jill rode the horse superbly, her heart filled with racing exultation. After a week of misery she had found a medium of escape. Hours of pleasure lay ahead; she and Remus would roam the countryside and forget what lay behind.

Down the brown ribbon of road horse and rider were coming toward her. Even from the distance Jill recognised Garry Travis, and Garry recognised her, for he waved his hat in greeting.

Garry Travis urged his horse forward at breakneck speed and drew rein in a smother of dust that enveloped them both.

"Excuse my dust," he said, "but I was frightfully keen to burn up the distance between us. Woman, where have you been for the past week?"

Jill nearly answered: "In hell," but caught back the words before they were uttered.

"Resting—and convalescing. A tedious process—getting back strength. I've decided never to lose mine again."

"You must have recovered pretty effectively to be riding Remus."

"Ah—you know the gentleman?"

"Well, enough to shiver when I recognised you in the saddle. I perceive," he ended gravely, but with twinkling eyes, "that my fears are groundless. Excellent horse-ownership may be numbered among your many accomplishments."

"Don't be a fool, Garry. Why didn't you come to see me?"

"Didn't Dale Burton tell you what happened last time I came to Avalon?"

"He said Len kicked you out."

"He was quite right, Julianne. Burton and I had an argument—rather a fierce affair. Among other things, Burton called

me a liar. I have no objections"—with a quizzical glance at her—"to being called a fool; but I object to the word liar. I pitched into Burton, and because I couldn't show enough science, was pitched out and told to stay out. Result: Avalon was taboo. A week ago it didn't matter one hoot; but now—"

"Now?" queried Jill mischievously.

"Len Burton can go to the devil."

"I have an idea he's going there fast."

There was a harshness in Jill's utterance, her eyes shadowed. Clearly she was disillusioned. She appeared older, her mouth had lost something of its softness; momentarily, her sense of humor was in eclipse. He studied her critically and decided he did not approve of the new Jill in comparison with the old.

Jill accurately read his glance, and smiled.

"Yes," she said, as though answering a spoken comment. "I am disillusioned. I dreamed a dream for six years, and it has been rudely shattered. Happy marriage seems to be a myth—at Avalon, and I haven't had time to readjust my ideas. Here I am talking Avelon, and I came out determined to forget it."

With awakening interest Jill looked about her. Directly ahead reared a high, and lofty spur of the Liverpool Range crowned with sun-tipped clouds. To the left stretched a paddock of knee-high grass, silver and motionless in the still air. Beyond the paddock nestled a weatherboard two-roomed house with windows and doors closed. There was no sign of life about the place. When Garry mounted again, Jill nodded towards it.

"Who lives there?"

"Martin Croxton. Ever heard of him?"

"No."

"A recluse. Pretty short-tempered these days. He hires a man to run the place and spends his own time rambling around the country. You'll see him way up the Upper Hunter one week, at Rouchel the next. He's everywhere and anywhere. Queer sort of customer."

Jill could quite believe Martin Croxton was a "queer sort of customer." His house looked forlorn and neglected; there was something inexplicably menacing about the squat of the two rooms. She shuddered without knowing why.

"Here comes old Martin now," said Garry Travis, and added in a lower key, "Looking seedier than ever. He's supposed to have pretty good hearing for an old chap, and he's confoundingly sensitive."

"Interesting as well as queer," Jill murmured.

Walking towards them along the centre of the road came an elderly man with his head sunken on his chest; he advanced with a peculiar movement that was neither walk nor trot, but a combination of the two.

Jill felt a sudden desire to gallop away—an urge she could not explain. Old Martin had not yet raised his head, and unaccountably, Jill did not want to be staring at him when he did. Her lips moved stiffly.

"I'd love to see what's round the bend in the road, Garry."

"More road," he answered.

"I'm going to explore."

She sent Remus along the road at a brisk canter, aware that Garry was following.

"Hi, madam!"

She smiled, but did not turn. Garry would think her a fool, but she had cause to believe in her presentiments!

When the bend in the road had hidden both Martin Croxton and his ugly, squat house from sight, she felt her spirits rising and rode with a sense of elation. Her heart sang and she was dreamily content. The sun had disappeared behind clouds, leaving the air cool and fresh; a wind rushed up from the South, whirling the dust from the road in spirals.

Jill flung back her head, a smile touched

her lips. It was Barbara's secret smile, and Garry, observing it, was struck by the likeness between the two sisters, despite the difference in age.

Even taking into consideration Barbara's mellowness of expression Jill's was the finer face, he decided; with more claim to beauty in the exquisitely moulded features. Yet there was something about her to-day that troubled him—a far away smile in her eyes; she dreamed, and Garry knew he had no place in her dreams. She had forgotten his very existence.

Clouds were gathering ominously above the range; there was a smell of rain in the air. From the distance came a low rumble of thunder, and Garry felt a heavy spot of rain fall on his upturned face.

"Jill—"

"Are you going to tell me about the storm?"

"I imagined your thoughts were miles away."

"So is the storm, isn't it?"

"Not even one mile away. Watch your horse!"

The warning came too late. Following a devastating clap of thunder, Remus plunged sideways and Jill, who had been holding the reins lightly and laughing up at Garry, was thrown.

Instantly she was on her feet, staring ruefully after Remus before Garry could reach her side. Her first thought was for Barbara's alarm when the horse returned riderless; her second, chagrin that she had been thrown with Garry as a witness. Jill's heart warmed when she saw his grave concern for her.

"Are you hurt, Jill?"

"Not in the slightest; I fell lightly. Bab will be worried to death."

"Fraid so."

"How far from Avalon are we?"

"Six miles—nearer seven in fact. We'll have to double-back."

Rain commenced to fall blindingly as Garry Travis mounted Windy, pulled Jill up behind him and turned the horse homeward.

Thunder crashed, lightning played in a vivid flash across the sky. Windy started and danced nervously, troubled by the lance of flame that hung quivering in the sky for an instant, and the unaccustomed weight.

"We're in for it," Garry muttered. "Better make for old Martin's place."

"No!" said Jill sharply.

"We can't ride between trees with the storm overhead. There's nothing else for it."

"I'd rather walk!"

"You're not going to walk," he said determinedly, and urged Windy forward.

Jill clung to him, shielding her face from the pelting rain against his broad back. Water trickled from her hat down the back of her neck; she supposed, rather wearily, that anything would be better than such physical discomfort. Even old Martin's house!

Garry dismounted, swung Jill to the verandah and tethered the horse. He spoke cheerily as he worked, giving Jill the impression that he meant to warn old Martin of their arrival.

Closer inspection of Martin Croxton's place increased Jill's uneasiness. Many of the verandah boards were missing. The windows were cracked and so begrimed with dust that it must have been impossible for the old man to see through them. Garry rapped on the door and shouted: "Hello, there, Mr. Croxton." To Jill he remarked in a cautiously lowered voice: "I'd better knock him up and explain. He's a crusty old beggar and can be deucedly unpleasant if he likes."

There came the faintest of sounds from behind the closed door, a shuffle as though a trunk or suitcase almost too heavy to be handled, had been propped against the door. Then silence.

"Did you hear that, Garry?"

He nodded grimly. "Sounded as though

the door was being barricaded. The old chap must be scared."

He hammered at the door with closed fist. "Hi, there, Mr. Croxton. It's Garry Travis. Travis, from Yallemoor."

Still no answer, no sound; but Jill suddenly discovered that a small patch of grime had been wiped from the window and a face was pressed hard against the glass. For an instant she stared at the flattened tip of a nose, then clutched Garry's arm with a low cry.

"Look, Garry. At the window."

He swung round, but the face had disappeared, and he turned to the girl for explanation.

"He—he was watching us," she said.

"Sure you weren't mistaken?"

"Positive. It was Martin Croxton. It sounds cowardly, but I'm frightened. Can't we go?"

"Too much of a risk. If one of the trees—"

A mighty crash of thunder drowned his sentence, a forked tongue of blue-white light illuminated the sky with brilliancy that dazzled. Less than a hundred yards from the house an ironbark blazed. Every leaf and twig was illuminated, then the unearthly light died and Jill saw the tree trunk was split from top to bottom.

Her glance met Garry's, and they instinctively drew closer together. Neither of them spoke of their escape. The blazing tree was not mentioned then or afterwards.

"Pretty fierce sort of a storm," Garry commented casually, and Jill felt thankful for his calm acceptance of danger escaped.

Standing shoulder to shoulder they gazed out over the rain-swept countryside—gazed through a silver curtain. Then magically the rain ceased its mad pelt. Thunder rumbled at intervals, but far in the distance. The storm cleared even more suddenly than it had begun.

"Solid while it lasted," remarked Garry, and with a last look at the stricken ironbark turned again toward the window where a patch of grime had been rubbed, none too cleanly away.

"Can't understand old Croxton's attitude," he growled. "Inhospitable old bird."

"We ought to take advantage of the break in the weather," Jill said, but still Garry lingered.

"Can't make it out."

"Don't try to. If Mr. Croxton likes to act suspiciously, it doesn't matter to us. I didn't like this place the first time I saw it, and I like it even less now. Garry, is there any need to wait longer?"

"No," he said, and swung her into the saddle.

With his double burden, Windy set his own pace down the uneven track leading to the roadway. Jill did not glance back at the shanty, but she shivered, and clung more tightly to Garry Travis.

In the distance she could see the red roof of Avelon among peppercorn trees. "Please don't ride to the house," she said. "I'll slip down at the gate."

Garry grinned broadly. Jill could not see the grin, but knew from his inflection that he was amused.

"I won't be kicked out again—I assure you," he said.

She remained firm. "I don't want you to meet Len—yet. He can be so beastly unpleasant when he's roused."

"Well, if you really wish it—"

"I do," she interrupted swiftly, "at least for to-day."

When Avelon was reached Jill said goodbye, walked swiftly between the row of peppercorn trees to the house, and as she walked wondered at the brooding air of silence. She had pictured Barbara anxiously pacing the verandah, but there was no one in sight—not even the children. As she rounded the corner of the house Len Burton came from the tool-shed and confronted her.

"So you're home quite safely, eh?"

"Quite safely," she said coldly.

"Who was that at the gate with you?"

"That's my business, Len."

"I'm making it mine. Young Travis, wasn't it?"

"If you know, why ask me?"

"How the devil did you get to know Travis?"

"My affairs are no concern of yours," Jill retorted, "but as you're so interested I'll make you a gift of the information. Garry Travis is a friend of mine."

"Travis is no friend of anyone at Avelon!"

"I can quite understand he is no friend of yours," Jill said with exasperating calmness. "Garry is particular—in some ways."

Len Burton's large hands knotted. "I'll break his neck if he comes here. You can tell him that from me."

Jill smiled. "Deliver your own message! I have an ideal you'll have plenty of opportunity."

"I've warned you," the man growled. "I'll break his damned neck! There'll be trouble—plenty of it."

"That won't be unusual," said Jill, and walked rapidly away.

With fast-beating heart she went to her room and closed the door with unintentional sharpness. The sound brought Barbara from the kitchen, her dark eyes alight with relief.

"I've been worried, my dear. How did you manage Remus? And where did you shelter from the storm?"

Jill started, then spoke slowly.

"Hasn't Remus come back?"

"Didn't you ride him back?" Barbara asked.

"He threw me when the storm broke. Oh, I wasn't hurt—" Jill hastened to add as Barbara uttered a low cry of dismay, "but Remus galloped away before I could stop him; and Garry was so concerned about me he never gave the horse a thought."

"Garry?"

"Garry Travis. I met him and we went for a ride together. He brought me back to Avelon on Windy."

Barbara frowned. "Remus must have returned. Surely Len—" She hesitated, then added: "But the storm? You're not even wet."

"We—Garry and I—sheltered beneath old Martin Croxton's verandah, and of all the miserable places—"

"You went to Martin Croxton's?" Barbara repeated, and the query held unmistakable fear. "Wherever else you go, Jill, never go there again."

Jill's curiously mounted. "I'm not likely to; but why?"

"If old Martin ever discovers—and he will—that you come from Avelon, you won't be safe. Nobody from Avelon would be safe."

"But—why?" Jill repeated.

"It's a long story, but briefly amounts to this: Some years ago old Martin owned the property adjoining Avelon. There was a dispute over the dividing line and Len took Mr. Croxton to court. The decision went to Len, and the old chap—reputed to be a half-wit, threatened to get even. He waylaid Madge once and frightened her into hysterics with a gun. Don't go there again, Jill. Promise."

Jill promised, but she felt a glow of sympathy for the old man. Len Burton had probably plotted mercilessly over the decision, and taunted Martin Croxton with defeat.

Jill was convinced. She would never again be afraid of the half-wit.

"Barbara," she said without looking at her sister, "why did Len kick Garry Travis out of Avelon?"

"Who told you that?" Barbara demanded.

"Dale; and Garry admitted it."

"Another unpleasant story. Quaint, isn't it? But most stories connected with Len are unpleasant. Three years ago Garry came upon Len attempting to kiss Chris-

tine Marsden. Have I ever mentioned Chris in my letters?"

"The name seems familiar," Jill said vaguely.

"Chris and Garry are very friendly—always have been. Chris was struggling when Garry arrived, and Garry knocked Len down. A few days later Garry came over to Avelon to see Dale, and Len attacked him pretty savagely. He had a riding whip in his hand and used it freely before he—kicked."

"That would be Len's method of fighting," Jill said bitterly. "Riding whip and—kick!"

Barbara's lips twisted. "Christine Marsden is the only girl Len ever loved. She refused him, and he threatened to leave for Sydney and return with a wife. The rest you know. He came to Sydney, and Dale who was engaged to Madge introduced him to me. He was irresistible those days, Jill. He made me forget—even Kent Colbert. You probably don't remember Kent. I married Len, and two days after our arrival at Avelon he told me about Christine. I never forgave him; and loathed him from that moment. Later I met Chris. She's a splendid type of girl. I liked her, but I hate to meet Chris. She—knows!"

Jill drew a long, quivering breath.

"And to think I told Kent you are happy," she said.

Barbara started; her hand closed over Jill's arm in a grip that hurt.

"Where did you meet Kent? When?"

"Manly wharf—the day before I left for Seona."

Barbara's grip relaxed and her lips trembled. She closed her eyes, then slowly opened them; without a word she walked out of the room, her shoulders sagging a little as though too great a burden had been laid across them.

CHAPTER 5

"LETTER, JILL."

"Thanks," Jill took the letter Barbara held out and examined the postmark. "From Jo. Lie down, Sammy Damnyou. It's no concern of yours."

"Sammy—what?" Barbara demanded incredulously.

"Sammy Damnyou," Jill explained gravely. "Len calls the dog that so often that I've tacked the 'Damnyou' on to Sammy as a kind of surname. It's one way of lessening the swearing about the place."

Barbara's lips twitched. She broke into laughter, gazing skyward as she laughed.

"A silver plane. Isn't she a beauty?"

"That's probably Kent Colbert in his Cloud Queen," said Jill.

"Kent?" Barbara repeated in a whisper, "did you know he was coming to Seona?"

"Yes," Jill nodded. "He told me the day we met. He is going to take me up in the Cloud Queen. She split the envelope of her letter and drew out the contents without looking at Barbara."

"Darlin'." Jo had scribbled in her breezy style, "there is going to be an addition to the Richard Gayne family. Aren't you thrilled? I am, although I didn't expect to saddle myself with an infant quite so soon. But these things will happen, and at heart I'm terrible excited about it. Yet worried, too."

"Dick has a notion that he's going to lose his position with Arlington's. Isn't it pitiful? He's moody and unlike himself. What with my system not working out as the Guide Books say it ought to, and Dick with his eternal mooching around, things are only middling—as Mrs. Hardy would say. We had an awful brawl last night; Dick actually threatened to leave me. Of course it blew over, but I've been feeling queer ever since, and I grow so irritable I could scream. Do you remember the S.O.S. Dick joked about the day we were mar-

ried? I might even send it yet, Jill. Would you come to me—if I did? Would you . . . ?

Barbara sighed and Jill glanced up from her letter. She could not see her sister's face. Barbara's back was turned, her eyes were following the flight of the plane—Kent's plane, a silver bird disappearing into a bank of clouds.

"Jill," she said with sudden vehemence, "don't ever mistake glamor for love."

"I'm not going to fall in love," Jill answered soberly, "unless I can remain engaged all my life. What's that, Bab?"

She indicated a bundle of loosely-tied paper in her sister's hand.

"MS. I want your opinion. A Melbourne journal is offering £20 for the best short story submitted, and I wrote this especially for the competition. Hurry over it, Jill. It will have to catch the midnight mail to arrive in Melbourne before the closing date."

She thrust the manuscript into Jill's hand and hurried into the house. Jill settled herself more comfortably in the swinging garden seat beneath one of the peppercorn trees; idly caressed Sammy Damnyou's head, then unfolded Barbara's carefully typed pages and began to read.

She read critically, noting the opening of the story, the development of plot, the atmosphere, the background, the character-sketching, dialogue. Gradually she lost herself in the story and became absorbed to a point of forgetting technicalities. She read with growing sense of wonder; anticlimax, climax, and swift, unexpected ending. Was this the work of Barbara? It gripped. It was real, powerful. It was human. Barbara had written of real people, and in an astonishingly few number of words had succeeded in making them real.

Jill slipped from the swinging seat, ignored Sammy's inquiring bark, and went in search of Barbara. She found her leaning against the rail of the side verandah, still looking skyward, as though she followed in imagination the flight of Kent Colbert's Cloud Queen.

"Bab, it's amazing!"
"What is? Oh, the story. You like it?"

"There's no question of like or dislike. 'Conflict' is a gem."

"I hope the judges think so," Barbara remarked, and her strangely secret smile touched her lips.

"How do you do it, Bab?"

"Do what?"

"Write that stuff when—"

"When I'm unhappy?" Barbara's low voice held music.

"Perhaps that's the explanation. I need an outlet—and my pen provides it."

"It's so—so incredible."

Again Barbara laughed. "I didn't hope to make such an impression. You are quite flattering. If Len is well out of the way I'll go and get the manuscript ready for posting."

"He's down by the ironbark clump near the cyclone gate."

"Far enough away, if he stays there."

With Sammy Damnyou trailing at her feet, Jill wandered aimlessly to the gate. She could not explain the impulse that took her away from the house along the path strewn with fallen red peppercorns. She wanted to be alone, to think.

As she reached the gate a blue sedan flashed by, and Garry Travis waved a greeting from the front seat. At the wheel sat a girl who turned as Garry turned, and revealed a friendly face to which Jill took an instant liking. She waved in return until the car rounded a bend in the road and was lost to sight, then her arm dropped and she sighed without being aware of it.

So that was Christine Marsden, for, of course, the girl driving the blue sedan was Christine. Garry Travis had appeared very much at ease with his arm along the

back of the seat. It was his air of contentment that had caused Jill's unconscious sigh.

"Life is queer," she told Sammy Damnyou, and the blue cattle dog growled acknowledgement.

Through the open window of Barbara's room came voices.

"If you'd look after my things instead of slinging ink around—"

Barbara's softer reply was inaudible, but Len's anger mounted and the sound of his shouting sent a chill down Jill's spine. She moved beyond earshot to the other side of the house where Madge had her studio.

She rapped and Madge called: "Come in."

JILL went in, closing the door softly behind her. Madge had on a blue smock with a black bow at her throat. She looked childlike, appealing as she lay among brilliantly colored cushions—reading.

"The last set of books from the library are splendid," she said, and held out the book in her hand. "I can't leave it alone."

"So I see!" Jill said dryly.

"I came to have a talk with you—about Bab."

Madge brought her hand daintily into play to stifle a yawn.

"What about Bab?"

"Have you read any of her stories?"

"Once. A dull thing. No excitement in it."

"Did you tell Bab that?"

"Naturally. One must accept criticism."

"And—Barbara?"

"Well, you know what she's like. Just a nod that didn't convey anything one way or the other. I'm afraid she won't go far, but I did not hurt her feelings by saying so. What do you know about her work?"

"Very little."

"Then why this interest?"

"Bab will some day be greater than you believe."

Madge sat upright among the cushions and swung her feet to the floor. She stared, laughed.

"Jill—literary authority?"

"Mock if you like."

"I do like. You are amusing."

"And you merely stupid," Jill flashed contemptuously.

"Get out!"

"I'm going."

"And don't come back unless you are invited."

"I don't know that I would accept an invitation. I'm sorry I came; I knew you wouldn't understand."

"I'm not generally supposed to be lacking in brains," Madge retorted with curling lips, and Jill said evenly:

"I wasn't thinking of your brains—but your heart."

She went out and made her way to Barbara's room knowing that Len Burton had stamped his way out of the house. The door was closed. She heard the sound of a low cry—half moan, half sob.

"Bab!" She rattled the doorknob urgently.

No answer. The low cry was not repeated.

Jill turned the handle; it yielded and she slipped into the room. Barbara lay face downwards on the bed, face hidden, hands flung over her head. She was still.

Jill's anger rose swiftly, terribly.

"The rotten beast! Did he touch you?"

"He didn't lay a hand on me."

Jill's eyes darkened. Her sister's quivering agony was pitiful. Something had happened. If Len had not touched her, what had he done? She asked the question, unaware of the imperative sharpness in her voice.

"He has torn my story to shreds," Barbara said in a whisper, and sat upright.

Jill saw that she had been lying on

fragments of torn paper; Len Burton had ripped the story in halves, into quarters, and scattered the pieces.

"It took me weeks to write it," Barbara said calmly, but with lips that formed words stiffly. "Weeks! I haven't even a carbon copy. I left it on the table one day, and Blair destroyed it." She laughed. "Funny, isn't it? Funny how things happen . . ."

Joan burst into the room, weeping noisily and holding out her hand with a splinter embedded in the soft palm. Instantly Barbara was the mother. She drew the child into her arms, soothed her, called her "mother's brave girlie," while a sharp needle-point groped for the splinter; then she nestled the small bright head against her breast and met Jill's glance.

"Take the paper away, Jill. It makes me sick."

Jill silently gathered the torn sheets together and took them to her own room. The burning color had died from her cheeks, but her heart still throbbed with unnatural violence.

Idly at first, she tried to place the pieces together. She completed the first page, then the second, and her excitement mounted. An idea, vague when she began the apparently hopeless task, crystallised. She completed the third page and fastened it together with adhesive tape. Three pages already!

Slipping into the hallway, she called: "Bab!"

Barbara didn't answer, and Jill's satisfaction mounted. Her sister had gone to the vegetable garden with Joan. The telephone was too far away from the studio for Madge to overhear conversation. Good! It was just possible that Barbara's story would leave in time after all.

She lifted the receiver and gave the Yalemoor number, impatiently tapping her foot up and down as she waited. The seconds ticked by. Soon Barbara would return, or Madge would come from the studio. Why didn't someone answer?

She heard the click of a receiver being lifted, and Garry's crisp voice gave the Yalemoor phone number.

"Oh, Garry! I've been hoping you would answer."

"Hello, Julianna. Anything wrong?"

She avoided the question by asking one of her own.

"Have you a typewriter at Yalemoor?"

"Yes. Rather a decent old bus."

"Garry, may I come over and use it? I may be a good while. Hours."

"What are hours in a lifetime? Come along."

"I'll explain—later."

"When will I expect you?"

"Immediately. I'm coming straight over."

"Good."

Jill gathered the fragments of 'Conflict' together and carefully rolled them with the three completed sheets in a strip of brown paper. On the verandah she met Barbara.

"I'm going over to Yalemoor," she said briefly, "and may be late."

Barbara's expressive eyes showed concern. "How late?"

"Ten or eleven. Twelve, perhaps."

"Is that necessary, Jill? It might mean—"

"I don't care what it means. Just tell the others that I've gone out."

"Does Garry Travis expect you?"

"Yes."

"You didn't mention this before, my dear."

"No," said Jill, but did not explain.

As she walked swiftly down the path Jill wondered what form her promised explanation would take. Certainly not the entire truth. Barbara's affairs were already too well known.

And if not the truth, what? Before she could decide, Garry Travis's cheerful whistle broke the trend of her thought.

He was crossing the road with quick strides to meet her.

The blue sedan that Christine Marsden had driven was drawn up before the verandah of the Travis home. With a feeling of disappointment Jill realised that she could not have come to Yalmonor at a more inopportune time. Christine knew so much about Len and Barbara.

Jill found herself irresistibly drawn to Chris Marsden when Garry introduced her. The girl's blunt good humor attracted.

With an air of quizzical resignation, purposefully assumed, Jill produced the brown paper bundle of torn manuscript.

"A story of Barbara's," she said brightly. "The thing's in pieces—owing to misadventure. These mischievous kids, you know . . . and it has to be completed and posted to-night."

"Hard luck for your sister," Garry said. Christine looked down at the jagged pieces without comment. It was obvious that the paper had been torn savagely, with intent to destroy. Neither Joan nor Blair could have been guilty. Garry had accepted her statement, but not Christine.

"Perhaps we could help—Garry and I," suggested Chris, and Garry said:

"Stout notion."

"It will be a long job," said Jill doubtfully.

"And a none too easy one by the look of the jig-saw. You'll never straighten that yarn out and type it to-night, Jill."

Unaided, the task would be impossible, so Jill accepted the offer of help, and the three commenced work on the paper spread carefully over the table.

While Chris and Garry concentrated on page four, Jill typed the first three pages. "Conflict," by Barbara Burton. Conflict! There had been enough conflict over the story. More than enough. She marvelled anew that her sister had been able to write such a gem.

She was completing page three when Chris exclaimed triumphantly:

"Got it!"

"And it's the trickiest jig-saw that I've ever pored over," said Garry. "Now for page five."

It proved more difficult. Portion of the sheet was missing and the most careful search failed to reveal the slightest trace of it.

"What do we do now?" Chris queried, with a side glance into Jill's frowning face.

"There's only one thing," Jill said slowly. "I've read the story and know exactly what happens. I'll write in the missing corner while you start on page six."

She wrote, but was not satisfied. She had faithfully imitated Barbara's style, but the page, when completed and typed, did not read smoothly. There was something lacking. Jill wondered whether one weak page in an otherwise perfect MS. would deprive Barbara of a possible prize. She doubted it. "Conflict" was a certain prize-winner.

Progress was slow, although all three worked untiringly and with enthusiasm. Barbara's writing was clear, but Len had wisted the paper almost out of recognition. Once Garry gave vent to his characteristic whistle.

"Whew! Young Blair made a pretty good job of the yarn!"

Jill's head bent lower over the table. "Unfortunate accident," Garry continued, frowning over a square of paper he could not fit into an oblong space, "Mrs. Burton upset?"

"Very."

The tea hour came and went. Jill insisted upon Chris and Garry joining Mr. and Mrs. Travis in the dining-room, but she refused a pressing invitation to dine with them, and continued to work on the diminishing pile of paper.

When Chris came in unexpectedly, carry-

ing a cup of tea, she found Jill standing beside the table, head bent, hands idle.

"It's hopeless. I'll never straighten it in time."

Chris placed the cup and saucer beside the typewriter.

"We'll manage."

"There is only half the story typed."

"The other half will be easier. You're tired; that's why it seems hopeless. Tired—and worried."

"Barbara tried so hard."

"Yes."

Silence, then Chris said softly:

"Was it Len?"

Jill nodded. She did not trust herself to speak.

"The swine!" Christine spoke with such violence that Jill was startled. "He's always been like that. He threatened to kill me when I refused him. I laughed, and he went away shouting something about going to Sydney and bringing back a wife. He brought back your sister."

"Dale ought to have warned Barbara," Jill said bitterly, but Christine shook her head.

"Dale Burton is placid and easy going. He and Len always hit it off well together. Dale evidently thought a woman as regal as your sister would have a tremendous influence for good on Len. But things did not work out that way."

"No," Jill repeated, "things did not work out that way. Chris, does Garry—know?"

"He thinks young Blair is the culprit."

"You won't disillusion him?"

"No," said Christine slowly. "I won't disillusion him."

She went back to her self-interrupted dinner and Jill continued her work with a more cheerful mind.

The clock had struck eleven thirty before the last page of "Conflict" was typed and corrected; Jill attached a covering sheet, fastened the leaves together and, as she carefully folded them, glanced sideways at Christine and Garry talking together in an undertone. Chris was swinging slim legs as she perched on the table with Garry beside her.

She addressed the envelope, enclosed the story, sealed it ready for posting. Her hands were trembling; she could not understand why.

"Ready? I'll run you into the post office," Christine said.

Jill's eyes brimmed with quick tears; she was experiencing the aftermath of emotional excitement, the strain of working against time, elation at having accomplished the almost impossible.

Seated between Christine and Garry in the blue sedan, the envelope containing Barbara's work gripped in her hands with unconscious firmness, Jill prepared to enjoy a swift drive through the night to the post office.

How kind Christine Marsden was, how friendly with Garry. Once during the evening she had lifted her glance from a half-typed sheet of foolscap and surprised in Christine's eyes a look there was no mistaking. She had been too occupied at the time to ponder about that unmistakable expression of Chris', but she remembered now with dismayed sinking of her heart that Chris was in love with Garry!

"P.O.," Chris said briefly.

Garry posted the MS. Posted it with a dramatic flourish, farewell it with exaggerated gesture.

Soon the sedan was back at Avelon. Past midnight. She hoped the household would be asleep; Barbara would know better than to wait up for her, but what of Len? He was curious and had a flair for minding other people's business; again and again she had sensed his animosity. Len would harm her if the opportunity arose.

"Avelon, Jill."

"Thanks. You've both been so good."

GARRY went with her to the gate, his hand upon her arm.

"It's late. Will you be all right?"

"Yes," she said, and managed to infuse a degree of sincerity into the answer.

Garry lingered, dissatisfied. "If I thought Len Burton—"

"Len will be in bed and asleep," Jill said, without convincing herself.

"Then—good-night."

"Good-night."

He turned away reluctantly. Jill waited until the car started, then turned in the direction of the house. Darkness. And silence. She paused, stood bareheaded under the peppercorn, the night wind lifting her hair with cool fingers. Tranquility. She felt curiously alone. Barbara had her family, Mudge had Dale, Christine was in love with Garry Travis.

Jill started, and stared into the darkness. Still no sound, no movement; yet she was conscious of being watched. Her skin prickled; she was uneasy, not afraid.

"Who's there?"

No answer. She had not expected an answer, and with quickening footsteps that ended in a run sped up the path to the house.

As she mounted the steps a large figure emerged from the shadows and confronted her.

Surprisingly, her first feeling was satisfaction that her instinct had been unerring, her second, contempt.

"I expected you, Len," she said calmly. He stood blocking her way. "I'll swear you didn't! Do you know the time?"

"Within ten minutes or so—yes."

"Where the devil have you been?"

"Minding my own business—which is more than I can say for you!"

"I heard you at the gate with Garry Travis."

"There is nothing whatever wrong with your hearing."

"You admit it?" She sensed, but could not see, the quality of his smile.

"I've already commented on the accuracy of your hearing," she retorted.

He came nearer, and Jill, curbing her impulse to back slowly down the path as he advanced, stood her ground.

His hand closed over hers in a grip that made her wince. "Bab's been pretty high and mighty since you turned up; that's something else I'm holding against you."

With a sharp movement Jill freed her wrist, brushed past him, and ran to her room. Panting, she flung herself down on the bed and lay still. Gradually the pounding of her heart lessened; she heard sweet bird voices in the trees beyond the window—willy wagtails chattering in the dark. Sweet, pretty creature . . . Sweet, pretty creature . . .

Over and over. She felt hot, stifled; rose and opened the window wider. The bird voices ceased, then began again. Sweet, pretty creature . . . Sweet, pretty creature . . .

Jill thrust hands over her head. She did not want to think . . . but to sleep . . .

She stirred, conscious of far away sound, a confusion of sound. Was it the willy wagtails calling to each other in the night? Too loud, too noisy. She stretched her arms drowsily and opened her eyes. A shout. Another.

Jill smiled. Joan and Blair were playing beneath her window, their voices had awakened her from heavy sleep. Surely it was unwise of Barbara to allow them out to play so early. She glanced at her watch, shook it, listened to hear the faint tick-tick. Ten o'clock! There must be some mistake, surely. She sat up in bed and rounded her eyes at the sight of Barbara standing motionless by the dressing-table.

"Bab! How long have you been there?"

"Five minutes."

"Is it really ten o'clock?"

"Nearly half past. Your watch must be slow."

Jill sprang out of bed. "Half past—and I'm not dressed yet. What a scandal!"

"What an unfortunate word."

"Darling, you're not going to church, are you?" Jill looked into Barbara's face and what she saw there satisfied her.

"Madge is offended. Len told us at breakfast that you were alone with Garry Travis until one o'clock. Madge believes him. Don't ask me why, but she does."

"I was with Garry, Bab."

"Do you like his people?"

"Immensely. And Christine is sweet."

"So Chris was there, too?"

"Yes. She and Garry helped. Later, she drove me to the Post Office. I like Christine."

"Everyone does. Why the Post Office, Jill?"

"To post M.S. 'Conflict.' We managed to get the pieces together, and I typed the story on Garry's machine."

Jill moved to the window and went through a series of physical exercises, counting aloud.

"One, two, three, bend!"

She stood with her back to Barbara.

"One, two, three, bend. One, two, three—"

She wheeled.

"I'll have a shower and slip into my riding togs."

"Jill, why didn't you explain?"

"It's our secret."

"Oh, my dear—"

CHAPTER 5

BARBARA BURTON'S voice rang through the house as she called her son, and Jill stirred, thrusting aside the novel she was reading. Barbara seemed anxious. A moment ago the cry had rung across the paddocks:

"Blair! . . . Blair!"

Jill thought: "He's hiding, and loving it. The little scamp!"

Along the hall and into the room where Jill lay curled on the lounge, Barbara came hurriedly. She stood before Jill, put her hands to her breasts and held them there.

"Blair's gone. Disappeared."

"Nonsense! He's hiding."

"No," sharply. "He would have answered before this."

"Where could he go?"

Barbara closed her eyes.

"There's the creek."

"Quite shallow, and Blair is five."

"He's gone," Barbara repeated, and her hands trembled. "I don't know where."

He might have found the gate open. Will you search down the road? I'll go up."

"Of course," Jill nearly added: "Don't worry," but caught back the words before they were uttered. Useless to tell Barbara not to worry when her cheeks were already blanched with nameless fear.

Halfless, she went with her sister to the gate. It was wide open and Barbara's breath caught.

"Hurry, Jill."

As Barbara began to run along the road, Jill turned and walked swiftly in the opposite direction. No sign of Blair—no sound.

She did not share Barbara's alarm—could not. The child had a passion for exploration and was sensible for his age. He had been lost before, and even if he had wandered through the open gate, Blair would not be far away. There was no danger from traffic, none from the creek. Jill could understand Barbara's anxiety; Bab deeply loved the children of the man she despised. Odd, that—and rather pathetic! Yet it would be still more pathetic if Bab had not been able to love her two children.

She rounded a bend in the road and could see for a quarter of a mile ahead. The swinging walk of a man approaching held her attention. Garry Travis? No. She would recognise Garry's tall, lean figure anywhere. The man advancing raised his head and recognition dawned.

"Kent!"

His pace hurried. "Here's luck! You're looking splendid, Jill."

"Kent, have you seen anything of a little lad along the road? Barbara's son, Blair, has wandered away and she's anxious."

"I've come for at least two miles along the road, and you are the first person I've met. The little chap must have gone the other way. Barbara's son . . ."

He looked beyond her, into the distance. Jill knew that he visualised Barbara and her boy; saw Barbara's dark eyes aglow with love and pride as she looked at the boy that might have been Kent's son and hers. He said:

"Is there anything I can do?"

"We'll turn back and find Bab. She might have news. Obviously Blair hasn't come this way."

Side by side they walked back to Avelon in silence.

"How is Barbara?" Kent Colbert asked with that peculiar tremor he could not eliminate from his voice whenever he spoke Barbara's name.

"She's well, Kent; but you'll notice a difference."

"She will be older, but lovelier. Time would be kind to her. She'll parade her happiness, glow with it."

"Ah," said Jill and uttered a sad little laugh that he echoed.

"Here she is," said the man. Jill wanted to run away. She hated emotionalism, shrank from a display of it. And what else could a meeting between Kent Colbert and Barbara be but emotional?

"Bab," she said, and saw that her sister's pallor made her appear older, more drab. "I ran across Kent. He wants to help. Kent came for two miles along the road, but didn't meet anyone."

Barbara held out her hand vaguely. "It's good of you, Kent. I don't quite know what to do."

Accompanied by an appealing gesture of the hands, she might have been meeting Kent Colbert after a week's holiday, a day's absence. There was no display of the emotional Jill had secretly dreaded, no hysterical outburst. Bab did not seem to be fully aware of Kent. Their meeting after six years held no significance, while that other and greater matter, the disappearance of her son, occupied all her thoughts.

"I'll slip back to Avelon," she said to Jill. "Blair might have come home again."

"You'll probably find him sailing a boat in the bath," Jill remarked cheerfully and Barbara's expression lightened, so eager was she to believe.

"I suppose I am making too much fuss over a few minutes' absence. Kent—"

This time she was fully aware of the man who stood silently regarding her. Her dark eyes grew warm, her smile tender.

"It's good to see you again!" she said simply, smiled at him again, and then went back to Avelon.

Jill waited for Kent's comment. What would he say? What could he say?

A blue sedan travelling swiftly flashed into sight. Jill waved, recognising Christine Marsden at the wheel; but still Kent Colbert stared after Barbara without comment.

"Possibly," he said at length, "the kid heard about the Cloud Queen being in Grahame's paddock and has cut out to have a look at the plane. I'll go and see."

No mention of Barbara, not even a further glance after her retreating figure. "I'll report later," he flung over his shoulder as the sedan came to a noiseless standstill beside Jill.

"Hello," Christine greeted, "it's nearly two weeks since I last saw you. Everything all right that night?"

She asked the question with an air that plainly said:

"Of course everything was all wrong."

"Bab was delighted," said Jill.

"And—Len?"

"Oh—Len!"

"Exactly." Christine's laugh was clipped short. "Your sister is the most gallant woman I know—and the most unfortunate."

"Unfortunate beyond all doubt. Blair's lost. Bab is nearly worried to death. Has Blair ever been to Yalemoor?"

"Often—when his father is away. Even five year-old Blair has instinct enough to avoid running up against his father. Where is Len?"

"Trucking."

"Then Blair may be at Yalemoor. Hop in, we'll drive over and see if he is under Garry's wing."

Blair wasn't with Garry Travis, who insisted upon accompanying Jill back to Avelon. He squeezed beside her into the front seat of the blue sedan and Christine, unusually silent, reached Avelon in two minutes. At the gate stood Barbara, eyes pitifully inquiring.

"No sign of Blair?"

Jill shook her head. "I thought he might be at Yalemoor."

"He hasn't been seen for over an hour."

Barbara said slowly, "Joan says he went out to see a 'big bird.'"

"The plane." Jill's eyes glowed. "Kent's using Grahame's paddock for a landing field. He said the young monkey might have gone to look at the plane."

Christine opened the rear door of the sedan.

"We're only five minutes from Grahame's paddock. Pop in, Mrs. Burton. I'll run you over."

The sedan slowed and drew up before a single track leading across Grahame's paddock. Jill could see the plane, a silver bird at rest. Of Kent there was no sign.

Garry Travis sprinted along the track to the plane, returning almost instantly to report that the mechanic working on the plane had not seen a five-year-old lad. Less than ten minutes ago Kent Colbert had arrived at a run, searched briefly, then departed, also at a run.

Over two hours had elapsed since Blair had last been seen, and Jill was beginning to share her sister's increasing anxiety. She did not feel so confident now that Blair was safe, but kept her thoughts to herself.

"We could notify the police," said Christine.

"I've already done that," Barbara answered tonelessly. "They think it is too early to be unduly alarmed, but Blair has never gone away before—not through the gate. He's been found nearly a mile away down the creek. It's the open gate I don't like. It's so—so awful not knowing what to do," she finished with a hopeless glance up and down the road.

Christine drove back to Avelon. She leaned over the door of the car as Barbara alighted, looking steadily into the elder woman's dark eyes.

"I'll drive to the police station and inform them Blair's disappearance is serious. The little fellow is certain to be all right you know, Mrs. Burton."

Chris's grey eyes held pity for this woman living the life she had escaped—pity and encouragement.

"So long," she called and started the engine.

Jill, who had alighted with Barbara, glanced into Garry's face. He had remained beside Christine, an arm thrown carelessly along the back of the seat, an unusually grave and frowning Garry, who neither stirred nor spoke as the sedan moved forward, but remained absorbed in his own thoughts.

She found Barbara on the verandah, dark eyes searching . . .

"Where's Madge?" Jill asked abruptly.

"Painting."

"Or reading?"

Barbara's shoulders rose and fell in an impatient shrug.

"Perhaps I'd better go down to the creek again. But not. What's the use?"

Joan woke and began to cry. When Barbara went to her Jill sat on the verandah step, arms clasped around her hunched knees. Watings! She hated inactivity. Surely there would be news soon.

Footsteps were approaching along the path. Kent? She rose, stood waiting. Even in the excitement of the moment, it flashed through her mind that Barbara's gratitude would be dangerously overwhelming if Kent found the boy. It was not Kent Colbert who swung around the corner of the house whistling an air of rollicking cheerfulness, but Dale.

"Hello! What's wrong?"

"Blair's gone."

"Where?"

"We don't know."

"He can't be lost, Jill. It isn't possible."

"He went through the gate into the roadway."

"How long ago?"

"It must be nearly three hours."

He frowned. "Three hours, eh? No trace of him?"

"None. Bab is frantic."

"If it's not one thing, it's another with Bab. I'll scout round a bit. The kid might have wandered anywhere, and the snakes—"

"Don't mention snakes to Bab!"

He strode away, crossing the ground with long strides and whistling—but no longer an air of rollicking cheerfulness.

Barbara came out with Joan in her arms. She looked after Dale's retreating figure with softened expression.

"People are good!"

"Some people!"

Jill sat down on the step again, thinking regretfully of the dream Dale had interrupted. She had belonged so completely to Garry in the dream; Christine had not even appeared in her mental vision of the blue sedan which Garry had been driving to happiness. She heard the drone of a plane and twisted her slim body on the step to look at Barbara.

Kent's silver Cloud Queen circled low over Avelon, soared, flashed over the surrounding paddocks.

Barbara's eyes glowed. She stood with Joan in her arms following the flight of the plane.

"Kent's searching."

Jill nodded. "I thought of the Cloud Queen, but didn't like to suggest it. Here's Len."

Barbara's rich color fled. "Where?"

"Coming up from the cyclone gate."

"Does he know about—Kent?" Barbara asked, her voice faltering.

"Not unless neighbors, Grahame perhaps, have mentioned the Cloud Queen."

"There will be a scene. Len will resent Kent."

"Yes," Jill said.

Cuddling Joan closer, Barbara went to meet her husband. Jill could not hear what she said, but Len's booming answer came to her clearly, his harsh tone grated.

"Why the devil couldn't you keep an eye on the kid? If you thought more of the kids and less of your confounded writing—"

The telephone rang and Jill, sick at heart, went to answer it, thankful for an excuse to avoid meeting Len Burton. She lifted the receiver still hearing Len's powerful roar.

"If you thought more of the kids . . . How persistently he hurt Barbara, how cruelly."

Over the wires came Garry's voice:

"Avelon?"

"Yes."

"That you, Jill? Any news?"

"No."

She concentrated with difficulty, mind only half on the conversation. How was Barbara faring? Barbara, standing so

calmly, so proudly, while Len roared and bellowed more like a beast than a man.

"Hello there. . . ." She heard the impatient rattle of Garry's receiver. "Are you here, Jill?"

"Yes. Sorry."

"I'm coming over."

"No—don't!" she cried in swift alarm. Len is in a vile temper, and there's nothing you can do."

"I would at least see you!"

"Please don't come to Avelon," she repeated more sharply. "There will be trouble and Bab has quite enough to contend with as it is. More than enough."

"Then Avelon's taboo! When will I see you again, Jill?"

He exasperated her. Had he forgotten that Blair was lost and Barbara nearly ill with worry? When would he see her again, indeed!

"Isn't it rather an inopportune time to ask?" she demanded, and hung up the receiver.

Jill instantly regretted the retort; she did not know why she had spoken that way, or why the sound of Garry's cheerful voice had irritated her beyond endurance. She half turned again to the telephone before realising that Garry would not have rung from Yalemoor, but from Scone.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "I must have been mad."

She went back to the verandah where Len Burton sprawled in a chair, legs thrust grotesquely before him, body bent; he no longer roared and bellowed but spoke with a slow drawl, emphasising a word occasionally, putting questions and taking up the answers with cutting sarcasm.

"Colbert's in Scone. Did you know?"

For Len Burton he sounded pleasant, but Jill knew better than to suppose Len felt as he sounded. She would rather he boomed; she was accustomed to sound from him—so was Barbara. This new mood of Len's perturbed Barbara, his very quietness savored of danger.

She answered: "Yes, I know. He's here on business."

"Whose business?"

"His own presumably."

Len's eyes narrowed to mere slits. "If he's up in that plane searching for the kid, he's not minding his own business. Look here, Barbara, if there's any funny business between you and Colbert—"

"You fool!" she flashed. "You stupid fool!"

He grinned his satisfaction. "So that bit you, did it? Who told Colbert about the kid, anyhow?"

From the doorway Jill spoke quietly.

"I did."

Len grunted. "You've been nothing but a damn nuisance ever since you came here. It's a pity you ever turned up."

"Our feelings on the matter are quite mutual," Jill said coolly, but Len Burton ignored her and turned to Barbara.

"I've warned you. I'm warning you again. If Colbert shows up here, there'll be trouble."

"There's nothing original in that," Barbara retorted quietly, without anger.

Len rose leisurely, stretched long arms above his head, yawned with drawn-out noises; he disregarded the contemptuous curl of Jill's lips and confronted Barbara.

"I'm not saying much—yet; but I've got my suspicions. Do you know that?"

"I guessed as much."

He cleared the verandah steps at a single stride.

Madge joined them on the verandah. Madge with her pretty face puckered, mouth drawn down.

"Didn't either of you hear the phone ringing?" she demanded pettishly. "I loathe being disturbed when I'm in the studio. You might have more consideration, Barbara; especially when the message is for

Len. The stationmaster wants him at the station as soon as he can get there."

She trailed away as Barbara went after her husband to deliver the message.

Jill did not move. When Kent Colbert came, Len would have left for Scone station; there was satisfaction in the knowledge, and security.

TEN minutes later Kent came striding purposefully down the drive; Barbara saw him and stood waiting with parted lips. Jill saw him and knew that he brought good news. Dale Burton saw him and felt a stab of pity for his sister-in-law.

"I think I've located the lad," Kent said.

Barbara's lips moved stiffly. "Where— is he?"

"I'm not certain. There's something queer in the whole affair. Roughly seven miles from here there's a shanty—"

Jill's eyes widened. A shanty seven miles away! She and Garry had sheltered there from the violence of a storm.

"I saw a youngster running," Kent continued. "An old chap caught him, dragged him back. Can you make anything of it?"

"Nothing at all," Barbara said wearily.

"There is a shanty seven miles from here," Jill said. "Martin Croxton's place!"

Barbara swayed. Kent sprang to her side, but she waved him aside with a shake of her head, a movement of hands.

"I'm all right, Kent. Old Martin. Anything might happen to Blair. Anything . . ."

"Have you a horse?" Kent demanded crisply. "I'm a stranger to this Croxton. If the youngster's there I'll be able to manage the old bird without difficulty."

At the first mention of a horse Jill ran to saddle Remus, leaving Barbara and Kent alone.

She laid her hand on his arm; he felt her trembling.

"Don't worry, my dear."

"Old Martin is not so harmless as he seems, Kent."

"He won't harm the youngster."

"He may harm—you."

"Not much fear of that." He looked deep into her eyes and read there what Barbara had so valiantly tried to hide.

"Bah, you're unhappy."

She met his gaze squarely. "Yes."

He did not speak again until Jill led Remus to the verandah.

"Be careful, Kent; and good-luck."

"Thanks." He smiled at her, then faced Barbara.

"I'll bring him back safely, Bab."

"If you do—"

She paused, her hands in his; but although Kent Colbert waited expectantly Barbara did not complete the sentence, so he swung into the saddle and rode away without glancing back.

Dale Burton came back from the creek and surrounding paddocks to report an unsuccessful search. Madge left her novel and the studio and languidly inquired whether Blair had been found or not.

"All this bother and fuss," she sighed.

Dale studied her, half-puzzled, wholly perturbed; her attitude was beyond his comprehension. She had denied him children of his own to Dale, a great lover of children, had given much time and attention to his small nephew and niece. Madge's casual acceptance of Blair's disappearance hurt and disgusted him.

He made no comment when Barbara related what Kent had seen from the Cloud Queen, but realised that his sister-in-law's glowing eyes and heightened color betrayed unusual emotion and excitement, not all directly responsible for the fact Blair had been found.

"So Kent has gone for Blair?" Madge chattered, secretly thrilled by this unexpectedly new development in her sister's affairs, "what will Len—"

With unaccustomed violence her husband clipped short the sentence.

"Leave Len out of it, Meg."

She rounded lovely eyes at him and continued coldly:

"If I know anything about Len—"
"Leave his name out of this affair!" repeated Dale with such concentrated fury that Madge started and stared after him in wide-eyed dismay as he stalked into the house.

An hour passed. An hour and twenty minutes. Jill began to stir uneasily, but Barbara stood leaning against the verandah post, eyes and mouth inexpressively tender, no longer anxious. Had she forgotten, Jill wondered, that Len would return soon? If Kent—

But Kent, with Blair none the worse for his adventure perched before him on Remus, rode into sight as she thought of him. Barbara said little. She held out her arms and Blair ran into them, submitting to her fierce caress with unusual docility. Over his ruffled head her glance met the man's with a question she could not frame into words.

"There was no trouble," said Kent, who understood. "The youngster set out to find the plane, but went down the road instead of up. He ran into old Martin, who enticed him away with promises of chocolates and a box of toys—"

"With an engine on a real line," supplemented Blair's muffled voice.

"Old Martin habbled a lot of rot about 'paying off an old score.' He's definitely subnormal, Bab, and ought to be in an asylum. I told him I'd come for the boy and he said:

"Take him away . . . take him away. It's not the boy I want." Blair and I just walked out of the place to where Remus was tethered, and here we are with the youngster unharmed, and not even scared."
"But I'm not going back any more," said Blair. "He wouldn't let me go, an' I wanted my Mum."

In a very ecstasy of relief Barbara held him closer.

"Don't ever go away again, laddie."
"And I'll take you up in the silver bird," Kent promised. "How would you like to fly away with me, Blair? You and Joan and Mummy—into the clouds and so far away that we couldn't come back."

"Oh—gee!" said Blair expressively, and tugged at his mother's hand. "Let's, mum."

Her breath caught.

"Kent, you tempt me. Badly."

"I'm not asking anything for myself, Bab. I want you to be happy. Perhaps—"

"Go now," she said hurriedly. "Len will be back soon, and I don't want any trouble. I'm not going to try and thank you, Kent. Not now."

"So long, old chap," the man said to Blair. "Bab—I'll see you again. Later!"

CHAPTER 7.

"JILL, Dear," wrote Josephine Gayne, from Heidelberg, Melbourne, "there is trouble in the camp of the Gaynes. Dick has lost his position with Arlington's. He had a notion that the crash would come, and has been horribly worried for weeks."

"I expected Dick to rage; instead, he is ominously quiet. He says very little about the position, and rarely mentions the Arlington's; but sometimes I catch him looking at me in such a queer way, a look I can't quite fathom. Poor old dear! It's rotten for such a think to happen at a time like this. If the baby hadn't been coming I'd have found a job; twelve years in the one place and gold-mounted references would have helped considerably towards impressing a prospective employer. But that is out of the question, and at present we are just drifting, but not towards any particular goal. I hope you'll never know the hopelessness of aimless drifting, Jill. . . . Life's a queer business, isn't it?"
Xos, Jill reflected, life was queer all right. So many ups and downs, so much that was

pleasant, so much that hurt, and hurt deeply.

Garry Travis' silence, for instance. Over two weeks had gone by since she had abruptly cut short their conversation over the telephone, and Garry had neither rung nor made any attempt to see her.

Slow to forgive, Jill thought with bitterness, and he had failed entirely to understand her natural anxiety over Blair's disappearance. Oh, well, if Garry chose to maintain his silence so would she, despite an urge to ring and apologise.

Sooner or later she and Garry would meet, and when they did—

Jill, on Remus, reined in beneath the shade of a giant box tree. The glare of the sun made her eyes tired, and she closed them for rest. Summer days; jacaranda trees in full bloom, a glory of delicate mauve flowers; cattle grazing on paddocks green with herbage, a windmill revolving in the wind, pumping water from an unfailing well; the drone of bees from hives in a nearby garden. Tranquillity. She ought to be happy, breathlessly happy, with the beauty of a lavish and prodigal summer. But she was not happy. And not content.

"Jullanne—"

For one wild moment Jill imagined she must be dreaming, but Garry said again:

"Jullanne."

There he was, on prancing Windy, Garry smiling at her with pleasant good humor; and, even as she gazed speechlessly into the sun-tanned brownness of his face, he leaned over and laid his hand on hers.

"I've missed you, girl. More than I thought possible."

She wanted to believe, wanted it desperately; but something made her say:

"Missed me, yet stayed away?"

Garry swung himself to the ground, lifted Jill down beside him, and, gently tilting her face upwards, held her gaze with his own.

"So you thought I was annoyed about the sudden ending to our telephone conversation."

"I'm sorry about that, Garry."

"There's nothing to be sorry about. I understood. You were worried about the kid."

Her cheeks flamed. How dear of him, how unutterably dear! And all this time she had been thinking—

"I left Scene the next morning," he explained; "I thought you knew."

"No," Jill said with a little gasp, "I didn't know. Oh, Garry, I didn't know."

He bent closer. "All this time you've been wondering why I stayed away. Did you think I was sulking?"

"Not sulking."

"What, then?"

She did not tell him what she had thought; could not. Her heart sang; she glowed. Happiness shone from her eyes, rang in her laugh. Life wasn't so queer after all, not when you were in love. And she did love Garry Travis. Jill knew it now.

She did not speak, neither did Garry, but a look passed between them and both knew what was in the heart of the other. Garry drew her unresisting into his arms, and she clung to him. What did it matter, Jill thought in the next few minutes of her ecstasy, if other people made a hash of their love? She and Garry would never do that.

"I had something to say to you at Manly, and didn't say it," he said. "Will now do?"

A nod.

"I love you."

"You told me a moment ago—without speaking."

"I want to tell you again—and keep on telling you."

"I'll keep on listening."

"Jullanne, when will you marry me?"

She laughed, a laugh that held a quiver. "Aren't you a little breath-taking?"

"So is love. When, Jill?"

She laughed again, that racing exultation still in her heart.

"We are brave to want to marry."

"You are evading an all-important question, cynic. When?"

"Some day."

"Too indefinite. Soon?"

"Perhaps."

He kissed her gently, then with forceful possessiveness.

"The eternal feminine. Do you love me?"

"Very much," she said simply, "but I won't wait to marry you—yet."

"Which remark closes the subject indefinitely," he said, with mock solemnity and twinkling eyes, "but we are engaged, aren't we?"

She shook with laughter. "Are we? Modern proposals are going to pot!"

"Best place for 'em," retorted Garry, cheerfully.

But suddenly they were serious. Jill was in Garry's arms, held as though he meant never to let her go, and, with his kisses warm on her lips, she knew that in all the world no one could be happier than she. Jill was very sure of her love for Garry Travis, secure in the knowledge that he loved her. It was not until she thought of Christine Manden that a cloud dimmed the clear sky of her happiness.

"Garry, what about Christine?" she asked frankly, unwilling to have even one small cloud hanging over her joy.

"Chris is the best friend a chap ever had," Garry said sincerely, "but she isn't you."

Jill nestled closer to him. "Will we always feel this way about each other?"

"How could we feel otherwise?" demanded Garry, on a wave of splendid enthusiasm.

"Nothing, and no one, will come between us."

"No one."

"Not Christine?"

"Never Christine," said Garry and bent to look closely into her eyes. "Not Kent Colbert?"

Jill, amazed and a little indignant, said:

"He loves Barbara. Rather a wonderful love, Garry."

"You're interested in him?"

"Yes," she said warmly. "There's something rather splendid about Kent."

Garry's retort was ready, but not uttered. Jill sensed his disapproval and her amusement deepened. Were they already jealous, she of Christine, he of Kent? A certain sign they were in love.

"You're laughing, girl!"

"At our funny little jealousies. Garry, let's keep our engagement a secret for today."

"Until I get you a ring, Sweet," he said, and studied her with his whimsical smile.

"Have I really captured you, Jullanne?"

"Completely! Can't you tell?"

He stood back a pace.

Glowing eyes radiating happiness, tender mouth quivering into a smile beneath the ardor of his gaze, hands not quite steady.

"Yes," he said slowly, and drew her once more within the circle of his arms, "I can tell."

At Avelon Garry accompanied Jill up the drive to the house despite her protests.

"We may meet Len," she said, and Garry retorted with a small boy's joyousness:

"I hope we do."

To Jill's infinite relief they didn't. She said good-bye to Garry, went inside and changed from her riding habit into a simple lemon-colored frock Garry had once admired.

At four o'clock Dale Burton brought in the mail. The private box at the Scone post office had not been cleared for two days, and a sizable bundle of letters and magazines sprawled over the table.

There were two letters for Jill, one bearing a Melbourne postmark that could only be from Jo; the second, address type-written, was from Sydney. It had been originally sent to the Manly flat address, and had been forwarded by Mrs. Hardy.

Jill read Jo's letter first, a single sheet

of paper half-covered with Jo's large scrawl.

"Jill, dear, things are reaching a crisis. Dick is growing unbearable, and has threatened to go away. I'm getting desperate. It's so horribly lonely here. Oh, I just hate myself for telling you all my troubles, but I must have an outlet or go crazy. If I sent for you hurriedly, urgently, will you come to me, Jill?"

Lovingly, Jo."

Yesterday, Jill would have read through Jo's letter with a touch of cynicism, but not now. She was sorry for Josephine and Dick Gayne, who had married and set out for Melbourne with such high hopes. She folded Jo's letter thoughtfully, and laid it aside. Poor Jo.

She opened the second letter. From her former employer, desiring to re-engage her in six weeks' time. Jill read and re-read the letter with mixed feelings, both glad and sorry for its arrival. Glad that she would once more be thoroughly independent, sorry to go so far away from Garry. For, of course, she would go back to Sydney. She would be glad to leave Avelon. It had fallen so far below her dreams.

She turned her attention to the remaining letters on the table. Two for Barbara, both from Melbourne, and a magazine. The magazine was addressed to Mrs. L. W. Burton, but Jill, who had opened it many times with Barbara's permission, broke the covering wrap and eagerly turned the pages.

She fumbled in her haste. Across the top of the cover she read: "Competition Results, Page Fourteen."

Page Fourteen. There it was—just as she had anticipated. Jill read through the list of prize-winners without surprise. First prize awarded to "Conflict," by Barbara Burton.

Further down the page she came upon the comments of the judges, and her excitement mounted. "Conflict" had been acclaimed a masterpiece, a model short story with the exception of one unaccountable lapse. Jill smiled as she read. That unaccountable lapse! A brilliant future was predicted for Barbara Burton, whose work the judges had no hesitation in claiming ranked among the best Australian writers had produced.

Madge came in and sank wearily into a chair, closing her eyes as though the effort of keeping them open was too great a strain.

"Any letters for me?"

"No; two for Barbara."

Madge's eyes flew wide open, she sat upright.

"But no one ever writes to Bab."

"A Melbourne editor has written, unless I'm very much mistaken."

"How can you possibly know that?"

"The name of the magazine is printed on the envelope. And here is the magazine."

Madge's tiredness vanished magically; she leaned forward, color flooding her cheeks until they flamed.

"It's incredible!"

"Read the story and you won't think so."

"But these comments—made by competent judges! Bab seems to have done something out of the ordinary. They actually praise it. It's extraordinary!"

"So is your attitude. Aren't you pleased?"

"I'm too surprised to know how I feel. Did you read the story before Barbara entered it for the competition?"

"Yes; it's a gem."

"Why didn't you mention it to me?"

"I came to the studio to talk about Barbara's work in general, and this story in particular, but my visit wasn't altogether successful."

Color burned deeper in Madge's cheeks; she heard Barbara's step on the verandah and, with a scornful glance at Jill, walked out of the room as Barbara came in.

Instantly Bab's shrewd eyes read Jill's anger and her lovely mouth drooped.

"Len again?"

Barbara caught sight of the open magazine in Jill's hand, but her expression did not alter.

"Madge. We rub each other the wrong way. Always have done." Without a tremor of eagerness or excitement.

"Results announced?"

"Yes."

"Who won?"

"Barbara Burton."

Barbara's expression changed then, changed magically. She took up her two letters, one from the editor of the magazine announcing the result and complimenting her on a splendid win, the other enclosing a cheque for £20, and a short covering note.

Barbara stared at the cheque.

"Twenty pounds. I'm wealthy!"

She sat down and read through the judge's comments; one thing puzzled her—mention of an unaccountable lapse in the opening pages of the story.

"Entirely unaccountable," she said to Jill.

"I don't remember writing it."

"You didn't. It means," Jill explained, "that you need never fear your sister as a possible rival for literary honors. Part of the story was missing when I typed it, so I wrote in the missing part from memory. My effort is the lapse, not so unaccountable after all."

"Bless you! Twenty pounds. Think of it."

"I'm thinking," Jill said drily, "but my brain reels."

"What would you do with it—if it were yours?"

"Go back to Manly, to the flat," Jill said promptly, without thinking of Garry Travis.

Barbara's head bent lower over the magazine. "You're not satisfied here?"

"Would you expect me to be? Are you?"

"No," answered Barbara to both questions and held out the cheque.

"You need it more than I do. I have a home, housekeeping money—"

"Goose!" Jill dropped a light kiss on the end of her sister's nose.

"Thanks, but don't be so ready to part with your fortune. Put it away, Bab; I'm going back to my old job soon. And before I forget, congrats."

Barbara nodded vaguely. Jill saw that first excitement had already abated, there was something on Barbara's mind; she was preoccupied and unlike herself despite success, or because of it. Inexplicably, Jill mistrusted this unusual preoccupation of her sister's; it was as though Barbara planned something big. What else could that be but flight with Kent Colbert?

As she stole a surreptitious glance into her sister's absorbed face a cold chill crept through Jill.

Surely Barbara was too fine to contemplate going away with Kent—too fine and brave. Yet that expression of hers—

With a half smile trembling about her lips, Barbara gathered up her letters and the magazine.

"I'll open a banking account with the money," she said, so low that she might have been talking to herself, "and buy a second-hand typewriter. The editor has asked for more of my work. Other editors will take my stuff if I keep up the standard. I'll save my writing money until I establish myself, then take Blair and Joan and go away."

"Where?"

"Anywhere away from Avelon and Len!"

Jill's uneasiness vanished. So Barbara was not contemplating flight with Kent Colbert after all! She intended, whatever her inclinations to the contrary, to remain at Avelon, work hard to accumulate a sizeable banking account and establish herself with editors, then take the children and start life over again. Alone! Kent did not come into her plans, much as she may have wanted the wisdom of his advice—his love.

WHEN he heard of his wife's success, Len Burton laughed. "These competitions are usually readied," he commented.

The evening meal was eaten in strained silence, until Len broke into his gusty laughter and began to talk uproariously, in high good humor at the success of stock yard sales and the celebrations that had followed.

"I'm going down to Aberdeen to-night," he told Barbara loudly. "Want to see Lander on business. Don't wait up for me, Honey."

Another shout of laughter at the self-appreciated jest. It appealed to Len's perverted sense of humor that he had advised his wife not to wait up for him.

"I wish," Madge said querulously, "that I could eat. Everything seems to upset me lately."

"Take soda water," advised Len with a wink at Madge. "It's good for indigestion."

She pushed back her plate in distaste, rose, and hurried out of the room.

More sham, thought Jill; then wondered. Was it sham? Madge's lovely face had looked strangely haggard, and she had been increasingly irritable of late. She felt sorry for Dale. He had the look of a miserable small boy.

She went to her room early, but not to sleep. She sat by the wide-open window and listened to the wily wagtails chirruping sweetly in the darkness. She thought of Garry and their love, dreamed of their life together. Made plans, then discarded them for better ones.

She felt sorry for Christine Marsden, who loved Garry but was not loved by him in return. She could think of no greater tragedy than that—loving Garry in vain. Poor Christine. She was such a good sport.

Hearing a whisper of sound, human voices and not the voice of birds, Jill leaned forward. Laughter—low and vibrant, musical. Only one person in the world could possess that exquisite laugh. Barbara. Barbara and someone else—obviously Kent Colbert. She had been right then. Bab and Kent had planned a meeting. Surreptitiously.

There are more reasons than one for a secret meeting she reminded herself, and closed the window to shut out the sound of whispering voices and an occasional laugh, so sweetly tender that it hurt to overhear.

She immediately imagined the room stuffy with the window closed, and only vaguely aware of what she intended to do stole out of the house into the night. An enchanted night, still and serene. A dangerous night.

She avoided the secluded nook where Barbara and Kent were talking, wandered along the single track leading to the creek, and sat on the bank among a clump of wild apple trees. Slowly Jill turned, lay full-length on the grass and pillowed her head on her folded arms. Through half-closed eyes, she watched the gleam of slow-moving water, where a finger of moonlight had touched it to silver.

Jill did not know how long she dreamed by the creek, did not care. The night was too perfect to be spent indoors. In imagination she could draw closer to Garry down by the creek, where moonlight caressed ferny green banks and wild apple trees whispered to the night wind. But she rose at length and reluctantly made her way through the dew-wet grass to the house. Not until she was nearly upon them did she notice Barbara and Kent, so merged with the shadows, so much a part of them had they become.

They were in each other's arms, Kent's head bent low over Barbara's.

Jill gave an involuntary gasp and Bar-

hara started, drew away from Kent, looked up with wild eyes.

"Jill! Oh, Jill you frightened me! I thought it was Len."

"I've been down to the creek."

"Dreamer!"

"The night enchanted me. It has enchanted you!"

Barbara laughed and Kent said: "Things are not what they seem, Julianne."

"It's none of my business!" she retorted, slipped past her sister and went to her room.

It seemed an eternity before she heard Barbara come into the house and close the door. Then footsteps approaching. Would she come in, or go straight to her own room? The footsteps paused, the

"Jill, are you awake?"

door opened softly.

"Wide awake."

Barbara crossed the room and sat on the edge of the bed.

"What are you thinking, Juliet?"

"Nothing wrong about you or Kent."

"You could think a good deal."

"If I chose, but I don't. You are taking a big risk, though."

"Len?"

"Yes, Len. He's suspicious."

"He won't have cause to be in future. Kent is going away the day after to-morrow."

"Away?"

"To Melbourne. We met to say good-bye. Our first and last meeting."

"Poor Bab."

"Poor Kent! I have Blair and Joan. He has nobody."

Barbara's voice quivered and Jill said again:

"Poor Bab."

"Don't pity me, my dear, I'm glad he's going away. It's better that way."

"Yes, but you love Kent."

"I've always loved him," Barbara answered simply. "I must have been crazy to let Len sweep me into such a swift marriage. Be sure before you fall in love, Jill."

"I am sure."

"Garry?"

Jill told her. She tried to hold back her secret, but words tumbled from her lips.

"I love him. We are engaged."

"Darling! I'm glad!"

"It was to have been our secret until Garry gets the ring, but—"

"Engaged. I've always thought of you as my baby sister. Jill—engaged."

"You won't tell Madge?"

"Neither Madge nor anyone else. Madge has worries of her own just now."

"I've noticed. What's wrong with her?"

"I think," said Barbara, and Jill could not determine whether she was laughing or serious, "Madge will discover that instead of achieving motherhood, it is being thrust upon her."

"Oh, that!"

"I suspect it."

Jill chuckled. "She will be furious!"

Barbara said thoughtfully: "A baby will have the opposite effect on Madge."

CHAPTER 8

AS she saddled Remus, Jill sang happily. It was early in the morning, not yet five-thirty; a morning as perfect as the night had been, and all was well with Jill's world.

"Old boy," she said affectionately to the horse. "I'll hate to part with you. We understand each other so well. Perhaps it won't be necessary, eh?"

She raised her head and the lightly uttered words died. Len Burton stood watching her, feet astride, hands hanging loosely by his sides.

"Going out?" he demanded.

"Isn't it rather obvious?" Jill countered, instantly on the offensive.

"One thing is obvious. Colbert was here last night."

Jill regarded him calmly. "You're rottenly offensive, Len. He is going to take me up in the Cloud Queen."

"I see! And you spent a pleasant evening making arrangements for a trip in his plane."

"Not the entire evening; by no means the entire evening."

"If I thought you were lying—"

"Just what would you do, Mr. Len Burton?"

"Barbara would find out quick enough," he said savagely, and strode away.

Jill mounted and cantered down the drive. She would have to ride into Scene and see Kent, Colbert. Thank goodness, Kent was leaving for Melbourne; Len's suspicious, however active, would be lulled when Kent left.

Jill urged Remus into a gallop, shutting her eyes to the clear beauty of the morning. Kent would think her mad, bursting in upon him before breakfast; perhaps she was mad to bother Kent at all. But Len would know she had lied if Kent did not take her up in the Cloud Queen; already he suspected.

At the hotel where Kent was staying she asked for pen and paper, wrote a short note, and sent it up to him. She waited restlessly, pacing the lounge-room with frequent glances through the window to where Remus was tethered. A maid came in and began to dust, watching Jill from the corner of watery blue eyes, speculating. She made it her business to see and hear what she could. Profit could be made from information, sometimes.

Jill choked. "Couldn't you wait?" she queried sharply.

The maid's pert little nose tilted upwards. She knew better than to retort, but she stared with outright curiosity when Kent came in and, gathering her dusters together, giggled herself out of the room.

"Can you wonder Mrs. Travis sent her packing?" growled Kent.

"Did she work for Mrs. Travis?"

"In the dim and distant past, so she informed me one morning. What's wrong, Jill?"

"You left cigarette ends by the verandah, and Len found them."

"Cigarette ends!" the aviator echoed disgustedly. "Of all the infernal carelessness!"

"Len tackled me about it early this morning. I told him you had promised to take me up in the Cloud Queen."

"Did you tell him I came to Avelon to see you?"

"Implied as much. I thought it wisest. And you did promise to take me up in your plane."

"Eleven thirty at Grahame's paddock, Jill."

"Thanks. It's all very silly and childish, but I'll mention at breakfast that you are taking me up, and will tell Bab and Madge I'll wave as you fly over Avelon. That ought to convince Len. Bab's life won't be worth living if he's not convinced."

"The swine!" Kent stared abstractedly at a poker work stand. "I asked Barbara to come away with me. Did she tell you?"

"She told me you were leaving for Melbourne."

"Not the other?"

"No, not the other."

"I want Bab to be happy."

"She has plans."

"Um!" He was plainly sceptical of Barbara's plans.

"In the meanwhile," said Jill, "there's Avelon and Len. It's rotten."

"It's hell!"

She rose. "Eleven-thirty. It's good of you, Kent. Dear of you."

He patted her arm with a gesture almost paternal.

She said good-bye to Kent, walked out of the lounge-room nearly knocking down the maid who was lingering near the door,

went back to Remus, and walked straight into Garry Travis.

"Why the early morning visit to Colbert?" he questioned bluntly, without greeting her.

"Business," said Jill, and added gently: "My own."

Garry gave a short laugh of annoyance.

"I object to my fiancée conducting business affairs in an hotel lounge at 6.30 a.m."

"Don't be absurd, Garry. There are reasons."

"Undoubtedly; but since I can't imagine one of 'em, you must admit the affair has a fishy flavor."

"I'll admit nothing of the kind!" Jill flashed in sudden temper. "Your attitude is silly."

"Discussion herewith ended, my Julianne," he said with his accustomed cheerful grin. "We'll talk about something more pleasant, a trip to the Upper Hunter. Just you and I, Jill. A day to ourselves. If you can be ready by ten we'll make it a long day. I want to show you—"

"Ten? Oh, Garry!"

The cheerful grin faded. A strained silence followed.

"Something else on?" Garry said at length, and failed to speak casually, although he attempted it.

"A trip in the Cloud Queen with Kent."

"Was that the business you came to discuss?"

"Yes," Jill said miserably, but did not explain. How could she without bringing Barbara's name into the explanation? And why should Barbara's name be introduced to placate Garry, whose attitude, to Jill's way of thinking, was both absurd and childish.

"Garry, dear," she said, and her voice held a quality of sweetness hard to resist. "Don't be unreasonable, and don't let's quarrel."

"I object to mysteries," he growled, and looked so like a spoilt boy that Jill laughed merrily and Garry joined in because he could not resist the infectious gaiety of her laughter.

"There isn't any mystery," she said steadily.

"All right, Witch! Having turned down my elaborate plans for your entertainment, and laughed me out of a thoroughly bad temper, what do you propose to do with me next?"

"I love you with that smile in your voice," she said. "Please keep like that always, Garry."

"Madam, you are avoiding my question. Will you be free to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll postpone our trip for a day. Sure Colbert isn't interested in you, Julianne?"

"Not in the way you suspect."

"I don't suspect. Not really. You belong to me, Jill."

His answer reassured her; she mounted Remus and, with a last look at Garry standing bareheaded on the footpath, cantered down the street. Long, long afterwards she remembered him standing there, a glint of sun in his hair, waving to her with that boyish, cheerful smile wreathing his face. Long, long afterwards she remembered!

Back to Avelon. A casual remark at breakfast.

"Oh, by the way, Kent is taking me up in the Cloud Queen at eleven thirty. I'll wave when we fly over Avelon."

"I'd be afraid to go up in an aeroplane," Madge said, with a shiver.

Barbara glowed. "I'd love it!"

"If Colbert were the pilot," said her husband.

"Kent is leaving for Melbourne to-morrow," Jill said casually. "He isn't coming back."

"You're well acquainted with his move-

ments, aren't you?" Len again; a sneer in the words.

"Passably well informed," Jill answered calmly, without feeling calm.

Len's tone angered her, but he was less suspicious of Barbara.

By eleven thirty she was at Grahame's paddock, where Grahame, who owned a private plane and was an aviation enthusiast, had built a bangar that accommodated Colbert's Cloud Queen.

The plane glinted silver in the sun, and, as Kent Colbert helped her into her seat, Jill wondered why she felt so completely disinterested.

The Cloud Queen taxied across the paddock to the far fence, turned and with incredible speed travelled over the ground, then soared, easily and gracefully as a bird.

Flying low, Kent Colbert circled Avelon three times and Jill waved; waved frantically and thought:

"Len won't be suspicious now. Surely not now."

She could see Barbara in white; Barbara, with head thrown back to watch the flight of the silver plane, and Jill knew the dark eyes would be stricken, the lovely mouth quivering.

Jill could not see Len Burton, but knew he would be covertly watching.

The plane gained altitude, circled, left Avelon far behind.

They were following the course of a river now, the Hunter, with weeping willows and river oak along the bank; she could see the misty blue plateau of Barrington Tops, miles of grazing land; broad, undulating ridges, the silver sheen of paddocks where cattle grazing looked like stiff wooden toys from a child's Noah's Ark. How lovely the land. This, the Upper Hunter. To-morrow she and Garry would drive together along the winding ribbon of a road, opening and shutting gates. It would be fun opening and shutting the gates for Garry. Everything would be fun to-morrow.

Back to Scone, to Grahame's paddock. Noise died and the quiet seemed intensified by contrast. Down—down; a perfect landing. Jill did not feel the impact when the wheels struck ground. Then complete silence. No movement.

"Enjoy it?" Kent stood looking at her, goggles pushed high up his forehead; he shouted an order to his mechanic, then helped her down.

"Immensely."

"Know where we went?"

"The Upper Hunter; I am going there to-morrow. By road with Garry."

"Lucky young Travis."

"Lucky me!"

"So it's like that, eh Julie?"

"Something like that. Kent, how am I to thank you?"

"If I had to tell you, I wouldn't want the thanks."

"I hope Len is satisfied," she sighed.

Kent's expression was suddenly ugly.

"If he isn't I'll come with you to Avelon. Jill; might as well go through with this business of allaying Burton's suspicions."

He walked with her across the paddock, along the road to Avelon; and at Avelon he said good-bye, holding her hand a shade longer than necessary.

A blue sedan flashed by with Christine at the wheel. Garry beside her.

"How queer," Jill thought a little wearily, "how queer for Garry to see me with Kent; holding his hand."

But she said nothing aloud; Kent had not noticed the blue sedan.

"If ever you need me, Jill; or if Barbara needs me—"

"I have your Melbourne address, Kent. It will probably be months before we meet again, years, perhaps—"

She thought of Barbara as he strode away, then of Garry; the thought of Garry

banished from her mind the last thought of Kent Colbert. Kent had gone out of her life for months, years, perhaps never to enter it again; but Garry—

She went into the house passing Len in the hall. Neither spoke, and Jill regarded Len's silence as favorable, knowing from experience that he never held back anything malicious or biting if he could possibly say it.

Where was Garry now? What was he thinking?

The unanswerable questions surged through her mind. She could see him with that hurt look in his eyes; Garry, glum and miserable.

"Something else on?"

Asked crisply, in a would-be casual tone. He had wanted her to say "No," but she had answered:

"A trip in the Cloud Queen."

She saw him standing on the footpath, a glint of sun in his hair, waving to her; and then she saw him in the blue sedan with Christine, his face oddly strained and unsmiling.

"I wonder if he went into the Strand and saw that maid," she mused. "I wonder."

She imagined the giggle of the maid at the Strand, the maid who had once been employed by Mrs. Travis, who had listened at the door.

Hours before, Garry had gone into the Strand to see the manager; gone into the lounge with heart and mind full of Jill, her sweetness, the gay music of her laugh.

In the lounge, Hilda, Hilda with dusters and furniture polish.

She smiled widely.

"Hello, Mr. Travis; it's a long time since I last seen you."

"Lo, Hilda."

"You know her, don't you? I seen you talking to her outside."

Garry frowned without answering; he moved towards the door.

"The girl, I mean," said Hilda to his retreating back, "the one I heard planning to do a bunk with the flying chap—"

She jerked a none-too-clean finger over her shoulder.

"Don't talk such infernal rot," said Garry savagely, and stormed out of the Strand in a fine rage, business forgotten.

CHAPTER 9

JILL forced her eyelids open and stared at the clock beside her bed.

Four-thirty. It was actually morning, the long wearisome night had ended; morning of the day she and Garry were to drive to the Upper Hunter. She slid out of bed and went to the window.

She dressed noiselessly, crept past the room where Barbara lay sleeping, and let herself out of the house. The air was invigoratingly cool, and Jill's heart lightened. Why had she ever worried or doubted? She and Garry loved each other. They would spend the day in each other's company and the cloud hanging over them would disappear, leaving only happiness. It was splendid, and rather frightening, this love of hers for Garry; no half-measures about it.

Briskly she walked down the drive into the roadway. There was no wind. Pale amber shafts of sunlight were stealing through the trees; birds were astir and twittering, as though in ecstasy at the serene beauty of dawn.

Jill walked with head and shoulders back, indifferent to direction. She walked for sheer pleasure of walking, and sang a gay little song of happiness to herself, keeping in step to the lilting tune. What did it matter whether she went up the road or down? What did anything matter except the dawn of a day that was to mean so much to Garry and herself, that was to

bring them so much of happiness? Already the morning held magic; the lit in her heart and in her voice after a restless and dissatisfying night was proof of it.

Her gaze came to rest on the figure of an old man toiling along the centre of the road, shoulders hunched although he carried no weight. Martin Croxton? He was like yet unlike the old man on whose verandah she and Garry had sheltered from the storm, and Jill hesitated. Ought she to turn back? That would look as though she was afraid; and she wasn't afraid of Martin Croxton, despite his secretive manner, his subnormal brain. She walked on, with self-contempt for her momentary weakness and hesitation.

Hearing approaching footsteps, the old man turned, halting in the roadway to stare; then, with incredible swiftness, he darted to the side of the road, scrambled through the fence, and disappeared from sight.

Jill was amused without being perturbed. She had long ago ceased to be afraid of Martin Croxton. She pitied him as she would have pitied any victim of Len Burton's vindictiveness. Without slackening pace, she swung along past the spot where the old man had darted through the fence, round a bend and up a gradually-rising hill.

Twice she paused to look back, but, although there was no sign of Martin Croxton, she instinctively knew herself to be slyly followed.

A hundred yards further on she paused again, so abruptly that her sharp ears distinctly heard the sound of a muffled cough. Being stealthily followed was no longer exciting, but annoying. Very deliberately she walked to the right of the road, retraced her steps a few yards, and slipping through the fence began a systematic search.

Martin Croxton was crouched against the split trunk of a blue gum. There was something absurdly childish in his attitude, in the furrowed face and eyes that gazed at Jill with a wild stare.

"Why are you following me?" she asked gently.

The old man mumbled incoherently.

"Why?" she persisted.

"You were following me," he said.

"Oh, no. Just walking because I love it."

"You come from there," he continued, ignoring her answer and jerking a thumb over his shoulder.

"Avelon?"

"That's the place. His place."

"Is that why you followed me? Because I came from Avelon?"

"No," he said craftily. "I thought you might walk along the road with an old chap. I like a bit o' company now and again. Would you, eh?"

"Come on," she said good-naturedly, believing it was best to humor him. "Let's walk."

He shuffled after her to the roadway, peeping into her face with small, bright eyes.

"I've seen you before somewhere. I don't forget faces. I've seen you before."

"Yes. Mr. Travis, of Yalemoor, and I sheltered on your verandah from the storm."

He nodded and kept on nodding. "So you did! I recollect it now. Never forget faces, I don't. I locked the door again you both; looked it good and fast and pulled my trunk slap bang up again it, so as you wouldn't see what I was hiding. You didn't see, did you?" He ended with sudden fierceness.

"No."

He grew calmer. "Just as well, perhaps; just as well. I don't want no one to know I've got a gun hidden away. I keep secrets to myself so's they'll be safe. Avelon? That's where you come from? Aye, and that's where he comes from, too."

Jill looked away over the paddocks. The

old man was becoming more excited and excitement was bad for him. He broke into a torrent of words, waving his hands to emphasise meaningless phrases. Once, in his excitement, he came close to her and touched her arm with his hand. Jill shrank back with a startled cry before realising the touch was accidental.

Old Martin stopped dead in the middle of the road and peered up at her, forehead wrinkled.

"Scared you, huh?"

"A little, Mr. Croxton."

He chuckled. "No one calls me that now. I'm mad Martin to the folks about these parts. They think I'm crazy. Did you ever hear anything as silly as that? Did you ever hear anyone say I'm crazy?"

He stood still to ask the question, searching her face with curious intensity, with eyes that were red-rimmed and bloodshot. "No," Jill said firmly, "I've never heard you were crazy."

"Don't you believe what folks say," he mumbled, and his mind wandered again, sentences grew disjointed, fierceness returned.

"Where have I seen you before?" he demanded. "Somewhere. I don't forget faces. I'll never forget his."

Jill's footsteps faltered. She realised the folly of continuing further down the lonely road with Martin Croxton.

"I must go back," she said casually.

"Back where?"

"To Av—breakfast!"

He came nearer, she felt his breath sweep across her cheek.

"Back to breakfast, eh? If I thought you lived where he lives—"

Jill waited, inwardly shivering at the thought of five-year-old Blair at Martin Croxton's shanty; shivered, then took a firm step in the direction of Avelon, and although she expected opposition, old Martin let her pass without moving a step nearer, or raising a hand to stop her.

She wanted to break into a run, but curbed the desire. Jill did not glance back, until she reached the bend in the road; the old man was standing where she had left him, a pathetic figure with bent head and shoulders. She went on, resolving to tell Barbara of the experience, warn her to be particularly careful of the children in future. Especially venturesome Blair.

Barbara Burton was dressing Joan when Jill reached Avelon and related all that had happened.

"I thought him harmless, Bab; but he's rapidly heading for an asylum. He has a gun; glory only knows what he'd do with it. If he became uncontrollable, I've never known him to be quite so excited before."

"Len's fault," Barbara said briefly.

"What do you mean?"

"Len knows that old Martin enticed Blair away. He went to Martin's shanty, and to use his own picturesque language, 'raised hell.'"

"Old Martin will probably retaliate with a little 'hell-raising' of his own. If Len isn't careful," Jill said, and Barbara nodded.

"I've warned Len. He only laughs."

"Does he know Martin has a gun?"

"I'll tell him; but it won't stop Len baiting the old chap every time they meet."

Breakfast was an uninteresting meal. Barbara was unusually silent; Len sat over the table, slouched forward in his chair, speaking only when Dale spoke to him; Madge sighed frequently and complainingly.

Jill finished her meal and, with a muttered excuse, rose and almost fled from the room. Would ten o'clock never come? It was a mistake to have risen so early. She had never wished for anything quite so ardently as she wished for ten o'clock and the sight of Garry's brown, smiling face. For of course he would be smiling. She wanted him to come striding up the drive, eyes alight at the sight of her; she wanted to feel the strength of his arms, the depths

of his voice, when he spoke her name in that whimsical way of his.

"Julianne, Julianne."

"My dear," Barbara said from the doorway, "you look positively woeful. Is anything the matter?"

"Ten o'clock is too far away."

"Why the anxiety for ten o'clock?"

"I'm going for a long, long trip," Jill said happily, and Barbara laughed.

"What a child you are! I went shopping yesterday afternoon, Jill, and discovered a bargain for the breath-taking sum of four pounds. I brought it back in triumph in the car."

"A typewriter?"

"Quite a presentable second-hand machine. A friend of Dale's sold it to me. Come and try it, Jill. I'm rather anxious to have your opinion."

Jill had no hesitation in pronouncing the machine a genuine bargain. She sat down and ran her fingers over the keys, typing swiftly and accurately. As the words leapt to the paper from the machine, Barbara read them aloud.

"A long, long trip. This is a sample of the work it does. This is a sample of a long, long trip in search of happiness. This is a sample—"

"Of your state of mind!" laughed Barbara. "Run away, girl. Your thoughts are miles away."

"Oh, no, they're not!" Jill contradicted, her glance travelling to the sloping green paddocks opposite. "Not miles away, Bab. Not even one mile."

Through the open window she saw Dale and Len Burton cross the paddock, and impulsively made her way to the studio. She felt sorry for Madge. Sorry, and a little contemptuous. The weaknesses of this second sister were irritating. Wasted talent and ability. Excuses. Complaints. An exaggerated sense of her own importance.

She tapped on the studio door, having learned from experience that Madge flew into a temper unless one knocked and was given permission to enter.

She heard a faint rustle, but Madge didn't speak. She tapped again, "Madge," the old childhood name that Madge had loved, "Madge, it's Jill."

"Go away!" Muffled sound. Madge's head was apparently buried in cushions. Jill opened the door, peeped in, then entered and closed it behind her.

Madge was lying face downwards on the divan, head pillowed on folded arms. She was crying—Madge, who never cried because it made the eyes red and unsightly, Jill flung herself down beside the divan.

"What is it, Madge?"

"I feel—awful. There must be something wrong. Must be!"

She sat upright and Jill was shocked by her appearance. Swollen eyes, untidy hair, cheeks and lips drained of color.

"I wouldn't mind so much if I knew what's wrong. But this terrible uncertainty—"

"Why don't you see a doctor?"

"No. I've always had a horror of doctors!"

"That's silly. Then talk to Barbara."

"What can Barbara do for me?"

"She is comforting, and wise, and experienced."

"No more experienced than I."

"She has Joan and Blair."

Madge's eyes flew wide open. "Jill. It can't be that. Not so soon. Why—"

The sentence faltered, was lost. Madge said instead:

"Is that what Barbara believes?"

"Ask her!"

With a groan Madge turned her face into the cushions again. "I've never been able to talk to Barbara. We've never discussed anything intimate."

"That's your fault!" Jill said bluntly.

Madge went in search of Barbara. Jill could hear the murmur of their voices, then Madge came back.

"We're going into Scone at once," she

said. "Come into my room while I dress. Bab was sweet."

Nearly nine-thirty. Soon, very soon now Garry would come for her. She would hear the blare of a claxon, his voice:

"Julianne—Julianne—"

"I was saying," said Madge with emphasis that awakened Jill from her dream of Garry, "that Bab is sure a baby is the trouble."

"Are you glad?"

"Oddly enough, yes. Queer, isn't it? Feeling glad about something I've avoided for six years."

"Life is queer," said Jill, and added: "Tilt your hat more. That's better."

From the verandah she watched Madge, with Barbara beside her, and the two children in the back of the car, drive up the road. Then went to answer an insistent ringing of the telephone.

She lifted the receiver, gave the Avelon number.

"Post Office, Scone, speaking. There is an urgent wire here for Miss Jill Manners. Will you take it down?"

"Yes," Jill said calmly.

Slowly the clear voice read:

"Heldberg, Melbourne. Urgently need you. Can you possibly come at once? Jo. Will you repeat that?"

Jill repeated the message.

"Thank you," she said, and hung up the receiver.

Her brain reeled with the unexpectedness of it. Urgently need you. Can you possibly come at once. Jo. She thought rapidly. Jo wouldn't have wired from Melbourne to Scone unless something of the utmost importance had happened; she must be desperately in need to have sent that message. Can you possibly come at once?

The thought of Kent Colbert came with the swiftness and clarity belonging to inspiration. Kent was flying in the Cloud Queen to Melbourne, leaving that morning. If only he would consent to take her with him!

Jill returned to the phone, rang through to the Strand Hotel, and asked for Mr. Kent Colbert.

Then Kent's voice. "Hello?"

"It's Jill, Kent. I've had an urgent wire from Melbourne. I can't possibly explain now, but will you take me with you?"

"My dear girl, I'm due to leave in twenty minutes."

"I can be ready, Kent. I won't keep you waiting."

"Sure it's O.K."

"I'll leave a note for Barbara. She's just gone to Scone with Madge. Please, Kent."

"Grahame's paddock in twenty minutes. You're an unexpected little cuss, Jill."

"Thanks, awfully," she said, and hung up with the sound of Kent's laugh in her ears.

Jill flung her clothes into a suitcase, working swiftly, crushing her frocks hopelessly but entirely indifferent to the chaos. Drawers with their contents spilling were left as such; the wardrobe doors were jerked open and left open.

She ran to the tiny room Barbara used as a study, but Barbara's writing drawer containing pen, ink, and pencils was securely locked against exploring, mischievous fingers. In sheer desperation she slipped a sheet of writing-pad paper into the typewriter and her fingers flew over the keys.

"Bab, dear—Jo has sent a wire from Melbourne. She needs me urgently. Am leaving with Kent in the Cloud Queen. Please see Garry and explain, and try—oh, try to make him understand. I would have rung Garry, but the Yalmoor phone is out of order. Will write to you both from Melbourne. Give Garry my dear love and show him this note—Jill."

She left the sheet of paper in the typewriter to prevent wind blowing it away, picked up the light suitcase, and ran. She passed Len and ignored him; Dale saw her from the distance and shouted:

"Aye, Jill! What's the hurry?"

"I'm off to Melbourne with Kent Colbert."

"Ye gods! Jill—"

Jill did not turn, but ran on. She had promised not to keep Kent waiting, but it was already fifteen minutes since she had commenced the mad scramble to be ready in time. She had not had time for connected thought. Thinking could come later!

Graham's paddock. And Kent standing beside the silver plane. He came to meet her, took the suitcase from her hot clasp.

"Quick work! You're certainly unexpected, Julie. Isn't this the morning of the Upper Hunter trip?"

"Oh—don't!" she cried sharply.

"Sorry, Jill. Bad news?"

"I don't know what's happened. Kent. But I must reach Melbourne as quickly as possible, and when I thought of the Cloud Queen—"

"And—Barbara?"

"I left a note in the typewriter."

"Good!"

He helped her into the tiny, glassed-in cabin.

"Sure you'll be all right? The journey will take hours; I've arranged for only one break."

"I'll be all right."

The engine woke to life and the Cloud Queen vibrated. Jill gazed across paddocks glittering in the sunlight. She could see the red roof of Avelon, the tops of the peppercorn trees, and beyond, Yalmoor.

The plane began to race over the ground, faster and faster, until the wheels lifted and the Cloud Queen soared. They were over Avelon now, circling. She saw a car draw up before the wide front gates, a man alight, Garry Travis going to call for her, and he would find her gone. She remembered with a dull shock that Garry would be at Avelon before Barbara. Perhaps Dale would find the note and explain; but Dale was far over the paddocks and it was Len who would meet Garry. Len—and Garry! She wanted to return, to go back and meet Garry, to explain.

Then Avelon was too far away for her to distinguish the figures of Garry and Dale and Len. She leaned back with a faint sigh.

Here she was thinking of Garry, and not at all of Jo, to whom she was flying; Jo who had sent an urgent wire. Jo—

What had happened? Surely Dick had not left Jo, when she needed him most? She gazed down, unable to keep her mind fixed wholly upon Jo and her troubles.

Jill found it difficult to believe she was flying to Melbourne with Kent Colbert at the controls of his famous silver plane. A few hours before she had been walking beside old Martin Croxton down a lonely road; now she was miles away, high in the clouds, climbing higher to clear the mountains ahead.

And Garry would be at Avelon, questioning, argumentative, brown face set in intense lines.

"We made arrangements I tell you, Burton. Ten o'clock. She must be here!"

"She's gone. I saw her dashing off with a suitcase. She shouted something about flying to Melbourne with Kent Colbert."

"Colbert! Man alive—"

"There may be a note."

"There must be a note!"

"I'll look."

Garry waiting, pacing up and down; Dale's reappearance.

"I found this in my sister-in-law's typewriter."

Garry reading, relieved but discontent. Garry driving away, alone. Alone for how long? Perhaps he would drive to Upper Roush, where Christine lived, and ask her to accompany him; Christine, who loved him, would go gladly.

Over mountains, rivers, plains. Jill grew weary of the deafening noise. They had come far, she and Kent; still had far to go, and every moment took her further away from Garry. If only the noise would

stop, if only for a moment. Her head ached. She thought:

"How can I endure hours of this throbbing din?"

She remembered Josephine Everard's wedding day, Jo's glowing happiness. Now—this. "Can you possibly come at once?" months ago—was it months or years?—Dick Gayne had said laughingly:

"If Jo misses you too much and sends an urgent S.O.S.—come flying."

"I'll come flying," she had responded with an amused laugh.

CHAPTER 10

WHEN the Cloud Queen, after an uneventful journey, reached Melbourne before dark, Kent Colbert insisted upon Jill having dinner with an aunt who, he informed her, was expecting them.

The evening wore on; when Jill, rested and refreshed, grew increasingly restless, Kent rose and, despite protests, accompanied her to Heidelberg.

"I know the place from beginning to end," he said. "What address?"

She gave him street and number. "But it's so far out of your way, Kent."

"I'm not going back to my aunt's place," he told her. "I have, in fact, accepted a pressing invitation to stay with a bachelor gay at his South Yarra flat—Linton Mansions, Fairholme Avenue."

"Why the full address?"

"You may need me."

"And the name of the bachelor gay?"

"Tony Wilding."

"Why should I need you?"

"I don't know, but you may. And if you do, don't hesitate to look me up."

"Thanks, Kent."

She had been walking beside him, unmindful of surroundings, and Kent walked purposefully, holding her attention.

"Here we are," he said at length, and struck a match to examine the number upon the gate—"21."

"The place is in darkness," Jill said doubtfully.

"I'll wait until you find out whether they're home or not."

She went up the path, fumbled in the darkness for the bell, found it, and pressed hard.

Silence. Then the faintest of sounds. She rang again; the door did not open, but Joe's voice came eagerly:

"Dick, Dick, is it you?"

"It's Jill. Jill Manners."

"Jill!" The door opened wide. Josephine Gayne stood in the doorway, a dressing-gown thrown hastily over bare shoulders, her eyes wide with incredulous excitement. "Is this some kind of miracle? I didn't send the wire until five o'clock yesterday. Did you fly here?"

"That's exactly what I did. Flew here. One minute, Jo—"

Jill ran to the gate, called Kent softly, then louder, but without an answer.

"He's gone," she told Jo.

"Who's gone?"

"Kent Colbert. I flew with him from Scobe in the Cloud Queen."

"The Kent Colbert? However—"

"It's a long story. I'll tell you later."

Jo closed the door, switched on the light.

"Let me look at you, Jill. I can't believe you're real."

"I'm real enough. Sit down, Jo."

"I'm not an invalid."

"You're trembling."

"Excitement and pleasure. Jill, he's gone."

"Dick?"

"He went two days ago. He told me he was going, but I didn't believe him. Perhaps because I didn't want to. I'll make you a cup of tea and we'll talk later."

"I don't want tea, Jo. Tell me now; you'll feel better for it."

"Yes," said Jo, flushed and excited, "I'll feel better if I talk."

"Was it a quarrel?"

"Not exactly. No, not a quarrel."

Jill's lips tightened. "I can't understand Dick!"

"It isn't his fault! We had been arguing all morning. Dick had an offer of work up country, but like a fool I refused to leave here. It's our home. I—I love it, Jill, and I'm expecting the baby in two months' time. I refused outright. Dick was naturally furious. He said he would get on better without me, and I told him to go away, and stay away. He said: 'Do you mean that, Jo?'"

"I said, 'yes,' and meant it at the time. Dick stared at me so strangely, Jill. Then he asked if you would come to Melbourne and keep me company. I knew you would come and said so."

"But don't talk about going away," I said to Dick, 'you frighten me.'"

"You'd be better off without me," he said again. "I only make you edgy and irritable. I've been a blind sort of fool not to have noticed where we were heading. A month of Jill's company will do you good."

"He went out the following morning, kissed me good-bye as though nothing had happened, and didn't come back!"

Jo ended with a smothered sob, turning her face away from Jill.

"He didn't come back," she repeated. "It's my fault, Jill. Everything is my fault and has been since the beginning. I can see it all now, so clearly. I let myself become nervy, imagined all kinds of complaints. At first I was really ill. I expected Dick to pamper me. I expected, as a kind of right, to be generally waited upon and sympathized with."

"I expected too much. Other people have babies without any fuss. Dick had his worries, but I placed mine before his. I fretted and grew irritable and looked for sympathy and attention. If Dick fretted or worried, I complained, and said it wasn't good for my condition to be perpetually listening to his troubles."

A pause which Jill broke. Broke in amazement.

"But Jo, if you know all this, can you be so candid about it—"

Jo walked restlessly up and down.

"I've only just realised what a fool I've been—how completely selfish!"

Jill leaned weakly back in her chair.

"Jo, you horror! And I've been imagining terrible things! Desertion, unfaithfulness, even brutality."

"Perhaps Dick knew his action would bring me to my senses," Jo continued. "If only I knew where he's gone, what he intends doing. I feel so horribly alone. . . ."

"Even now?"

"I can't believe you are here with me."

"Oh, I'm here all right," Jill said grimly.

"Here, and annoyed with me."

"Not annoyed, Jo. Amazed."

She said nothing else, although she privately thought both Jo and Dick Gayne had behaved childishly; but Jo was near to hysteria. She had altered; had lost her hard efficiency; her gay flippancy. Life to her was no longer a colossal joke; with the going of Dick, Jo's little world had tumbled about her ears.

"We must find him, Jill," she said, pitifully in earnest. "I want to tell him we'll face things together. I'll go to Jericho with him, if he'll only come back. Supposing he doesn't come before the two months have gone by. . . ."

"Oh, rot!" Jill retorted sharply. "Of course he'll come back; and then you'll both stop behaving like a couple of babies."

Jo began her pacing again. Up and down. Up and down. Jill saw that she was fretting, running down her vitality, exaggerating things. Jo, who had so often scoffed at Jill's power of imagination, was allowing imagination to ruin her own peace of mind. She was brooding too much, picturing the worst. Urgently needed? Yes,

she was urgently needed; Jill knew that after half an hour's talk with Jo.

"We'll think out a plan of campaign in the morning," Jill said, "but it's bed for you now, my dear."

Jo protested excitedly. "I couldn't sleep." "You can rest."

"It helps to walk about."

"It unsettles your nerves. Bed, Jo. Which room?"

"Opposite," Jo said with surprising meekness, and allowed herself to be tucked in. "Jill, tell me about Seena. How are your sisters?"

"Barbara is fine; Madge not so well."

"And Garry Travie? You filled your letters with him."

"Because he fills my life."

"Jill! Are you engaged?"

"Yes."

"Secretive minx! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I would have written."

"Did Garry mind you coming here?"

"He won't mind, now," Jill said soberly.

"Kent was an inspiration. I rushed away at the last moment, immediately I received your wire, and left a note explaining."

Tears in her voice, a lump in her throat. Persistently there! She swallowed hard to rid herself of it, but the lump remained. She could not speak of Garry without overwhelming longing for a glimpse of his lean, brown face, for his assurance that everything was well between them, that no shadow of doubt remained. She did not want to speak of Garry. Not yet. Not until she was certain the cloud between them had entirely disappeared. Garry! So far away now. So many days would pass before she saw him again.

"Jill, I'm a selfish beast, taking you away..."

Jill bent and kissed Jo. "No more talking. I'm going to take charge."

Jo's lips lifted at the corners. "At the flat I took charge. Alterations! And I feel sufficiently weak to be the leaner instead of the leaneer upon!"

"Where will I sleep?"

Jo's laugh rang out tremulously. "Now I'm convinced I'm crazy! First door down the hall. Everything is ready, and you are next door to the bathroom."

"What a blessing!"

Ten minutes later, when she emerged glowing from the bath, Jo popped her head around the bedroom door.

"Tea, Jill!"

"Wretch! Why didn't you stay in bed?" "Obvious reasons. I feel quite calm and collected."

They sat on the bed, Jill with legs crossed like a Chinese joss, the cup balanced before her.

"Seena this morning; Heidelberg tonight," she mused.

Midnight had struck before Jill fell asleep, and she fell asleep wondering how one set about tracing a husband who had elected to disappear.

Hours later she opened her eyes. Jo was singing as she busied herself in the kitchen, a gay song that Jill echoed as she dressed.

"Up already?" Jo greeted her. "I had breakfast all ready to bring into you."

"I loathe breakfast in bed," retorted Jill with such genuine feeling that Jo laughed. "I love it! Gives me a luxurious feeling. Did you sleep?"

"In patches. Did you?"

"No," said Jo briefly. "I can't lately."

When the postman arrived he delivered a registered letter from Dick Gayne. Jo pounced on the letter after Jill had signed for it, ripped the envelope and drew out a single sheet of writing-pad paper and three pound notes.

"Darling," Dick Gayne had written, "don't worry. I've been thinking things over pretty seriously, and I've come to the conclusion this is the best thing that could have happened. You will feel better with Jill—and won't be worried by my eternal wondering where the next quid's coming

from. When I've found work I'll come back to you, but I'm not coming while I'm only a burden and a worry, Dick."

Jo threw the letter aside with a cry of despair.

"No address. Melbourne post mark. However can I find him, Jill?"

"At least you know he is well."

"I want him to come back. It is all so silly. I want to tell him that."

Her head went down on folded arms, and she was crying with a force that racked her body.

"Jo, don't. It won't do any good."

"I can't stop. I don't seem to have any will left." She began to mutter to herself, but Jill heard:

"Dick! Dick! Oh, Dick!"

Jill bit her lip. She felt curiously helpless and incompetent to deal with the situation. Only one person could have any influence upon Jo in her present state. Her husband. How did one set about finding a missing husband?

Kent Colbert. She'd ask Kent. He had asked her to come to him if she needed help. Well, she needed help for Jo. Kent, the anchor. She experienced a feeling of calm.

"Jo, I'm going out."

Jo raised her head expectantly. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to the flat of a bachelor gay."

"How can you joke?" cried Jo tragically.

"I'm not joking."

"Who is he?"

"Tony Wilding, of Linton Mansions, South Yarra."

"Where did you meet?"

"We haven't yet. Kent is staying with him. I want to ask Kent a question."

"About Dick?"

"Do you mind?"

"No," cried Jo, with sudden passion, "I'm past caring about anything, except having Dick back with me again."

JILL mounted four flights of stairs and rang the doorbell of No. 4 Linton Mansions. She half-expected both the owner of the flat and Kent Colbert to be out, but surprisingly, the door flew open almost as soon as her ring had shattered the silence and a merry face from which two very blue eyes sparkled, looked inquiringly out.

"Hello! the owner of the very blue eyes ejaculated, and the head was followed by a youthfully athletic body.

"Hello, fair one. What pink cloud brought you alone to my doorstep?"

Jill smiled despite herself, and met the young man on his own ground.

"Are you a bachelor gay?"

"Certainly a bachelor, for which I thank the gods most fervently this very moment. Gay? Judge for yourself."

"Certainly gay," Jill said gravely. "Is Mr. Colbert in?"

"Ah, Colbert!" The young man ran down the stairs with a disappointed groan.

"So it's Kent you're after. Kent, you say, dog, a visitor. And where, oh where have you been hiding her all this time?"

"Shut up, Tony, you fool. Come in, Jill."

"Jill!" repeated the young man, who rolled his very blue eyes and went into an exaggerated frenzy of ecstasy. "Jill!"

"Fool!" Kent said, good-naturedly. "Jill, this unfortunate creature is Tony Wilding. Miss Manners, Tony."

"What unkind emphasis on the miss! We'll be seeing more of each other, Jill," said the young man with easy familiarity.

"Just at the moment I have to dart off, but I'll be back."

He literally darted off and Jill turned to Kent.

"Did he really have to go out?"

"No, that's Tony's way. What is it, Julie. Trouble?"

"I'm afraid so. How does one set about tracing a missing person, Kent?"

"So that's it?"

"How, Kent?"

"Divers ways, my dear. Who is missing?"

"Jo's husband. Dick Gayne."

Kent Colbert took out a notebook and began to scribble.

"Richard Gayne. Age?"

"I'm not certain. About thirty."

"Thirty. Appearance?"

She described Dick Gayne, a faithful mind portrait, and Kent nodded approval.

"It ought not to be hard. Leave it to me, Julie."

She looked distressed. "Oh, Kent, I can't do that. It will take time, money."

"I have plenty of both."

"I came for your advice. That's all."

"I'm offering it. Leave the business in my hands. I'll get Jackson on the job."

"Who is Jackson?"

"Not a fellow I'd introduce you to, Julia. He runs a detective bureau of a kind. But he's clever and erring husbands are his speciality."

"Dick hasn't erred," Jill said quickly, and related as much of Jo's story as she deemed necessary, just sufficient to acquaint Kent with what had happened, without revealing the pitiful whole of Jo's little tragedy. He nodded when she had finished speaking.

"Jackson will probably locate him in a day or two. I think you can safely tell your friend that."

"But Kent, this Jackson doesn't locate people for love of the game, and I—Jo—"

"My dear, never talk finance to a man at this time of the morning," said Kent.

"It brings on headache, blood-pressure and hives," he ended for want of inspiration.

Fifteen minutes later as Jill swung blithely along a South Yarra street, Tony Wilding's reproachful voice broke into her confused thoughts of Barbara and Madge, and Garry...

"Hi, Jill!"

She waited until his long strides brought him level.

"Now is that cricket? Bolting away in this manner? I have a question of the utmost importance to ask you. Do you like the theatre?"

"I do."

"Good! Now there's a great show on at the Royal to-night. Supposing we—"

She shook her head at him, eyes dancing.

"Do you usually invite girls to the theatre half an hour after an introduction?"

"Not all girls, Jill. I have discretion and good taste," he said modestly. "Kent will tell you that."

"And egotism."

"A splash of egotism. A little splash is necessary. Now, speaking of shows—"

"Sorry Mr. Wilding—" Her emphasis on the mister was impudently mischievous, "but I'm staying with a friend I can't possibly leave at present, and—"

"Young?"

"Young and pretty."

"Bring her along, too," Tony suggested enthusiastically.

"She is far too worried about her husband," Jill said.

"Her husband? Now, I ask you, is that cricket? Have you a husband by any foul chance?"

"No," Jill said sweetly, "only a fiancé."

"Madam!" retorted the young man with a sorrowful roll of his very blue eyes, "you have dealt me a mortal wound," and he pressed a hand over a perfectly normal heart.

Leaving him standing Jill walked on callously. She wondered what Jo would say, when she reported her conversation with Kent Colbert. She did not give Tony Wilding a second thought; his breezy nonsense had amused her, but you did not dream dreams of the Tony type, when a

vision of Garry Travis was with you daily, hourly.

Jo listened quietly to the result of her interview with Kent.

"Jackson? A detective bureau?" she repeated doubtfully. "That sounds as though Dick has done something criminal or indiscreet. How can any man find Dick, if Dick wants to remain hidden?"

"I don't know, but Kent seemed reasonably confident."

"And he's doing this for me?" Jo said wonderingly. "When we have never met?"

"Kent's like that," Jill murmured and ended with apparent illogicalness: "Poor Barbara!"

That afternoon Jill wrote three letters; one each to Barbara, Madge and Garry Travis. To Garry she wrote seven pages, a long letter of explanation filled with her love for him, a plea for complete understanding.

"Garry dear," she concluded. "I do miss you. We seem so far away from each other. When I saw you last, you were frowning and miserable because Kent was saying good-bye and held my hand in his. With all my heart I wish we could have met just once for a few minutes before I left. I would feel so much happier, so infinitely more contented, if satisfied there is nothing between us, no clouds—only a great love. For I do love you, Garry. I loved you months ago, Jill."

To Barbara she wrote:

"Kent has been so wonderful. Bab, I'd like to do something to show my appreciation, something really big. But there is nothing I can do. Kent wants only one thing in the world, and we are both powerless to give it to him."

"Jo is not at all well. She is fretting and hasn't slept since Dick went away. He has gone, Bab. Jo asked him to go and Dick took her literally. Jo is eating her heart out, and I'm afraid she will be really ill if she doesn't take a grip on things. She is both physically and mentally weary and her doctor is far from satisfied. Jo laughs at the idea of anything serious happening to her, but I'm afraid, Bab. I have one of my queer, yet not so queer, presentiments."

And for three more pages, Jill rambled on in the manner Barbara loved. But her letter to Madge was brief.

"Midge, dear, I hope you are feeling better and are more satisfied after your visit to the doctor. Somehow I don't have to be told the verdict. My faith in Barbara's wisdom is absolute, you see! Don't forget, Midge, that Bab can make things much easier for you, if you'll only let her— Lovingly, Jill."

She addressed three envelopes, sealed the letters and laid them between the covers of the book she was reading. And having written she felt easier, happier. Her outpouring to Garry could not fail to move him. She began calculating how many days would elapse before she could expect an answer. It seemed so long to wait.

Immediately after the evening meal she missed Jo, searched and called to her without result, then went to the front gate, arriving as Jo, muffled in her winter coat, rounded the corner.

"I had one or two letters to post," Jo said in explanation. "You were reading and I didn't want to disturb you, so I slipped round to the street box. It's less than two hundred yards away."

"Oh!" Jill said, a quiver of disappointment in the exclamation. "I had letters to post, too."

"They went with mine," said Jo. "I saw you place them inside a book this afternoon, didn't I?"

She shivered, although the night was warm, and hurried up the path to the house.

Days dragged by. Every morning and afternoon, Jill rang Kent Colbert, but

Jackson, he reported, had not yet located Dick Gayne.

"But keep ringing, Julie," he advised, "there'll be news soon. How is Mrs. Gayne standing up to the disappointment?"

"Not very well. I'm frightened for her. I'll ring again to-morrow morning. Early!"

She rang, and knew instantly by the sound of Kent's voice that he was in possession of good news.

"He's found, Jill."

"Oh, Kent, where? Is he well?"

"Not so far away. Port Melbourne. He's quite well."

"Why on earth Port Melbourne?"

"Cheap lodgings. Will you take the address?"

She scribbled it down. "Thanks, Kent. Has Dick any idea that he's discovered?"

"Not a notion."

"Good. I'll slip out and see him."

"Want company?"

"I'd rather go alone, thanks. Kent, you've been wonderful."

"So-long, Julie."

"Good-bye," she said, and turning from the public telephone raced back to the little cottage, and Jo.

"Well?" Jo greeted her eagerly.

"Kent gave me an address. I'll go at once."

Jo twisted her hands together. "Jill—he— he might refuse to come back."

Jill did not answer; she was wondering whether she would find Richard Gayne at the address Kent had given her, or whether Jackson had located someone sufficiently like Dick to be mistaken for him. She supposed, rather wearily, that mistakes were made, but Kent had sounded certain. Certainly Jackson had convinced Kent Colbert.

Reluctantly, she left Jo alone.

"Sure you'll be all right, Joy!"

There was a frightened restlessness in Jo's eyes. "Yes, I'm certain to be all right. But don't be long."

"Heidelberg to Port Melbourne is scarcely a five-minute trip," Jill thought, but did not utter the thought aloud. She did not like the trembling of Jo's hands, the fear in her dark eyes.

"Go quickly," Jo said, "then you will be home quicker."

Jill went, turning at the corner to wave; Jo waved back and smiled.

WITH unseeing eyes Jill stared through the train window. She had concealed the bitterness of her disappointment from Jo Gayne, but the continued silence of Garry and her sisters bewildered and hurt her deeply. Why hadn't Garry written? She had expected a telegram at first, just a few words to set her mind at rest; but Garry had not wired, neither had he written.

"Why?" she asked herself, "why—why—why?"

One letter might have gone astray in the post, but not three; Garry might be unrelenting and unforgiving, but not Barbara. To-morrow, perhaps. A letter would arrive to-morrow. She wanted to convince herself, but couldn't. Why should a letter arrive to-morrow when there had been ample time for it to arrive to-day, yesterday, the day before yesterday?

She thought constantly of her letter to Garry during the journey to Port Melbourne; Jill resented now, the love and longing so ardently expressed. The fact that Garry had ignored her letter, those glowing pages on which she had poured out the wealth of her love for him, indicated that he had not forgiven her flight with Kent, had misunderstood it.

Port Melbourne at last! A street drab and uninteresting. Her mind slid from scene to the object of her visit to this miserable street and she gazed about her with distaste. Men were funny creatures, she reflected. Some men, Dick Gayne had left his delightfully comfortable Heidelberg

cottage for this. Inexplicable. He, as well as Jo, had been at fault. Making too much of trivialities!

No, 19. A weedy youth with a cigarette suspended from a thick lower lip lounged against the fence, eyeing her with a speculative leer.

"Are there rooms to let at No. 19?" she asked him, and he winked a pale blue eye.

"Sure, sister. Gents only, though."

She flushed. "Is Mr. Richard Gayne staying here?"

"If he's the toffy-looking cove with the superior air. You'll find him in No. 7; but watch yer step, sister. Old lady Timms, who runs this joint, is a fussy old hen."

She nodded and, with increasing distaste, walked into the old but roomy house. A surprise awaited her. The place was a miracle of cleanliness, and an elderly woman clattered up and down an already spotless hall with an air of cheerful energy. Her expression lengthened when Jill entered.

"I don't allow female visitors," she said. "It's against my rules. Other folks mightn't be particular, but I am! This is a respectable house, an' I don't sanction no goings on."

Jill smiled disarmingly.

"If you will tell Mr. Gayne that Jill Manners wishes to speak to him, I'll conduct the interview in this very hall. And under your very respectable nose," she ended beneath her breath.

Mrs. Timms was somewhat mollified.

"Very well, dearie. I'll make a concession this once. Are you his fiancée, now?"

"A friend, with a message from his wife."

Convinced that the respectability of her house was in no way to be violated, Mrs. Timms knocked lustily on the door of No. 7.

"Lady to see you, Mr. Gayne."

She knocked a second time, and called louder, without result; and after shaking the handle violently and unsuccessfully peering through the keyhole she straightened her back and shook a graying head.

"He's out, dearie. Could I give him a message?"

"Thanks—but no, I'll call again. Please don't mention that I called," said Jill, without the faintest hope that her visit would remain a secret.

"Righto, dearie. Would you like to leave a note I could mind?"

"No, I won't leave a note. Good morning."

Jill went out. The weedy youth strolled to the end of the street, propped himself against a pillar box, and stared after her.

She felt near to tears, and was disappointed for Jo's sake. Jo would be upset; terribly upset by her failure to see and speak with Dick.

The journey back to Heidelberg seemed never-ending, and Jill breathed a sigh of relief when she arrived at the neat little cottage and rang the bell.

Jo did not answer the door; nor was there any response when Jill rang a second and third time. Her heart commenced to hammer. Swiftly she ran around the back, in through the open kitchen door.

"Jo—Jo—"

Jo was in the bedroom stretched on her side, her hands gripping the pillow, lips bitten.

Jill stood aghast. "Jo—!" and the name came in a whisper, "what is it?"

Jo struggled up, supporting herself on her elbow. Jill, in her inexperience, was afraid, deeply, fearfully. She believed Jo was dying, but Jo said:

"The babe's arriving, Jill. You'll find the doctor's number on the outside of my writing pad. Tell him it's urgent."

"Jo, it can't be. It's not time."

Jo slid down on the bed again with a long-drawn moan that roused Jill to action. She ripped the covering sheet from the writing pad, tore down the street to the telephone, and delivered Jo's message in a voice she did not recognise as her

own. Then back to Jo, who was not moaning now, but lying with eyes closed. As Jill came near she smiled.

"Is Dick coming?"

"Yes," said Jill.

"Tell him—" But pain had Jo in its grip again.

CHAPTER II

IT was four hours later that Jill heard the sound of a cry, a thin, wailing note that broke the absolute silence; then silence again. She thought:

"The baby is dead. It must be dead."

But she did not worry about the baby. Afterwards she remembered how coldly dispassionate she had been at the thought that Jo Gayne's baby might not live. When the nurse came briskly into the kitchen she said:

"How is Jo?"

"Mrs. Gayne is still under the anaesthetic. A quick birth, but a bad one." She went out, came in again.

"Warm oil."

"Is the baby alive?" Jill asked.

"Yes; a daughter. Four pounds. Premature, of course."

"Mrs. Gayne wanted a daughter," said Jill slowly.

"It will be days before Mrs. Gayne is interested in the baby."

"Is she very ill?"

"Very. Will you get in touch with her husband?"

Jill felt her cheeks blanch. "Is she that bad?"

The nurse looked at her with kindly eyes. "I'm afraid so."

Jill drew on her hat and went out blindly down the street towards the station, walking through a mist, an impenetrable drumming in her head. She could see Jo smiling with her eyes closed, could hear the whisper Jo had not been able to complete.

"Is Dick coming? Tell him..."

Tell him what? What had Jo tried to say? What message had she struggled to leave? She stumbled, recovered.

"Jill—hi there!"

That call! The gay sound of it! The bachelor gay! Tony Wilding was driving his sports model close to the kerbstone, crawling to keep level with her; his youthful face eager, smiling.

"I called at the address Kent gave me, but you had just left. A severe female with a glance that reminded me of polar regions, said so. She looked like a nurse. I say—" his expression changed. "Hope I haven't barged in."

"My friend is very ill," Jill said. "I'm just going to Port Melbourne for her husband."

The young man's levity disappeared; he was serious and Jill approved of his seriousness. He appeared so youthfully good-looking, so anxious to help.

"I say, hop in and I'll run you over and back."

"But Mr. Wilding—"

"Oh, Tony, I'm Tony to everyone. I want to do it, Jill."

She quite believed that. He wanted to drive her to Port Melbourne, and he was the type of young man who somehow manages to get what he wants. She sat beside him conscious of relief and, oddly enough, of hope.

"This is good of you, Tony. Why did you come out to the cottage? A message from Kent?"

"I came on my own account, but we won't talk about that now."

He drove swiftly, without speaking again. Jill leaned back with a faint sigh of appreciation. Tony Wilding knew the value of silence; there were unexpected depths to this man Kent Colbert had jokingly called a bachelor gay. Which accounted for the fact that Kent had revealed her address to him. Kent would not have done

that unless he had been certain. Jill, who had considered him a flippant scatter-brain, reversed her opinion. She was impressed and delighted. Tony seemed to enjoy driving her; he had sensed her absorption and shelved his gay and easy familiarity.

She directed him to the highly respectable house of Mrs. Timms, and the sports model drew up to the kerb. Jill ran inside, straight to No. 7 and knocked on the door.

It opened. Dick Gayne looked out into the passageway.

"You!" he said, so quietly and simply that Jill was taken back.

She was too emotionally excited for clear speech, and her words blurred.

"Dick, you must come back with me."

His jaw set doggedly. "Did Jo send you?"

"Jo is very ill."

His expression changed like magic. "What's wrong?"

"Her baby was born two hours ago, but the doctor isn't pleased."

Dick Gayne's mouth was set as he grabbed his hat and slammed the door shut.

"Let's go!"

"There's a car outside," Jill said. "A friend of mine will drive you back. Tony Wilding."

The man was already half way down the passage; if he heard, he did not heed, but went striding down the front steps into the street, where he headed for the train, breaking into a sharp run.

Jill ran after him with the speed of a young Atlanta.

"Dick—Dick! There's a car waiting."

"A car?" He halted, looked around with the dazed air of one awakening from heavy sleep. "A car? Where?"

"In front of Mrs. Timms's."

"Sorry! I thought—Jill, you're not breaking bad news gently, are you?"

"I've told you the truth. Jo had a particularly bad time. She's been fretting, dreadfully."

He groaned. "I was a fool to leave her."

"You were both worried and edgy," said Jill. "and separation wasn't the cure. Here is the car and Tony."

SHE introduced the two men with a growing sense of wonder that Tony Wilding had entered into the Gayne drama. She did not speak during the return trip to Heidelberg, and Dick Gayne spoke only once, hurriedly.

"Couldn't you speed her up a bit?"

The sports model was already travelling at fair speed, but Tony Wilding sent the indicator wavering from forty to forty-five, to fifty-five, and thanked his lucky star the road was practically free of traffic.

When the little cottage was reached Dick sprang out, leapt the front steps and let himself into the house.

Jill lingered. "Thanks, Tony."

"Hope you'll find everything all right. I'll call round to-morrow, if I may."

"Do, Dick will want to thank you, when he's had time to realise how splendid you've been."

"I'm not coming back for thanks, but to see you, Jill."

He slipped in the clutch and drove away.

Jill went into the house. The smell of chloroform still pervaded the place, and sickened her. She went past the closed door of the room where Jo lay, past the nurse, who was speaking in a low voice to Dick Gayne in the hall, into her own room.

"No change," the nurse had said to Dick as he passed by.

No change! Jo was fighting for her life, Jo and a tiny daughter who would have to lie on an air cushion and be tended with delicate care.

A door opened, closed. Jo's voice rose with surprising power.

"Why can't I have the baby? Why can't I have her? There's something wrong and you're afraid to tell me! You're keeping something back. Dickie... Oh, Dickie..."

Came the nurse's soothing answer, then calm once more. But still the heavy scent of chloroform on the air.

Jill flung the window wide open and leaned out.

Melbourne... So far away from Scorne: so far away. Why had Garry ignored her letter? Why didn't Barbara write? Even anxiety for Josephine could not drive out those other thoughts. Impulsively she sat down and drew the writing pad to her hunched knees. There was nothing she could do for Jo now that Dick was home; at least she could occupy her time by writing again to Barbara. To Barbara, not to Garry! He had chosen to ignore the burning appeal of her first letter, had not answered the rich outpouring of her love for him.

She wrote:

"Dear Barbara.—Jo's daughter was born to-day. A seven-months' girl weighing only four pounds. Such a puckered, tiny creature, not even remotely like Jo or Dick. Jo is very, very ill; but I have a feeling everything is going to be all right with her now. Dick is back again, and thinks he was a fool for ever leaving. Quite a little comedy this affair of the Gaynes, but it nearly turned to tragedy. If only Arlington's would offer to re-engage Dick! There's not much hope of it, I'm afraid; yet the baby will need extra care, so will Jo, and that means money. Something may turn up, but I can't imagine from where; and unless it does, Jo's troubles, and Dick's will commence all over again."

"Why haven't you written, Bab? I want to hear all about your work, the doctor's verdict of Madge's trouble. Bab—Bab, why haven't you written? Did you give Garry my message? What did he say?—Lovingly yours, Jill."

She felt better after the envelope was sealed and addressed. The very brevity of the note revealed anxiety; surely Barbara would understand and answer. Bab, so wise and shrewd.

Had Garry gone to the Upper Hunter that day? Hurt and bitterly disappointed, had he gone with Christine, who loved him, who was such a jolly companion?

She went out to the kitchen, where the nurse was pouring hot water from the kettle into an enamel basin.

"How is she, nurse?"

"Considerably better now that Mr. Gayne is here, but she won't be definitely out of danger for three or four days. You look ill yourself, child."

"I'm all right."

One did not become ill because a longed-for letter had not arrived; but the constant worry and wondering produced a state of mind weariness. If Tony Wilding called to-morrow...

He did call, very bright and cheerful and youthful looking. She wondered how old Tony was; a mere boy. Younger, she suspected, than herself.

"How is Mrs. Gayne?"

"She has a very excellent chance of recovery," said Jill, faithfully repeating the nurse's early morning report: "yesterday there was none."

"Good! You look seedy yourself, Jill."

"You are as bad as the nurse. One would think from her manner that I'm going into a decline."

"Seriously, though, you look as though you've had bad news."

"No news is supposed to be good news," she retorted, and the words were uttered harshly.

"No news? So that's it? Poor kid!"

She winced. Poor kid! Garry had used those very words. How long ago? It seemed years and years since he had come bounding up the stairs to the Manly flat

and had found her so desperately lonely. Poor kid!

"Poor kid," said Tony Wilding. "Won't you change your mind about coming to a show?"

History repeating itself! Garry had said "poor kid," then asked her to a show. First Garry, now Tony; and she knew Tony no better than she had known Garry.

"Tony, I'd love it."

"Good for you, Jill! To-night?"

"Not so soon. Jo may need me. Next week."

But she knew she would not be needed while the nurse remained hourly with Jo and Dick hovered within sound of her faintest call.

"To-night," Tony insisted with a gentleness she found strangely attractive. "Please, Jill."

"Next week! And Tony—"

She paused uncertainly. He read her thoughts and answered promptly. "I haven't forgotten about your fiancé."

Jill's eyes glowed. "I love him!" Then she remembered, and her lips settled into a straight, hard line.

"Love him, yet you look like that?" Tony laughed. "He's the devil of a stupid fellow."

"Oh no! There is something I can't understand—"

"I shall probably make love to you," Tony airily interrupted. "I'm made that way!"

"It won't be any use making love to me. I'd resent it."

"Not my love-making," retorted the young man with assurance. "There is a lot to be said for persistence and propinquity."

She turned the conversation. "Is the show funny?"

"One big roar. Why?"

"I want to laugh."

"You'll laugh till you cry!"

"I don't want to cry! I loathe tears," said Jill, and a tear spilled from her dark lashes, and a second followed it down her flushed cheeks.

AT the beginning of a new week, when Josephine was definitely out of danger, Jill went to the theatre with Tony Wilding, and laughed. She laughed with a hard, bright gaiety, and assured Tony she was enjoying herself immensely. But the memory of a night spent with Garry at the theatre spoiled her complete enjoyment.

Tony was vastly entertaining. He improved on acquaintance, but she did not love Tony, never could.

Tony was frankly communicative, pleased with the gaiety he did not recognise as forced.

"I'm going to propose to you, Jill. Not to-night, but in the near future."

"Tony!" she ejaculated, distressed.

"You've bowled me clean off my perch," he said lightly, with an undercurrent of earnestness, "and you are not married—yet."

"You are incorrigible."

"I am serious, for the first time. Really serious."

"How many times have you said that before?"

"Not once!"

She mocked at him. "Not once! And you've never kissed a girl!"

"I've kissed dozens of 'em," he corrected her, with infectious cheerfulness. "I liked it, too. But I've never wanted to marry one of them."

"Tony," she grew more serious. "I love Garry Travis."

"Love dies, sometimes."

"Mine for Garry never will."

"I'll remind you of that statement some day."

"If you do, you'll be reminding me of a truth. I've loved the show, and you've

been wonderful. But please don't spoil things to-night."

"Will you come out with me again, soon?"

"Perhaps. If you promise not to propose."

"I can't promise that."

"Then I won't promise to come out with you again, soon."

"But you will," Tony Wilding said confidently. "I'll be round to-morrow."

The house was silent and warm when Jill used Jo's latch key and slipped in noiselessly. She did not want to sleep. Her mind was too active and now that the show was over, too restless.

She flung herself into a chair, switched on the reading-lamp and took up a book, one that she had commenced to read the day after her arrival from Scone but had since discarded, and, with the book opened at random on her lap, stared into space.

She liked Tony Wilding. She knew now why Kent Colbert called him the bachelor guy. That was one thing Tony would never be—a bachelor. The book slid from her lap; she clutched wildly, but the book eluded her fingers and fell to the floor with a resounding crash. From between the pages an envelope slithered out and lay face downwards on the floor.

Idly, Jill turned it and glanced at the address; then, with a choking cry of dismay, sprang from the chair, narrowly missing the reading-lamp. Her own handwriting!

G. J. Travis, Esq.,
Yalemoor,
Scone.

Her letter to Garry! The color faded slowly from her cheeks. Jo had posted her letters, but Jo had posted two instead of three, and Garry's letter had been left behind. With eyes that throbbed, Jill stared at it.

"Oh, God!" she cried in a tempest of grief. "Oh, God, why—why did you let it happen?"

And the words were an ejaculation, a frenzied prayer, a questioning.

Not Madge's insignificant letter, not Barbara's. Barbara, who would have understood. But Garry's. The shock of the discovery stunned her, left her incapable of connected thought. Garry's silence was explained now. He had waited for the letter she had promised in her brief note to Barbara. He had waited. The letter had not arrived, and, because her address was unknown to him he had not written. Even Barbara's silence seemed less significant. Madge was probably far from well, and a double burden had fallen upon Barbara's already overburdened shoulders.

She searched for her fountain pen. It would be impossible to sleep until she had written and explained. Jill did not open her letter to Garry, but wrote on a fresh sheet of paper:

"Garry dear—I have just discovered the enclosed letter between the pages of a book. It was written the day after my arrival in Melbourne, and, until a moment ago I believed it had been posted that night. I've been so anxious to hear from you, so terribly anxious; but I know now why you haven't written. This note and the enclosed letter will more than explain my silence. With all my love, Jill."

She folded the note, addressed a fresh envelope, but an overwhelming sense of disappointment depressed her. The letter would not be posted until to-morrow. Another day or two, even more, would elapse before Garry received it. She thought of sending a telegram.

"Letter accidentally delayed. Posted to-day. Love." Yes, she would send a telegram first thing in the morning. Garry was entitled to an explanation, and the quicker it reached him the better for them

both. The idea of a telegram cheered her.

From Jo's room came a thin cry, a little wailing sound. She heard the nurse stirring, the night nurse, voices, then silence. The hands of her watch pointed to one-thirty, but she did not feel even remotely like sleep.

Jill undressed and slipped into bed. Moonlight shone through the window and illuminated the room with faint glow. She remembered the nights at Scone. Willy Wagtails chattering in the shrub beyond her window. Here, silence, deep and profound, with ribbons of moonlight stealing over the bed.

Her lids drooped, opened in a wide stare, fell again. Neither awake nor asleep she lay until, miraculously, she was not in bed at all, but on a prancing horse riding over silver green paddocks with Garry, riding over the summer-enchanted land with sunshine caressing her and the distant drone of bees in her ears. And Garry, on Windy said reproachfully:

"I waited for your letter, Julianne. But it didn't arrive."

"You have it now, Garry dear."

"Yes, I have it now. Too late."

She turned over and opened her eyes, thoroughly awake now, heart beating heavily as though she had been running. Had someone spoken? Someone who said, too late? She gazed around the moonlit room, still dazed and afraid. Inexplicably afraid of a thing she did not comprehend. Something had happened to Garry, to the love that had existed between them. Tears came. Slowly, then blindingly. She cried into the pillow and thought:

"What a fool I am! Why am I crying?"

Crying over a dream. Such an absurdity; but the dream had been so powerfully real, had convinced. Garry had waited for her letter. It would arrive too late.

"Crying like a baby! I must be mad!"

SHE had the cry out and felt better for it. Emotional excitement, that was all, the discovery of the unposted letter after an evening with Tony Wilding had unsettled her, undermined her control. She switched on the light and looked at her watch. Three o'clock. In another two and a half hours she would be up making an early morning cup of tea for Jo and the night nurse.

Switching off the light again she sank back on the bed, remembering something Josephine had said to her that morning.

"We are naming baby Julianne after you, Jill; but we'll call her 'Anne' to avoid confusion."

Julianne—to be called Anne. Life had its compensations.

She turned and slept.

Jill did not waken at five-thirty to make an early morning cup of tea for Jo and the night nurse; it was the nurse who made the tea and, remembering the wistful sadness of Jill's eyes, carried a cup into the bedroom.

Jill lay with coverings tossed over the foot of the bed on to the floor; she lay face downwards, arms flung out with a childish abandon, face hidden. There was no suggestion of rest in her attitude; she looked a slim child in her cherry-colored pyjamas, one leg curled around the other. The nurse placed tea and morning paper—Jo's request—on a table beside the bed. She did not waken Jill; the sleep, she knew, would do the girl more good than the tea. She wondered what secret thing was eating at the heart of this slim child, and still wondering went out, shaking her head.

When Jill awoke the tea was undrinkable. Sun shone warmly, already the day was hot; she heard Jo laugh, a happy sound. The tears she had shed during the

night had no significance now, the dream no power to disturb.

She opened the paper and turned to the Births, Marriages, and Deaths columns. And the name of Gayne stood at the head of the Births column. She knew now why the paper had been left with the tea beside her bed.

"Gayne (nee Everard), November 19, at their private residence, Heidelberg, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gayne, a daughter, (Julianne)."
 Julianne, to be called Anne!

Then the engagements. There were only two; Jill's eyes were fixed incredulously on the second.

"The engagement is announced of Christine Beryl, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Marsden, of Upper Roushel, to Garry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Travis, of Seane."

Jill uttered one loud cry. Christine and Garry! It couldn't be; there must be some mistake, some ghastly mistake! Christine Beryl to Garry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Travis, of Seane.

In print. Actually in print in a Melbourne paper. No, there was no mistake; there could be no possible mistake. Her letter had not arrived, so Garry in less than a month had flown to Christine for consolation.

Jill flung the paper aside and sprang out of bed. She went to the dressing-table, sat down, and critically surveyed herself. Blazing eyes in a face that had lost none of its color, a hard and bitter mouth that did not tremble. Christine to Garry. . . .

"And you fell in love with a man like that," she said to her reflection, and did not recognise the sound of her own voice speaking. She dressed and went into Jo, who demanded eagerly:

"Have you read the paper?"
 "Yes," Jill answered gently, "To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gayne, a daughter."

"Were you surprised?"
 "Delightfully so."

"I asked Dick to insert the notice yesterday," Jo laughed happily. "Our little Anne has already broken into print. Did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"The show was splendid."

"And—Tony?"

"He improves daily."

"You'll have Garry becoming wildly jealous of this bachelor gay, Jill."

Jill swallowed visibly. "Oh, no. Garry will never be jealous of Tony."

"Don't be too sure," Jo said, and added sagely: "Men in love you know!"

"I won't tell him about Tony, now."

"Are you feeling all right, Jill?"

"Quite well. I'm going out with Tony again to-day."

She moved to the door, laughing. "With Tony, and I'm going to have the time of my young life!"

"You sound so intriguingly reckless," Jo sighed, a frown creasing her forehead.

"Has anything happened between you and Garry?"

"You are too much of an invalid to be worried by—trifles!"

"Whatever is the matter, Jill?"

"Nothing."

"Is there anything you want?"

"Only one thing on earth at the present moment. The sight of Tony's fatuous grin!"

CHAPTER 12.

TONY WILDING, in his sports model, arrived at the cottage before eleven.
 "We're going to Frankston," he announced cheerfully. "Blue water, blue sky, tea-trees, and—"
 "And—?" prompted Jill.
 "You!" His very blue eyes regarded her.
 "No sleep, my lady. Show upset you?"
 "No, indeed!" There was no use in keeping back information which Tony and all the world could read for themselves. "Not

the show. This morning's paper. Engagement column."

Tony started the engine. "Who's engaged?"

"My fiancée," said Jill calmly.

"Naturally."

"To Christine Beryl, eldest daughter of—"

She did not finish, could not be flippant about it.

Tony stared; then the sports model shot down the street.

"I say— What a swine! Are you joking?"

"No. Don't let's talk about it."

Tony didn't. He exerted himself to entertain. He was funny in a fatuous way; nothing he said was either witty or clever, but he amused; and he was excellent company for Jill in her present mood. He did not allow her time to think. The flow of nonsense must have been a severe tax, but he remained consistently bright and light-heartedly amusing throughout the long day.

Jill's laugh rang out with frequent spontaneity; in the back of her mind she knew that re-action must come, but she allowed herself to be entertained by Tony's nonsense, and she appreciated him.

The day was all Tony. Her impressions afterwards of Frankston were vague. It was Tony she remembered; Tony in the car, on the beach, in the tea-shop, Tony talking. He never stopped talking gay nonsense, did not allow her a moment for brooding.

"We are going back to the flat," he informed her on the way home. "Kent wants to see you about something or other."

"Kent wants to see me?"

"So he said."

"But—why?"

"Dear girl, Kent's like an oyster. He didn't tell me why."

He slid his left arm around her shoulders. "If I asked you to marry me, would you say yes, now?"

"No."

He grimaced. "Then I can't even catch you on the rebound?"

"No; it wouldn't be fair to you."

"Why not?"

"Obvious reasons."

"I suppose it is—rather. Are you bitter?"

"Would it be unnatural?"

"No. Are you?"

"A little. And disgusted."

"But still in love," said Tony mournfully.

She twisted on the seat to face him.

"Yes. Fool that I am! Still in love. But, whatever happened, he'd be the last man on earth I'd marry! He went straight to Christine. Nothing can alter that. He ran to Christine."

"Rather damnable!"

"Wholly so." The stoniness died from Jill's expression. "Christine was caught on the rebound, I'm sorry for her. She loved him."

"I'm sorry for you," said the man.

"Don't be. I've had a lucky escape."

"Good girl. Keep that in front of you."

"I'll remember, and be more wary in future."

Again he grimaced ruefully. "Is that a smack in the eye for me?"

"You're a dear, Tony."

"But you don't take me seriously."

"No thank God," she said seriously.

"I say—" He glanced at her, looked away again, and drew up before Linton Mansions. He helped her out, touched her arm.

"Jill—"

"Oh, don't bother, Tony."

"If you feel that way!"

"I do. I'm in a foul humor."

He left it at that. Clearly she was.

"I'll run the car into the garage. You'll find Kent in."

She climbed the stairs slowly. Kent Col-

bert had been reading; she saw the book, flung face downwards on the lounge. It reminded her of that other book, the pages of which had concealed Garry's letter.

"Had a good day?" Kent asked her.

"Splendid. But I'm tired, and horribly cross."

"Candid, too," he said, amused.

"Why not?" She sank down on the lounge, leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Do I look old?" she queried without opening them.

"At least twenty-four," Kent answered gravely. "Twenty-four and disturbingly like Barbara."

"I feel one hundred and four. Tony said you wanted to speak to me."

"About Gayne."

"About Dick?" she said, surprised, and opened her eyes.

"An accountant, isn't he?"

"He was, with Arlington's."

"I have trons in fires, Jill. Details don't matter, but there's a job waiting for Gayne. A business in Swanston Street, a big concern, and Gayne won't quarrel with the salary."

"Kent!"

"You are responsible, my dear. You roused my interest in the Richard Gaynes."

"Kent!" she said again, and realised in a flash that Jo's troubles were over. A clear road lay ahead, and Kent had made it possible. She leaned her head in her hands, quivering. If only her own road was as clear.

"Jill, you're knocked out," Kent sounded suddenly anxious. "Tony been up to any rot?"

"No. Not Tony."

Kent regarded her quizzically, a little puzzled.

"Have you heard from Barbara?"

"I wrote, but she didn't answer."

His brows went up. "That's unlike Bab."

"Madge must be ill."

"That's not the explanation," Kent retorted sharply. "Bab would find time to write."

He rose with a fiercely muttered exclamation. "If I thought that— Hasn't young Travis mentioned anyone at Avelon?"

"Garry hasn't written. He won't be writing now."

Kent sat down beside her. "So that's the trouble? Young Travis?"

Jill told him of the letter that had not been posted, of the unbroken silence, the announcement in the paper that morning, Christine Beryl, to Garry. She spoke quietly, but her eyes blazed and she could not keep her hands still. When her voice faltered into silence, Kent Colbert leaned forward, hands clasped between his knees.

"I don't like it!" he said at length, a remark that Jill misinterpreted and resented.

"I don't like it, either!"

"I don't like Barbara's silence," said Kent, and she raised her bowed head with a jerk.

"Where is the connection between Garry's engagement to Christine and Barbara's silence?"

"I don't know. But I'd swear there is a connection."

"There can't be."

"Did Barbara have your address?"

"Not until I wrote. I always destroyed Jo's letters, and I did not leave an address on the note I typed."

"Supposing Barbara did not get your letter?"

"Why should that particular letter go astray?"

"It probably didn't. Who collects the mail from the Seane Post Office?"

"Dale, or—"

"Len! Exactly!"

Her eyes widened. "My letters to Bab have been lost before. He loved to snoop, Len! I never gave him a thought."

"Undoubtedly Len's at the bottom of the rotten business."

Her lips hardened. "But Len has nothing to do with Garry. I know Garry's letter didn't leave Melbourne, and, because it didn't arrive, he runs to Christine."

"There may be another reason."

"There isn't any other reason," she said. "He ran to Christine. A peeved boy needing consolation."

"My dear, you're hurt."

His sympathy hurt, too, and his sound commonsense. She did not want sympathy, not even from Kent Colbert. She wanted to say so defiantly, but couldn't speak. Her voice was gone, her control slipping. With a feeling that she would soon be weeping on Kent's shoulder if she remained, Jill rose blindly and went to the door, hearing Kent's voice, then Tony Wilding's.

It was Kent who returned with Jill to Heidelberg. He drove Tony's sports model that had not been garaged after all, but left standing at the curb. Jill's recollections of leaving the flat were hazy. She had an uncomfortable feeling of having created a scene and disgraced herself with a flood of uncontrollable tears, a touch of hysteria.

"Did I behave very badly, Kent?" she questioned.

He shook his head. "You wanted to go home, and I arranged with Tony to bring you home. He kicked over the traces a bit, but he was too concerned about you to insist about completing the day as he had planned. It's no business of mine, Julie, but what are your future plans?"

"Sydney next week, then work again. I won't be sorry."

She was thinking of the Manly flat of good-natured Mrs. Hardy, when the car arrived at the cottage, and Kent stepped out with her.

"I want to have a yarn with Gayne, Jill."

She introduced the two men and left them together.

JILL decided to return to Sydney at the end of the week. The tiny, premature daughter was thriving, and Jo was definitely out of danger. Jo begged her to stay, but Jill firmly refused and produced her former employer's letter.

"It means independence once more, Jo. I'd be a fool not to go back."

"But you'll be so wretchedly lonely."

"Only at first. I haven't any choice, Jo."

"Why not go back to your sisters?"

"No!"

Jo, who knew about Garry Travis's engagement to Christine—she had read it in the paper—said nothing. But she longed to help Jill, as Jill had helped her. Dick was working again, enthusiastic about his new position. He, too, pressed Jill to remain with them.

One thing worried and humiliated Jill. Lack of money.

She had left Soone in the Cloud Queen with only a few shillings in her purse. Jo had not thought to mention money matters, and Jill, who felt the position keenly, refused to introduce the subject. She knew of only one person to whom she could go—Kent Colbert. But she had gone so often to Kent, he had done so much for her, the anchor.

No word had arrived from Soone. Jill's second letter to Barbara remained unanswered, and Kent Colbert had muttered inaudibly beneath his breath when she told him.

"I feel so horribly cut off," Jill had said, and Kent answered:

"There is always me, my dear."

And, because she could think of no other way, Jill went to him now. As casually as she could, she made her request, aware that Kent was looking at her with his faintly-amused smile.

"I've come to you so often, Kent—"

"I have a cheque made out for you, Julie, drawn on an Elizabeth Street bank. Take it and forget it. It's a pleasure to help. Now don't, for the love of Mike, don't say it's only a loan," he implored, and Jill who had parted her lips to speak, laughed outright.

"That is exactly what I intended saying! Kent, if the cheque is already made out, you must have been expecting me. How could you possibly know I came away without money?"

"It didn't need much working out. Are you going back to Manly?"

"To the old flat, if possible. Kent, I feel miserable about this."

"I'd like to do twice as much, but I don't want to run up against your pride . . ."

"I haven't any left."

"Yes you have; more than sufficient. By the way, did you tell Tony that you're leaving for Sydney?"

"Yes. Why?"

"He told me last night that he has a violent fancy to see the harbor bridge again. He's leaving next week, and wants me to accompany him."

"Will you?"

"Probably. I may be of use, Jill."

"Why are you so good to me?"

"You remind me of Barbara, my dear," he said quietly.

Not until she reached Heidelberg and went to her own room did Jill open the envelope Kent Colbert had given her. She drew out a sheet of paper with "Good-bye and good luck, Julie" written on it, and a cheque for £25.

Time passed and the day came when she said good-bye to Josephine Gayne. What Jo said, and the manner of her saying it, Jill kept to herself. She bent over the tiny Anne, looking intently into features she imagined already resembled Dick's.

"Julianne," she said. Her own name and the name of this tiny creature who was Jo's daughter.

She kissed Jo, and Jo clung to her.

"You brought so much happiness with you, Jill."

Happiness! Jo's sky was clear, but what of her own?

The journey to Sydney passed without incident. Jill was genuinely sorry to leave the Gaynes', but she felt eager to plunge into work again, lose herself in it, occupy her mind with something more staple than thoughts of Garry Travis, who was not worth her thoughts.

A feeling of complete loneliness depressed her. There was a strangeness about everything, even stepping on to the Manly ferry. She had been travelling in a circle and was back to the starting point. How calm the harbor was, too placid. She would have liked the ferry to toss and roll. Coming back to Manly! Coming back after all this time. Would Mrs. Hardy still be at the flat? She had threatened so many times to move.

"A flat is no place for a quiver-full of youngsters," she had repeatedly told Jill, yet stayed on.

Jill caught her breath at the thought that Mrs. Hardy might have moved.

But Mrs. Hardy herself, more buxom than ever, with hair a shade more unruly, opened the door when Jill rang; opened it and stared. Bonnie clinging to her skirts.

"If it isn't Miss Manners. Come in, do!"

Jill went in. The room was cheerfully untidy, but friendly. She had never known it to be otherwise. Young Hardys were everywhere; she had forgotten there were so many.

Her old flat, Jill learned, was occupied.

"By a very superior sort of woman who gives herself airs," said Mrs. Hardy disapprovingly, "but don't let that worry you, Miss Manners. I'll fix up a bed for you until you find some place to stay. There's plenty of room here."

There wasn't, and Jill knew it, but she

felt too tired to dispute the point. There was something vaguely comforting about Mrs. Hardy's beaming face and cheerful friendliness. And the children were amusing. She wanted to be amused; so she accepted Mrs. Hardy's offer; insisted upon adequate payment, much to that lady's secret relief, and was escorted by four young Hardys to the room she was to share with the eldest daughter.

Her arrival was an event in the Hardy household. The children quarrelled good-naturedly among themselves and, finally, drew lots to decide who would unpack Jill's case. When Jill elected to unpack it herself, they accepted the decision and watched her do it, eyes round with excitement and interest. When Mrs. Hardy came in and found her brood so unnaturally silent, she flung up her hands.

"I'm thinking it would be a good thing if you could arrive everyday," she said. "I hope you stay with us for awhile, Miss Manners. I do, really."

Stay on with Mrs. Hardy? Why not? One thing was as good as another now. She would never be dull or lonely at Mrs. Hardy's; the children would see to that; and the future held nothing of importance. Just work. Day in, day out. Week in, week out.

Eventually she would hear from Barbara; explanations would be exchanged and accepted. A new correspondence would rise from the ashes of the old. Back to the beginning again, back in a complete circle, but with a difference. With how great a difference she was not yet fully aware. She loved Garry. Nothing could alter that fact, not even his paltriness in running to Christine Marsden; she persisted in viewing Garry's action in that light. Running to Christine for consolation! Life seemed empty; the future hopeless, when she thought of Garry and Christine together.

Mrs. Hardy was shrewd enough to notice a difference in Jill, and wise enough not to comment upon it. In her mind only one thing could be responsible for an alteration so apparent. The sparkle had gone from Jill's bright eyes; she had grown quieter, more dignified. She was more of a woman, less of a child. Her laugh was as gay; her stories to the children as interesting; but the difference was there.

"As though," commented Mrs. Hardy to herself, "only part of the girl is here, and part of her somewhere else."

The Monday after her arrival from Melbourne, Jill returned to business. Same office, identical routine. No change. Only she had changed. Previously she had taken a vivid interest in her work; now there was no interest. She did what she had to do efficiently, but without enthusiasm; and the end of the day meant no more to her than the beginning.

Jo gone; no letters from Barbara. Only a brief note sent to the office from Kent Colbert.

He had been delayed in Melbourne; he and Tony Wilding would not arrive until a day after she received his note.

Kent, the anchor, and Tony. Impossible to be dull in Tony's company.

"Miss Manners."

She raised her head. "Yes, Mr. Withers?"

"That letter from Thornton Bros."

"Here it is."

Business! She shrugged her shoulders. At least she was lending for herself again. It meant everything to her to be independent again. No more enforced trips to Soone. . . .

The office door opened. She continued typing. Someone came in and stood by the doorway, neither moving nor speaking. Jill's head went back sharply.

She rose, pushing her chair away with harsh, scraping sounds. Her lips opened then closed again. Wordlessly she returned the gaze from eyes so like her own; but she did not smile. Could not.

Barbara Burton was smiling at her with a tenderness that brought a lump to Jill's throat.

CHAPTER 13.

BARBARA spoke first, huskily.
"When do you go to lunch?"
"In ten minutes."
"I'll wait."
"Do. Sit down."
Nothing else. She continued typing; glanced over the page, then ripped it from the machine and destroyed it. Errors! She couldn't risk errors with Mr. Withers. Not if she wanted to keep her job and her independence.

Barbara here! In Sydney from Scone, and apparently alone. What did it mean? She pushed back the chair and rose.

"I'll come now."
"Where do you go for lunch?"
"Botanic Gardens, usually."
"We'll go there together."

Jill nodded; drew on her hat and went out into brilliant sunshine with her sister. She felt shaken; excited without knowing why; but she and Barbara spoke only of trivialities, until they found a sheltered seat facing the harbor and sufficiently far away from other seats. Jill's heart was pounding in a way that bewildered her. Why should her heart pound because her sister had arrived from Scone? Even though the sister was beloved?

"Bab, it's odd to see you here."
"Yes. I had to come."

"How did you manage it?"
"I left the kiddies with Madge."
"And Len?"

"I didn't consult Len. Just left."
"Good for you! How will Madge manage with the children?"

"She seemed eager to mind them. Midge is quite well again, and terribly thrilled. Dale is like a kid himself. He can't do enough for Midge, but she's sensible and refuses to be pampered. She sent her love to you, Jill. Midge has been almost as worried as I."

"Your letters did not arrive."
Jill said slowly: "If no letters arrived, how do you know I wrote?"

"I know you, my dear."
"So my letters didn't reach you? Who went for the mail?"

"Len! He insisted. That's when I began to suspect something was wrong. Not I suspected long before that, really, Len!"

She spoke the name with contempt.

"Kent said Len was at the bottom of the business," commented Jill.

"Kent?" Barbara whispered the word, eyes half closed. "Kent?"

"Yes, Kent!" Jill said, puzzled. "I saw a good deal of him in Melbourne. He's been wonderful to me and to the Gaynes. He found—"

Barbara interrupted, leaning forward on the seat.

"Why did you go to Melbourne?"

"Why, to—Bab, I explained! I left a note in the typewriter. Didn't you get it?"

"Yes, I found a note in the typewriter."

"It explained everything."

Barbara's smile held an infinite sadness.

"Yes, it explained everything. But I didn't believe that note."

"Why?"

"I know you," Barbara repeated, "and Kent."

"Did you bring that note with you?" Jill asked quietly.

Barbara took a folded sheet of paper from her handbag and held it out. Her hands were steady, but Jill's trembled. She scarcely knew what she expected to read. The paper was creased, much fingered. There were marks upon it, the mark of tears. She read:

"Bab Dear,—I am leaving with Kent in the Cloud Queen for Melbourne. We love

ISN'T LIFE QUEER?

each other; neither Kent or myself realised it at first. Tell Garry, and explain just what I am doing. I didn't mean to hurt Garry, but I can't face him now that I love Kent. Jill."

"The end!" Jill cried furiously, "the beastly end! Bab, you didn't believe this—this rotten—"

"No, my dear," Barbara said quietly, "I wouldn't be here if I did. I had an idea Len had typed a second note, even taxed him with doing it."

"And Len?"

"Laughed. And made insulting remarks."

"He would! Did Garry—" Jill choked over the sentence and Barbara's hand touched hers. Their fingers gripped and held.

"Do you know about Garry and Christine, Jill?"

"They are engaged. Did Garry—" this time the sentence came with a rush. "see the note?"

"Yes."

"You showed it to him?"

"No! Garry arrived at Avelon long be-



fore I returned from Scone. He called and ran into Len. They argued. There were hot words. I am giving Dale's version of what happened, Jill.

"Dale took Garry's part, but Len's violence increased. He began to mock; say things. He claimed you had gone away with your lover and appealed to Dale for confirmation. Dale admitted you had confessed to leaving for Melbourne with Kent, and Len added his opinion of why you had left. Garry struck him, hard. They fought like a pair of savages, judging by Len's appearance when I came home, and Garry won. He knocked Len out. Dale went into the house, found your note, and brought it out. Garry read it, then strode away. We haven't seen him since. Later, his engagement to Christine was announced. Jill, I could kill Len for this."

"Garry could have had your faith," Jill said stonily.

"You expect too much, my dear. Dale's word, and the note on top of your disappearance with Kent. The evidence was too overwhelming to be ignored. No man could be expected to have such faith."

"Did Midge believe the note?"

"What else could she do?"

"Follow your example."

"I convinced her in the end. Dale, too."

"Len hated me from the beginning."

"I know. That's one reason why I suspected him. Besides, I had said good-bye to Kent the day before and knew he loved, not you, but me. Finally, I couldn't endure your silence. I asked Midge to mind the kiddies and came down, knowing you would have commenced work again at the old address."

"Len will be furious, Bab."

"I'm certain of it. He will know I've come straight to you, and he knows I kept the typewritten note. Oh, yes, Len will be furious!"

"You can't go back; he'll kill you."

"I'm returning at the end of the week. I promised Midge not to stay away longer."

"He'll kill you," Jill said again and clutched her sister's arm in a grip that hurt.

"Dale will be there," Barbara said.

Jill shuddered. "Dale won't always be there. I wish you hadn't come down."

"I had to. I'm not frightened of Len, Jill."

"But he's so violent and uncontrolled."

"Even worse than you imagine, at times. But he won't touch me. He's spoilt your life, Jill. Whenever I think of it—"

"Why think of it? I don't!" lied Jill.

"I'll see Garry when I return, and—"

"No!" sharply. "Don't tell Garry. Nothing can alter the fact that he ran to Christine. That hurts. He must have held my love cheaply."

Barbara looked over the sparkling blue waters of the harbor.

"Garry ought to be told."

"No!" said Jill, and the single word held a fierceness.

"If not your sake, for Kent's," continued Barbara.

"I had forgotten about Kent," Jill admitted slowly.

"Where is he, Jill?"

"Melbourne. He and Tony Wilding will arrive to-morrow."

"Who is Tony Wilding?"

"Kent calls him a bachelor gay; the Americans would say he's a wealthy play-boy."

"Kent arriving to-morrow," mused Barbara, and her eyes were troubled. "Don't tell him that I am in Sydney, Jill. He mustn't find out."

"Why not? He'd love to see you."

"What's the use? It only makes things harder. For both of us. Don't tell him."

"He will ask if you have written."

"Say yes. I will write to-night and enclose this note. Show it to him, and keep the envelope out of sight."

"He may go to Scone and settle with Len personally."

Barbara's lips trembled. "That's the last thing I want to happen. Tell him—"

"Meet him, Bab. Tell him yourself."

Barbara turned with a gesture of weariness.

"No! I want to see him, that's why I won't! It's so hopeless, Julie. Hopeless for both of us. Now tell me why you went to Melbourne. Was it Jo?"

JILL told her, hands clenched over the note Len Burton had typed in place of her own. He hated her, had done so since the unfortunate incident that had marred her arrival at Avelon. He hated. Now he had hurt her. Irrevocably.

Jill told her sister of the Gayne drama, but her mind was on Garry. Her bitterness had commenced to fade; she felt remotely sorry that Garry had suffered disillusionment. She saw through Barbara's eyes the clear and overwhelming evidence against herself. Her words to Dale, vague references to a long, long trip. How clear it was now, the ugliness of Len's treachery; and how he must have gloated over the havoc wrought by his action. She was afraid for Barbara. Behind her story of Jo and the tiny Anne, she visualised Barbara's return to Scone. Len's surly greeting while Dale and Madge were near. But when Len and Bab were alone in the privacy of their own room, what then? More ugliness and beastliness.

Her story faltered.

"Bab, don't go back."

"Still worrying about my return? Are you thinking of Len?"

"How could I ever forget him, now? Where are you staying?"

Barbara told her. "More of my work has been accepted, Jill. That's another reason why I wanted to come down. Interviews. By the way, someone else from Scone is in Sydney. We travelled down on the same train."

Jill's cheeks blanched. "Garry?"

"Christine."

"Oh, Christine." Jill laughed tremulously. "She might come to see me."

"Very possibly, since she asked me for your office address. Isn't it time you were going back?"

"Yes. I'll have to go at once."

"Will you have tea with me?"

"Love to. Mrs. Hardy isn't expecting me home. As a matter of fact, the young Hardys call."

They walked back together. Barbara left Jill at the office.

"Come straight up to my room, Jill. I'll be waiting."

Jill attacked her work with feverish energy; she was profoundly moved, not by Len's treachery or the loss of Garry, but because of Barbara's faith in her.

The telephone rang, and the thought flashed through her mind:

"How odd if it should be Christine."

It was Christine. "Is that Jill?"

"Yes," Jill said brightly. Impossible to be other than bright with Christine Marsden.

"I must see you, Jill. Are you busy to-night?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow at lunch hour."

"I will meet you, then. How are you?"

"Thriving. And you?"

"So-so."

Barbara to-day, Christine to-morrow! But whatever Christine Marsden said it would not move her as Barbara's revelation had done. She did not want to meet Christine; but could not very well refuse. Chris had sounded determined. Jill moved restlessly, her mind far from her work.

Why did Christine want to see her? To speak of Garry, their engagement?

The afternoon dragged. Jill was not satisfied with her work; neither was her employer. He frowned and handed back several letters ominously silent. A bad beginning. Work to be retyped. Inaccuracy. She had never been guilty of errors. Thankfully she had the little office to herself.

At the end of the day she went to the hotel where her sister was staying and found Barbara anxiously waiting for a long distance call from Scone.

"Madge promised she would ring about this time," she told Jill. "She knew I would be staying here; Dale rang the hotel before I left and found they had accommodation. I'm anxious to know whether the kiddies are fretting. Blair won't; but Joan may."

"Bah, Christine rang this afternoon."

"Does she want to meet you?"

"Yes. We're going to the Gardens. A calm and peaceful place to receive shocks."

"And to deliver them! Tell Chris the truth."

"How can I? She probably didn't know of the engagement existing between Garry and myself. I can't tell her that."

"If Chris doesn't already know, she suspects. If she asks questions, answer her."

"Truthfully?"

"Why not?" said Barbara, and laughed. She was called to the telephone and Jill waited, crossing the room to gaze through the window.

Barbara and Christine in Sydney! Kent and Tony Wilding arriving to-morrow. Well, life wouldn't be dull now, and she would not be able to complain of loneliness. Tony would see to that!

Ten minutes; fifteen. Then Barbara came in slowly.

"Jill—"

A pause.

Jill went to her. "What is it? The children? Blair? Joan?"

"They're all right. It's Len."

"What's he been doing now?" Jill said, exasperated.

"He nearly went crazy when he discovered I'd gone. He accused Midge of helping me and struck her."

Jill bit her lip. "What did Dale do?"

"Half killed him. Len went out in a terrible rage, and hasn't come back yet."

"He'll come back drunk," Jill said disgustedly. "If he struck Midge, what will he do to you?"

"Heaven only knows," said Barbara, and her voice was not as steady, nor as confident. Jill saw her shudder. There was an expression in Barbara's eyes she could not fathom, an expression that fascinated.

CHRISTINE MARSDEN greeted Jill brightly, without restraint. Her seriousness had vanished. She looked refreshingly attractive and, if she noticed an alteration in Jill, made no comment.

"Where to?" she said. "The Gardens?"

"You're nice and handy."

"Yes, the Gardens."

"I've been terribly keen to see you, Jill."

"Have you?" Jill could think of nothing else to say.

Christine led the way, across close-clipped green grass, to an empty seat, and drew Jill down beside her.

"I'm going to ask questions. Mind?"

"It depends on the questions."

"Jill," Christine studied her intently. "do you know that Garry and I are engaged?"

"I saw the announcement in the paper."

"I'm afraid the paper announcement was my idea. Garry was dead against it, but



I wanted it known wherever my friends were. In Sydney, Melbourne—"

"It was a Melbourne paper that I read."

"Melbourne?" Christine echoed incredulously. "you've been to Melbourne?"

"Didn't you know?"

"Of course not! How could I possibly know?"

"Garry might have told you."

"So Garry knew," Christine said slowly, and considered. The information had evidently startled her. She repeated:

"So Garry knew?"

Jill nodded.

"He never mentioned where you'd gone; only that you wouldn't be coming back."

"Didn't he tell you I left for Melbourne with Kent?"

Christine uttered a low sound, neither laugh nor cry, but a combination of both.

"Kent Colbert! Did you elope?"

"What would you think, if I had left this note behind?"

Christine read, handed it back.

"Did you leave that for Bab?"

"No!"

"Is Len responsible?"

"Yes, Len!"

"He's foul! Did Garry see that note?" Again Jill nodded, but did not speak. Christine's hand went to her mouth. Her eyes held a piteously-startled look.

"It explains so much!"

"A lack of faith," Jill said.

"Garry was hard hit," Christine explained. "He never mentioned your name, until I introduced the subject. I knew something was wrong. Garry was moody and strange, ready to snap if looked at. One night I said jokingly:

"You ought to find a nice girl and propose. Garry Travis. You're becoming as surly as a bear."

"I was laughing and, incidentally, thinking of you. But Garry took the remark seriously and said:

"I'll do it, Chris. Will you marry me?"

"Looking back, I can realise he did not mean a word of that proposal. There was something desperate about it—a clutching at a straw business. But at the time, well,

I loved him and was blind to what I didn't want to see. As an engaged couple we work, and are quite a humorous turn. I wasn't satisfied. Garry grew worse, instead of better. His strange moodiness coincided with your going. So I came down to see you."

"And having seen me?" queried Jill calmly.

"I'm going to break my engagement," retorted Christine with equal calmness. "It has been nothing but a farce from beginning to end."

"But you love Garry," Jill protested.

"Yes, I love him. But I don't want to marry a man who doesn't love me. And that's definite. It's equally definite that I was caught in the rebound. I'm going to tell Garry the truth."

"What difference will it make?" Jill demanded.

"You love him, too," Christine stated.

Jill watched a sparrow hopping cheekily nearer, bright eyes on the crumbs she had deliberately let fall.

"Do it!" she said at length, indifferently.

"But I'll never forgive him. I don't want to see Garry again."

"Because he didn't believe in you against overwhelming evidence?"

"Barbara believed."

"Barbara is a woman, with a woman's developed instinct, and you are her sister. I can understand her belief."

"Why do you defend Garry? He's hurt you, too."

Christine's eyes shadowed. "He acted impulsively. I blame myself more than Garry. Don't think bitterly of him, Jill."

"When I think of Garry at all it's with indifference."

"That's a lie."

Jill flushed, said deliberately:

"How friendly the sparrows are."

"Friendly and trusting. I am going to telephone Garry and ask him to come down."

"Why interfere?"

"Would it be interfering?"

"Certainly, and I would resent it," Jill said definitely.

It was Christine's turn to flush. "Sorry, but I've already asked him to come to Sydney. He'll be here to-morrow."

"It makes no difference to me whether Garry is in Sydney, Scone, or the other end of the world," Jill said calmly, and tossed the last of her lunch to a bright-eyed group of sparrows, scolding and fighting on the grass.

AFTER her day's work was completed, Jill went to Barbara's room at the hotel. The door was locked, so Jill scribbled a note, left it with the reception clerk, and returned to Manly. She was restless and discontented, disappointed that she had not seen Barbara.

"My sister may come out to see me," she told Mrs. Hardy. "I left a note inviting her."

She wanted to tell Barbara so much; to relate the conversation held with Christine. Christine had presented Garry's case in clear light, generously defended him.

"Garry couldn't do better than to marry Chris," Jill thought miserably.

She admitted Christine's generosity, but her decision to put Garry definitely out of her life and thought remained unaltered.

"I don't want to see Garry," she had told Christine, but she did want to see him, and hear him; to feel his kisses warm on her lips. She gave herself wholly to the ecstasy of dreaming. Christine had been hurt, and blamed herself for the hurt. She had admitted loving Garry, yet intended breaking the existing engagement. She would break the engagement and go on loving Garry, wanting him, but

refusing to marry a man who did not love her, wholly and completely.

Jill felt the effect of sudden calm when the children had gone to bed and Mrs. Hardy, still sprightly after a heavy day's work, took a basket of mending and darning into the living room.

Jill shut her eyes to the untidiness of the lounge. Only another week at Mrs. Hardy's, then she intended searching for a large airy room she could furnish and make comfortable.

Would Barbara arrive? It was early yet—eight-thirty. If Bab intended coming—

The doorbell tinkled and Jill crossed the lounge room in a flash, sped down the hall.

It was Barbara.
"Sorry I couldn't come earlier, Jill. I waited for a ring from Midge."

"How is everything at Avelon?"

"At sixes and sevens."

"Len again?"

"He hasn't come home."

"Bab!"

"Midge and Dale think he may be following me. Midge knew where I intended staying, and she thinks Len may have overheard. He probably did overhear. Len has a habit of—"

"Snapping," said Jill, and frowned. "If he knew you had gone, why did he make a fuss?"

"I don't know," Barbara said slowly, "that's one of the things I don't understand; but he may have a good reason for pretending ignorance. I'd defy anyone to fathom the workings of Len's mind."

"I'll come back to the hotel and sleep with you."

"That isn't necessary. I'll be quite safe."

"Please, Bab."

"All right, if you insist. But there won't be any trouble, even if Len does arrive. He has more sense than to create a scene in a reputable city hotel."

"I'm not so sure," Jill said darkly. Again the doorbell tinkled and she glanced at her sister.

"It couldn't be—?"

"Len? Not possibly. He doesn't know where you are."

Jill hesitated. Mrs. Hardy came from the living-room, peeped into the lounge.

"Well, Miss Manners?"

"This is my sister. I'm not expecting anyone else."

Mrs. Hardy went out. Voices. Jill went to the door as footsteps approached.

"Hello, Loveliness," said Tony Wilding, but Kent Colbert, who stood hat in hand beside him, said nothing; just stared over her shoulder at Barbara, who had risen and was regarding him with wide-eyed dismay.

Only for an instant did Jill hesitate.

"This is Tony Wilding, Bab. My sister, Mrs. Burton. Kent, it's nice to see you again so soon."

He did not answer, but moved across the room and took possession of Barbara's hands.

"Bab! Dear."

Jill engaged Tony's attention, a by no means difficult task. He and Kent had come to the flat on the off chance of finding her.

"Kent wanted to wait for three or four days," Tony said. "Prosaic devil!"

Jill only half heard. She wished Tony had not been quite so impetuous, then Barbara and Kent would not have met again. They were talking, voices low; and presently Kent said:

"Jill, I am going to take Barbara back to the hotel."

"I'll come later," Jill said. "I have a few things to pack first. Perhaps Tony—"

"You bet Tony will wait," the young man responded with alacrity and with such enthusiasm that Jill laughed involuntarily.

Kent followed Barbara from the room.

She did not speak to either Jill or Tony. She went out with her lovely eyes gazing straight ahead, the gleam of tears on her lashes.

Jill's evening was spoilt, her talk with Barbara interrupted. She wondered what unpleasantness, or worse, would result if Len Burton arrived and found his wife in the aviator's company.

"I say," Tony complained, "you're woe-fully upset about something."

She shook off her vague fears and chattered with a brightness that surpassed his own. Deliberately she waited an hour before packing together the few things she needed for the morning, then, with Tony as escort, set out for the hotel. She did not explain the reason for staying the night with her sister, but she slipped out to the living-room and warned Mrs. Hardy not to expect her for two or three days.

She arrived at the hotel before Barbara. Jill had expected that. Somewhere out in the serene night Barbara and Kent were together.

Tony took advantage of their long wait and invited Jill to the theatre the following evening.

"A better show than the last," he said with his youthful enthusiasm, but Jill shook her head.

"Not until Barbara goes back to Scorne, Tony. I—I want to see as much of her as possible."

He grumbled disconsolately, but had to content himself with the answer.

At eleven-thirty Barbara came in with Kent and, with a brief nod that included both Tony and Kent, went straight to her room.

When Jill followed five minutes later she found her sister lying fully dressed on the bed, and the room was in darkness.

Barbara did not move when Jill came in and flooded the room with brilliant light; did not even turn her head away or close her eyes. She smiled.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

"I didn't mind; Tony is good company."

"Why don't you undress and go to bed?"

"It would be the most sensible thing to do, I suppose."

Swaying like a reed in wind Barbara stood upright.

"I'm leaving for Avelon to-morrow, Jill."

"Did you tell Kent?"

"No. I'm going to avoid him. We talked to-night, as we talked that other night. But neither of us can say anything that makes the position less hopeless, and seeing Kent only makes things harder. I love him. And I'm not strong enough to keep meeting him when I love him so much."

"I wish he had stayed in Melbourne," Jill stormed. "Why did you let him upset you, Bab?"

"Kent hasn't upset me, Julie. I've upset myself. Somehow—"

She broke off, listening.

Footsteps. Jill stared in fascination at the door, which she had locked. She expected to hear the boom of Len Burton's voice, but a lighter voice than Len's spoke, and the rap on the door was briskly sharp.

"Mrs. Burton—"

"Yes?"

"Telephone. Long distance calling."

"Thank you. I'll come straight down."

"Len must have left and Dale is ringing to tell you," Jill said hurriedly.

Barbara, the last of her color gone, unlocked the door, and hurried down to the telephone.

Jill waited. Barbara seemed long in returning—unreasonably long. She glanced at her watch and realised how tant her nerves were, how ready to snap. Barbara had been gone only six minutes. A midnight call from Scorne. Obviously something important.

Barbara came back, locked the door, fumbling with the key.

"What—is it?" Jill whispered.
"He's found," Barbara said without emotion, but her eyes were widening. "They found him only a few hours ago by accident."

"You mean Len?"

"Yes."

"Drunk?"

"Dead!"

Jill felt the quiver that ran through her sister's frame and her clasp tightened.

"What happened?"

"Shot," said Barbara, in that curiously calm voice, "Martin Croxton shot him!"

CHAPTER 14.

"MARTIN CROXTON shot Len!" Barbara repeated, as though reciting a well-learned passage of words, "and only to-night Kent said something might happen. It has happened. Len has been fatally shot. Deliberately shot. That's murder. Funny, isn't it, to have your husband murdered?"

She laughed.

"Don't," Jill cried, and shuddered, "don't, it's horrible!"

Barbara's laughter trailed into silence and she sank into a chair, staring with unblinking eyes into the far corner of the room. Seeing what? Her face was a mask.

Jill leaned over her.

"Come to bed, Bab. There is nothing you can do to-night."

Barbara did not stir, but she said:

"Why do I feel so calm. He was my husband. We've lived together for over six years. I didn't love him, but I ought to feel something. Pity, or horror, even a sense of freedom; but I feel nothing. And a few minutes ago I laughed."

"Laughed hysterically!" Jill said.

"But I'm not hysterical," Barbara persisted with unemotional calm, as though



debating an important point. "I'm not in the least hysterical."

"You will be if you don't stop talking and come to bed."

"I couldn't sleep, and I want to talk."

"What is there to say?"

"Nothing! Len is dead, and one doesn't make plans and preparations for the future before severing connections with the past. Will you put out the light?"

"If you'll come to bed."

"All right!"

Barbara undressed mechanically and Jill, switching out the light crept into bed beside her sister. She expected Barbara to speak again, still in that oddly calm manner. But there was no sound, and, save for the rise and fall of Barbara's breast against her arm, no movement.

"How long the night will be," Jill thought wearily. "Hours of staring into the darkness, thinking."

She closed her eyes and saw Martin Croxton peering up at her with a wild stare.

"I don't want no one to know I've got a gun hidden away," he said.

Len Burton had been warned about the gun old Martin Croxton had concealed. But Len laughed at warnings. Perhaps he had been laughing when old Martin shot him! Len dead! And Barbara hadn't

shed a tear for him. If tears did come, they would not be tears of sorrow. Merely an emotional reaction to shock.

If Garry were dead, would she feel as calm? Her hands clenched and she stifled a moan. Garry was worse than dead. He had gone out of her life, and she intended him to stay out. She could, and had, forgiven his lack of faith; but she could not forgive his engagement to Christine so soon afterwards. There was something so cheap about it. Running to Christine.

This time the moan forced itself between her lips, and Barbara heard.

"Is it Garry?" she asked quietly.

Jill felt thankful for the concealing darkness.

"I'm not interested in Garry."

"Yet you think of him and moan."

"Bab, don't talk about Garry. Please."

"Don't throw away your chance of happiness, Jill. If Garry comes back, don't send him away."

Jill rolled over on her side. "Don't throw



away your chance of happiness." Was Garry necessary to her happiness?

She possessed so many dear memories of him. Garry on Windy, standing on the footpath in front of the Strand, the glint of sun on his bare head. Garry waving to her and smiling the whimsical smile she loved. So many dear memories...

Sleep came, but Barbara did not sleep. Just lay motionless and went back over the six years of her life with Len Burton, trying desperately to remember just one kindness he had rendered.

When she awoke, Jill rose refreshed, but Barbara looked tired and ill. Jill thought: "Some day she will marry Kent, but not yet. Not for months. If they've waited so long, it would be better to wait another year. Barbara isn't ready for Kent yet."

Barbara packed her few things together and had her travelling case ready before six o'clock. She spoke only when Jill addressed her, and then with obvious effort.

"Will you see Kent again before you leave?" Jill asked.

"I don't know. Not unless he calls, and that's unlikely."

"If he calls and finds you gone, he will come to me, Bab."

"Tell him why I left. Jill, will you come back to Avelon with me? Then I'll leave a note for Kent."

Jill considered. "No," she said at length. "No, Bab."

"It will be a very different welcome."

"I can't leave my work—not yet. A week-end perhaps, later."

"You will be so horribly alone," said Barbara, and Jill looked away from the wistful appeal in her eyes.

"I prefer to be alone and independent."

"You will write?"

"Of course! And without fear of the letters going astray!"

"Jill!" Barbara's uttering of the name was a reproach, but Jill's stoniness persisted. Crisply, she said:

"I'm going down to see about my account."

"That's my affair," said Barbara, "not yours. You came here to—"

"Protect you from a man who was dead," said Jill.

She left for the office in a mood completely foreign to her. Even the sharp tapping and clicking of the typewriter

keys could not shut out the sound of Barbara's wistful appeal.

"Will you come back with me?"

She ought to have gone, perhaps. But—no! She had to consider herself now. Avelon was opposite Yalemoor. If she returned with Barbara, there would be unavoidable meetings with Garry Travis. She did not want to meet Garry. Not yet; not ever, she told herself fiercely.

At lunch hour she found Kent Colbert waiting for her, striking impatiently up and down. He strode towards her when she appeared.

"Jill, where is she? She's not at the hotel."

"Bab has gone back to Avelon."

He groaned. "To avoid me?"

"No. Len is dead."

Beyond Kent she saw Tony Wilding waiting. He grinned as he caught her glance, waved his hat with elaborate gesture. Jill smiled, then became aware of Kent's painful grip on her arm.

"Burton dead? What happened?"

"Old Martin Croxton shot him."

Kent muttered beneath his breath. "How did Barbara take it?"

"Calmly, but she looks ill. Bab needs a good long rest."

Impetuous and eager, Tony Wilding joined them.

"I say, Jill, has Kent a monopoly over you?"

Kent still held her arm; Tony took the other.

"Do we, or don't we eat?" he demanded.

She smiled at him and, smiling, looked straight into the grave eyes of a passer-by. Eyes that looked out from a sun-tanned face. The man lowered his head; hurried past. That long, lean figure, Garry, Garry coming to see her, perhaps, and finding her with Kent and Tony! She felt fiercely glad that Garry had seen her smiling...

"Have we any particular reason for lingering on this portion of the footpath?"

Tony queried, "Kent, old chap—"

"I'll see you two later," Kent said abruptly and strode away.

Tony stared after him. "What's bitten the fellow?"

"Kent's just heard good news," Jill said deliberately, and instantly felt ashamed.

"Good news," Tony echoed, humorously incredulous. "How would he look if the news were bad? Come on, Jill. We're wasting time, and time is the stuff life's made of. That pithy little sentence," he said as an afterthought, "is not original."

They laughed. Tony proposed over the soup, and was not one wit abashed when Jill refused to take him seriously and asked him to behave. He repeated the proposal over the strawberry ice cream.

"Tony," Jill said, "I don't intend to marry."

"That's not your know," he protested. "A girl with your charm—"

"It isn't not. I couldn't marry a man I didn't love."

"Fall in love with me," he suggested.

"Tony, I couldn't; not after—"

Her eyes dimmed.

"I say," he said, distressed, "I haven't upset you, have I? Honestly, Jill—"

"I'll have to go back to the office. Mr. Withers comes down heavily on lateness."

"I haven't despaired of wearing down your resistance," he said lightly, and as lightly she answered:

"You are utterly relentless; but—"

"But—?" he echoed hopefully.

"Rather a dear, nevertheless," said Jill. Work! But her mind was not on statements and figures. That hurrying form, anxious to pass by unnoticed! She had been smiling at Tony. Garry would think—

What did it matter? Garry's thoughts were of no importance or consequence to her. There were other things on her mind. Barbara's release; old Martin Croxton...

Len had taunted him once too often. Well, the authorities wouldn't imprison or hang old Martin; he would be taken to an asylum and cared for. He would no longer be a menace.

The telephone rang, and she lifted the receiver mechanically. Just another of many rings that had come through during the afternoon. She gave the number.

"Jill—"

How deep the sound of her name. She strove for control, mastering swimming senses with an effort.

"Who is speaking, please?" In her best office manner.

A pause, then: "Garry."

"Oh, Garry?"

"Chris gave me your address. I came to see you, but found you—"

"With Kent Colbert," said Jill coldly.

"With Colbert, and—"

"Tony Wilding, who has asked me to marry him."

How calmly she spoke. It was easy to be cruel; easier than she had anticipated.

"Jill, I must see you, talk to you."

"I'm sorry, Garry; but—"

"I'll come to the office."

"No!" she said sharply, "don't come here."

"Where, then?"

"The entrance at five o'clock, if you insist."

"I do."

"If you will excuse me, I'm very busy—"

"Of course, I'll be waiting."

She rang off. So much for decisions! She had vowed never to meet him again—and had arranged to meet him at five. She was angry. Why had she relented? He had run to Christine... she didn't intend to forget. She was a fool to have arranged the meeting, agreed to it. But not all fool. Far better, when she considered it calmly, to meet Garry, hear what he had to say, then deliver her decision.

"No, Garry. I couldn't forget—or forgive. If we quarrelled, I'd imagine you running to Christine..."

She rehearsed the little speech; it had rather a dramatic flavor that appealed to her. She felt cheap, but defiant, and refused to analyse her real feelings. Her path was mapped out, the speech rehearsed; she was determined to—

"Throw away happiness," said Barbara's wistful voice in her ear.

Five o'clock! Garry would be waiting. Jill adjusted her hat carefully, deepened the natural red of her lips. Her eyes were brilliant with excitement, but a little disdainful smile hovered about her lips.

She was being cheap and unnecessarily theatrical, but she preferred insincere outward show; at least Garry would not know that her heart pounded and leapt like a mad thing. At least he wouldn't know that. She went out, conscious of looking her best.

"Ah, Garry. Have I kept you waiting long?"

He winced. It was going to be harder than he expected. She was bitter. He had feared that. How perfect her poise, and how completely the eager child of their first meetings had disappeared. Her mouth was hard. She looked at him with an air that clearly showed she regarded herself as the sinned against, not the sinner.

"Jill, you are going to make it very hard for me."

"Make what hard?" she said bluntly.

He sighed. "My explanation."

"Is there anything to explain?" He fell into step beside her and they walked together towards the Quay, unhurriedly.

"You didn't believe in me," she continued. "I can quite understand your disbelief, Garry. The evidence against me was rather overwhelming, to say the least of it. But why—"

He anticipated her. "Why did I drag

Christine into an engagement? I don't know. I'll never know."

"Then you can't explain the only thing I'm interested in hearing. That's what Len did to Barbara," Jill said, "married her because he couldn't get the woman he wanted. And you know how the marriage turned out; you can't help knowing."

"I suppose I deserve that, being ranked with Burton."

"He ran to Barbara, you to Christine."

"There are differences."

"But the ultimate result would probably have been the same. I'm sorry, Garry—"

"Sorry!" He interrupted her harshly. "You're revelling in the situation, looking for and getting sympathy as the poor little jilted sweetheart! Sorry!"

"Now you are being beastly."

"You are driving me to it. I thought—"

"You thought I would fly into your arms again; and you resent it because I object to being picked up and tossed away like a worthless scrap of paper."

"Jill, be reasonable, girl!"

"I am reasonable."

"Not if you persist in saying I treated you as a woman of no consequence."

"Didn't you?" she flashed.

"You are wilfully blind—and trying to be sensational."

She quivered with the surging force of her fury.

"Chris told me she explained," Garry said.

"Chris did explain. She loves you! And she is to be tossed aside—"

He quietly interrupted. "Christine did the tossing. Jill, there was the note left in the typewriter, Dale's own word, and—"

"Is there a third and final crushing piece of evidence against me?"

"Hilda's."

"Who is Hilda?"

"The maid at the Strand. You went there to see Colbert. Hilda told me you had arranged to, well, to quote Hilda, 'do a bunk with the flying chap.'"

Jill stood still.

"She said that?"

"I didn't believe her, but afterwards—"

He took her arm. "Come on, Julie; there are people looking."

"Garry, I want to be alone."

"But Jill—"

She shook her arm free.

"There isn't anything left to say. Except, perhaps, that I wrote from Melbourne and the letter wasn't posted."

"Julianne—" he said again, but she began to run. She ran from the car in his words, half expecting him to follow. But Garry Travis did not follow. He stalked away in the opposite direction and never once looked back.

Jill dropped to a walk. Impulse again! She had wanted time to think, but to run from Garry had been unnecessary.

"Julianne . . ."

She heard him again, saw his eyes regarding her. He had seemed leaner and older. Less of a merry boy.

Julianne . . . And she had run away, had been too afraid of yielding to remain with him.

Jill did not go to her room at Mrs. Hardy's. After stepping off the ferry at Manly, she made her way to the beach and sat on the cold sand, pensively watching a ship outward bound.

That maid—Hilda! Len, and the maid at the Strand. Len had acted from sheer hatred; Hilda, because the information she gave thrust her into the spotlight of notoriety; a seeker, evidently, of the sensational. Jill quivered, raised a hand to her cheeks and found them wet. She had not been aware of her tears.

Already she regretted the impulse that had sent her running from the car in Garry's voice. If only some kind and sympathetic gent would have a wand and bring

him to her side. They would talk quietly. Garry would say again:

"Julianne . . ." Making two names of the one, Julie-Anne.

The last barrier would be down, if Garry ever said that to her again—sent crashing. She could see more clearly, as though a veil had been lifted from her mind, giving her clarity of mental vision. All her life she had acted impulsively and had often regretted the result of impulse. What right had she to pass judgment on Garry, who had taken up Christine's joking remark with an impulse typical of her own? She had condemned him in her own characteristic.

"Garry," she said, and wind sighing through the pines seemed to echo the name.

"Garry—"

"I've been a fool," she told herself.

"Throwing away my chance of happiness."

She rose, went back to the flat to bed. Garry would ring her in the morning. He would ring and say:

"Do you still want to run away, Julie-Anne?"

In the morning he would ring. She repeated it to herself over and over until her eyes closed and she slept.

But Garry Travis did not ring the following morning. Kent Colbert did, and Christine, but not Garry.

Christine, in her blunt manner, said:

"What have you done to Garry, Jill?"

Yesterday Jill would have deeply resented the question, especially from Christine; but Christine's bluntness roused neither resentment nor anger.

"I ran away from him instead of staying."

"So that was it. You ran away."

"When did you see Garry, Chris?"

"Last night, after he had left you."

"After I left him," Jill corrected her.

"He looked as though he'd taken a hard blow."

"Where is he staying, Chris? I want to see him."

"He's gone back to Scone."

Jill gripped the telephone more tightly.

"You are alive, as usual, to Barbara's welfare. Business with Grahame, Julie. It's a confounded nuisance, but can't be avoided. For your peace of mind, however, I will not be seeing Barbara. Will you come with me?"

Her heart leapt. "Kent! How could I?"

"Simply enough. I flew the Cloud Queen from Melbourne. Didn't you know?"

The Cloud Queen. She had gained the impression that Kent and Tony had travelled to Sydney on the express. The Cloud Queen!

"I'd love it, Kent. If you can bring me back to Sydney in time to start the daily grind."

"I have to be in Sydney early on Monday morning myself."

"Where is the plane?"

"Mascot. We'll run out in a taxi and take off before two."

"Kent, you're—"

"Well?"

"Never mind," she murmured. "I've said what I was going to say so often that the repetition is becoming monotonous."

Her work suffered badly. More errors—she who had never been guilty of even minor mistakes. She tried Mr. Withers' patience with her vagueness, and he was a patient man; she was aware that he watched her disapprovingly. Sooner or later, if she did not concentrate, he would say:

"Miss Manners, I very much regret—"

And again she would find herself without a job. She tried in vain to keep her mind on her work; but her thoughts wandered in a most disturbing manner to Barbara, to Garry, to her coming journey in the Cloud Queen.

She was ready to leave the office for lunch when Christine Marsden knocked and entered.

"All ready?" she queried brightly. "I hoped you would be. You're coming to lunch with me."

"Am I?" Jill said.

"I object to having the receiver slammed on before I've finished a conversation," Christine resumed drily. "and, since you are not likely to march off in the middle of lunch, lunch it is! You're an impetuous sort of person, Jill."

"Unpardonably so at times. Sorry, Chris. Lunch it most certainly is."

They smiled at each other and, as an afterthought, Christine added:

"I was half afraid the dazzling youth downstairs might be waiting for you."

"Is there a dazzling youth waiting?" Jill said resignedly. "That's Tony!"

As they came down Tony Wilding moved from the shelter of the doorway and grinned affably; a friendly grin, including Christine as well as Jill.

"I woke with an idea to-day was my lucky day," he said.

CHAPTER 15.

THE Cloud Queen glittered silver in the sun, a giant bird at rest. Kent Colbert was not in sight.

"Tinkering with the works," Tony said;

"It's uncanny the way some chaps love to mess about with engines. If you fly to Scone," he concluded dolefully, "you'll come back engaged to that Travis fellow, Jill. I'm warning you!"

"I hope you're right."

He surveyed her, a picture of gloom.

"You sound as though you intend throwing yourself at his feet!"

"Not at his feet, Tony; around his neck."

"Confound Kent, and his infernal machine. It's too handy! So you are flying out of my life, Jill?"

"Quite definitely."

He groaned. "Will you come back to me if Travis fails to catch you when you leap for his neck?"

"I'll come back," she promised joyously.



"But why?"

"What else could he do?"

"Nothing," said Jill's small voice. "Nothing, of course."

"You're going to be sorry for running from Garry," Christine said. "He loves you, Jill."

Jill couldn't reply. She hung up the receiver without realising Christine had not said good-bye.

Hung up, then remembered, and her cheeks burned.

Christine would think she was offended. What a muddle! Garry had returned to Scone. She had run away from him. Now Garry had run from her, only his going was more dignified.

Yalemoor. Unless she wrote and frankly apologised, it would be months before she and Garry met again. They might never meet. And as days passed each more colorless than the last, the future loomed drab and uninteresting. Barbara would marry Kent and find happiness at last. Madege would give birth to a child and think less of herself. But she, Jill, would continue on at the office, typing letters, sending out statements, using out her heart for Garry Travis, but coming no nearer to him.

Again the phone, this time Kent Colbert.

"Jill, I'm going to Scone on Saturday," he said crisply.

She frowned.

"So soon?"

"I'll warrant Travis is the best catch in the local cricket team," Tony grumbled. "Well, good luck, Jill, and happy landing. Do you know that you've never kissed me?"

"You'll find plenty of girls to make up for my omissions."

"Pon my life, I never will!" he vowed. "I'm off girls for life. Not quite off, perhaps. That country goddess you introduced me to—"

"Christine?"

"Christine. I've asked her to lunch, by the way. I say, Jill—"

"Ready Jill?"

She ran forward. "Quite. Good-bye, Tony."

He followed her.

"Stand back," roared Kent.

"I say—" Tony shouted, intent upon making himself heard, "the weather looks up to puffy. Are you—"

"All clear? Contact!"

Jill waved. Tony waved back. Wind from the revolving propeller sent up a cloud of dust that enveloped the bachelor. Tony and his engine, Kent turned the Cloud Queen's head to the wind and taxied with increasing speed, soared.

A gray day. Dark, banking clouds.

"We'll run into a bit of a storm," Kent had said, "nothing serious. Are you frightened of storms, Julie?"

"Not with you at the controls."

So Tony Wilding had asked Christine to lunch! The country goddess. He could be very apt at times.

She looked down. Countless house-tops, tiny figures, slow-moving dolls parading toy streets, Noah's Ark animals. And the Cloud Queen was still gaining altitude. Was Kent Colbert attempting to fly through the clouds to clear air beyond? Flying above the storm clouds! If only it were possible in life, she thought. Storm! Jill felt a sudden twinge of uneasiness.

Nothing serious, Kent had assured her. She possessed complete confidence in Kent Colbert; he had proved his flying ability to the world and she did not doubt the wisdom of his decision to leave with bad weather brewing. But she recalled the tropical fury of the storm that had burst over the land that day when she and Garry had sheltered on Martin Croxton's verandah; the day a mighty ironbark had been struck by lightning.

In a few hours she would be with Barbara and Madge; in a few hours she would be phoning Garry. Jill inwardly shrank from the idea of phoning Garry. She had been so hard and unrelenting, had run away from him; it was Garry's turn to be unrelenting.

House-tops had been left far behind now and the plane was flying over rugged, uninhabitable country. In front, clouds were banking in fantastic formation; the Cloud Queen heading into a menacing Hades.

Time slipped by. Jill's mind was a blank; she closed her eyes and shut out thought. But thought came relentlessly back as the plane sped on.

She was flying through storm. Nothing serious, Kent had said, but she doubted now.

The plane dropped; clouds were a canopy above, a mighty blanket of darkness. And suddenly they were in the midst of blinding rain.

Above the engine's roar she could hear the crash of thunder; the noise was deafening and, even to her unaccustomed ears, the throb of the engine seemed uneven.

"We're going to crash," she said aloud; "if anything happens to Kent, what will Barbara do?"

It was her first thought. Barbara had suffered so much over so many years. If the Cloud Queen crashed and Kent was killed—

"But he won't be killed," she told herself with unnatural calmness. "Nothing will happen to Kent. Not now! Barbara

mustn't be robbed of happiness after waiting so long. Nothing will happen to Kent. Life couldn't be so cruel."

But life was cruel and queer! She had thought it often, she thought it now. Life was queer. Queer things happened; inexplicable things for which there seemed no reason. There were so many corners to round, with comedy and tragedy waiting hand in hand.

"We'll crash," she thought with renewed conviction, still calmly; and this time thought not of Barbara whose chance of happiness seemed in danger, but of Garry and herself.

"If I go, Garry will never, never know that I didn't cease loving him; not even when I couldn't forgive. Not even then..."

A flash of vivid lightning blinded her; and the darkness was intensified when the lance of white light died. The plane passed through a cloud; they were flying blind, and it was night.

When the plane emerged into the light, she glanced at her watch. Judging by the time, the Cloud Queen must be within a few miles of their destination. Kent had not been called a wizard of the air for nothing, which accounted, she decided, for her lack of fear, despite the nerve-racking sensation of flying through the centre of the storm.

Every minute the uneven throb of the engine was becoming more pronounced. Jill strained her eyes to see more clearly through the rain-lashed glass of the tiny cabin. The plane was climbing higher again, and peering down she recognised with a throb of thankfulness the township of Aberdeen. A few miles, a few minutes now. Definitely something was wrong. Face to face with danger like last of Jill's bitterness was swept away; her refusal to forgive Garry, and forget, seemed paltry and trivial. She was without fear, but Jill wanted desperately to land safely, to live; for life held a promise of so much happiness with Garry beside her.

The Cloud Queen tilted crazily, righted again.

"We are going to crash," Jill said again, and waited, unconsciously clapping and unclapping her hands.

Again that mad plunge, and Jill, flung across the cabin, struck her head sharply.

Her senses swam. The deafening roar died; she knew the plane was dropping, going down—down—

"Garry," she murmured, and life was no longer queer, but dear. "Garry—"

"GARRY," she said wearily, without opening her eyes, "oh, Garry..." And Garry answered: "Julianne." Making the one name two in the way she loved.

Of course she was dreaming; only a dream could account for the miracle of hearing him answer when she spoke. She and Garry alone. No, not alone! She heard another voice in her dream.

"She'll be all right in a minute or two," Jill tried to say: "I'm all right, now," but her lips refused to frame the words.

She opened her eyes and saw Kent Colbert.

"Kent," she said, and this time the words were spoken aloud, "you're not hurt?"

"No, my dear. What happened to you?"

"I was flung across the cabin when we crashed. Is the plane damaged?"

"We didn't crash, Julie. I pulled off a bumpy, but safe landing."

She did not question him, but closed her eyes again with a sense of disappointment almost too great to be borne. Kent, not Garry, had spoken to her. The dream of hearing Garry speak had been so very real. No one else she knew pronounced her name Julie-Anne.

She sat up slowly. Her hair was wet; she was lying on a strange bed. Kent must

have carried her from the Cloud Queen. Where?

Graham's place, of course.

"I feel ever so much better," she said.

"Well enough to walk?"

"I think so—"

She rose shakily, and a pair of strong arms slid about her shoulders, holding her firm. Not Kent's arms. He stood before her, anxiously watching the result of her effort to walk. Not Kent's, but Garry's.

Garry had been standing behind her. She hadn't dreamed that he said: "Julie-Anne."

"Darling." He whispered it into her ear.

"How do you feel?"

"Wonderful, now."

"You gave your head a nasty bump."

"Only a bump? I thought the plane

was crashing."

"It would have crashed with anyone but a wizard at the controls. Can you manage the walk from here to the car, or will I carry you?"

"Carry her," Kent said promptly, and Jill flashed him a smile.

"I'm beginning to realise just how great you are, Kent."

"Thanks, but I haven't much claim to be numbered among the great."

"I have so much to say—and not enough words to say it."

"I understand, my dear."

"Are you coming to Avelon to see Barbara?"

"Not yet, Julie. Give her my love. And, good luck."

She felt herself swung into Garry's arms and carried swiftly down the rain-soaked path to the car. And there they sat, watching rain pelt against the wind-screen, Jill, within the shelter of Garry's arms, nestled closer with a feeling of well-being.

"Garry, it's strange to find myself unexpectedly alive."

"It's a miracle. Something went wrong with the engine, and it was touch and go with the old Cloud Queen."

His lips brushed her hair.

"I've been an awful fool, Jill."

"We both have."

He started the engine, driving the car with one hand.

Jill could see the red roof of Avelon—peppercorn trees.

"Garry, it's so wonderful—being here. But I can't understand—"

"Well?" he queried as she hesitated.

"The last time we met, I ran away. Not even Barbara knows I accepted Kent's invitation to fly to Scone. Yet you were waiting. You must have been waiting."

"Yes, I was waiting. When I saw the plane reeling in the air like a wounded bird, I thought—no, I didn't dare think. Ye gods, Colbert must be superhuman!"

"But you," she persisted gently, "how did you know?"

"Colbert rang me," Garry said slowly, "gave me the approximate time of landing and asked me to be waiting."

"Kent did that?" Jill asked with a little, breathless gasp. "Then his business with Mr. Graham—Garry, I don't believe Kent ever had a business appointment with Mr. Graham. He's—"

"Say it!"

"Wonderful!"

"He's the whitest man I know, Julianne."

"I love the way you say 'Julie-Anne'."

"Do you?" Garry said, and kissed her.

Whereupon the car plunged crazily from left to right and came to an abrupt standstill within a foot of the Avelon gate. Through a silver curtain of rain, Jill saw Barbara—Barbara smiling—and Sammy Damnyou heard her joyous call and came tearing down the path beneath the peppercorns, barking an ecstatic welcome.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.